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The Young Woman's Magazine

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This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining the club—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible*, and then (if you want to) join before this special “first-book-free” offer expires. This will happen soon; for our membership increased by almost fifty thousand in 1928. So, if you are interested, *mail the coupon now*, before you forget to do so.



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SMART SET

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ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A Page on which we Focus the Spotlight and call "Author! Author!"



Oscar Graeve

tion prizes of the country which is quite a record!

Furthermore he is married to a charming lady—and has a small daughter, who is also charming, named Mary Ann.

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM, who contributed that brilliant study of the modern girl, "Sobo," is very young to have two best sellers to her credit. Perhaps you have read them—"Bright Avenues" and "Outsiders." Though she was born in Boston, San Francisco is her city by adoption—it is the background against which she has laid the colored tapestry of many a story.

Miss Bentham, despite the "Miss", has been married and unmarried.

AS FOR Marjory Stoneman Douglas—well, she won't be photographed! She—and with no reason, for she's very attractive—has a hatred of cameras.

Miss Douglas is a graduate of Wellesley College—and took a post graduate course as the personnel director of a huge department store, from which she resigned to play a part in the world war. This rôle was a varied one—it carried her from Florida to Paris and from Paris to the Balkans and from the Balkans to Belgium.

It was only after the war that she turned to actual writing. And in less than a year she was a success. When you've read her story, "Do you Believe in Love?"—you'll know why!

ELINORE COWAN STONE speaks for herself. Something that her hero, in "Angel Face", found hard to do! She says:

"One yearns to be able to say, 'From the beginning I felt the urge to write'—or words to that effect. As a matter of fact, however, during my childhood days, I vacillated frantically between the circus and

OSCAR GRAEVE, the author of "Broken Luster," which opens this magazine—has a way of knowing what the public wants. Perhaps that is because he is an editor as well as an author (his magazine, as you probably know, is *The Delineator*). He has written a half dozen novels, more short stories—all of them good—than he can remember, and has won some of the outstanding fic-

the stage. . . . It was only when I had left school, that I attacked literature—in the city room of a Boston newspaper. Unfortunately the city editor had his own convictions about what constituted a good newspaper story.

"Eventually I drifted into the much abused profession of teaching and stayed with it for more than ten years. In California, in 1915, I was married to Arthur C. Stone.

"In Colorado, while teaching in the English Department of the State University, I wrote my first story, a tale of a Mexican school boy. No one could have been more amazed than I was when it sold to the *Century*!"

In regard to the rest of the contents of this issue—well, just turn back a page and study the list of our contributors! And don't pass over our various service departments—departments that are eager to come to your aid in matters of beauty, clothes, careers, furniture and entertainment.

The Solving of A Mystery

SMART SET takes great pleasure in announcing the prize winner of the Detective-Mystery Novel Contest that was conducted by the New McClure's, in combination with the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This contest was announced in the August 1928 issue of the New McClure's—and was open to all contestants. Out of the thousands of novels submitted, "Murder Yet to Come" has been awarded the prize. This novel was sent in under the nom de plume of McKelvey Briggs, but is actually the work of Mrs. Isabel Briggs Myers.

"Murder Yet to Come" has all of the elements of surprise that go to make up the perfect mystery novel. There's a handsome hero, a persecuted heroine, plot and counterplot, and a new thrill on every page!

"Murder Yet to Come" will start in one of the summer issues of **SMART SET**.



Elinore Cowan Stone

As For Next Month:

We especially recommend to you the June number of **SMART SET**,



Margaret Widdemer

which will be on the news-stands or in your home, on the fifth of May. It will be as gay and colorful as the month itself.

In this number will begin Margaret Widdemer's latest—and smartest—serial, "The Loyal Lover." Miss

Widdemer needs no introduction to you—her novels are well known to every young woman reader of this and other magazines. The heroine of "The Loyal Lover" is the sort of a girl you'd like to be yourself—

need we say more? And she has the sort of adventures that you'd enjoy having. The first chapter carries her across the sea—from England to America—on the first lap of a breath-taking journey.

Also—in June—we will have stories by Alice Booth, May Edginton, Bernice Brown, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Brooke Hanlon, Katharine Hill, Grace Jones Morgan and Frank R. Adams.

June is the Wedding Month and you'll get information on the actual cost of matrimony in May Cerf's article, "Here Comes the Bride."

And—if you want to know what the well-dressed bride will wear, you'll find it in our departments.

How I Became the *LIFE* of the PARTY



UP TO that moment I was as dumb as the oyster on the end of my fork.

The gabby blonde across the table had just said: "Of course, John Gilbert is married to Greta Garbo and he jilted Clara Bow to marry her. They were married while King Vidor was directing them in that talking picture 'Dancing Daughters.'"

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted politely, "but they are not married and I doubt if they ever will marry, for they have both said so."

You should have seen their faces as they all turned toward me in astonishment; me, the quiet little mouse, the girl who was new to the crowd, and was supposed to be beautiful but dumb.

But I knew my subject and went right on regardless.

"And what's more," I said, "they did not play in that picture, and King Vidor did not direct it, and it was not a talking picture, and Gilbert never met Clara Bow."

"Good Lord," exclaimed my hostess in admiration, "you're an encyclopedia of motion pictures. Are you a movie star incog?"

"No," I answered modestly, "I am not. But as long as we all spend so much money for pictures and talk so much about them, I find it doubles my pleasure in them to know all about the people in them."

Everybody at the table hurled questions at me and I could answer every one. Yes, *Interference* was a good picture. No, Tom Mix was not divorced. Yes, the snow scenes in "North of 98" were real. Yes, there were several methods of making talkies. No, Lillian Gish had never married.

After that I was accepted as one of the crowd and was invited to every party, and now they all read *Photoplay* Magazine in self defense.

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THE VIOLINIST

Presenting eight more girls who have conquered success. First this month is lovely Erna Rubenstein, a girl of mysterious charm, an artist of surpassing musicianship. Six years ago when Erna was only fifteen, the great Mengelberg introduced her as violin soloist at the opening concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The audience marveled at the little Viennese making such a debut. But when she played her fame and fortune were assured



©Marceau

THE PAINTER

Whenever a person finds the way of doing something most people claim can't be done, the rest is easy and the future glorious. Mary MacKinnon bridged the so-called impossible gap between commercial and real art. She started her career doing fashion sketches, becoming the highest-paid artist in that line. She abandoned styles to become society's favorite portrait painter. Her success technique was work, study and a persistent sense of true beauty



Hal Phyfo

THE LEADING LADY

Of course, when a girl's extremely beautiful it does help her career a lot. Eric O'Brien Moore started as a model for such lucky illustrators as Gibson, Benda and La Gatta. Then she became The Skin You Love To Touch in the advertisements. Broadway managers begged her to become a show girl. Eric retorted she wanted to act. In the leading rôle in "Street Scene" she proved her ability. Beauty and brains make a wonderful success combination



© Marceau

THE REALTOR

Then there is the ability to pinch hit. That ability helped Edith Mae Cummings to rise from a sixty-five dollar a month telephone operator to a very wealthy real estate magnate. Edith was answering wrong numbers in a Detroit real estate office when the flu epidemic gave her a chance on the regular sales force. In forty-five days she sold seventy-three high-priced lots. She went into the business for herself after that and has made several millions



Hal Phylfe

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Pioneering nearly always pays. It paid for Ruth Allen Boynton. She observed that there were few women in the field of book manufacturing and decided to invade it. After sounding out the editorial and advertising angles of the publishing business, she made herself a typographical expert as well as a shrewd buyer of paper and art work. Today she is the executive responsible for the physical appearance of all Morrow and Company's books



Hal Phylfe

THE BIRD DOCTOR

Very, very helpful to money-making is the Bright Idea. One day Dorothea Hopkins, a pretty young nurse, discovered her pet canary had pneumonia. She nursed him to health. Friends, hearing of this, brought their birds for treatment. Dorothea had stumbled upon a unique profession. Today she is bird doctor extraordinary. At her headquarters in New York she receives orders from the whole world for the care and breeding of songsters



Hal Phyfe

THE PORCELAIN MANUFACTURER

For financial independence there is, also, the Getting Into a New Line. Such was Daisy Tingley's course. She wanted to be a portrait painter but started business life as a telephone operator. She became general office girl, then assistant to a porcelain maker. She discovered the New Line when she evolved an original process of porcelain making. When she first started her own firm, she had to peddle her wares herself. Now stores compete for her products



© Marceau

THE SHOPKEEPER

It isn't unusual for a society girl to open a specialty shop devoted to what the well-decorated home will need. But it is unusual for her to make a success of it and yet pursue her social life. Charming, witty Marjorie Oelrichs, New York Social Registerite, has achieved this difficult combination. While maintaining her stellar popularity with the younger set of the most exclusive circles of both the United States and Europe, she finds time to run a profitable shop

Presenting Margaret Sangster

THE Editor of SMART SET. Of her it can be truly said that she is a born editor and writer, for her famous grandmother of the same name was the first Editor of Harper's Bazar, and was later, Contributing Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Home Companion.

Miss Sangster ranks high among the younger American poets and novelists. She has four books of verse and five novels to her credit. She has also written scores of charming short stories which have been published in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, the Delineator and Pictorial Review.

The editorship of Miss Margaret Sangster, the publisher feels, is as sincere a pledge of the aspirations of this Young Woman's Magazine as could be given.

JAMES R. QUIRK





*Love Can
Shattered*

Broken

By OSCAR

*Illustrations
By
Leslie Benson*

WELL, he knew the worst! There was some satisfaction in that. As he stood there on the steps outside the doctor's office in West Fifty-Eighth Street, his head came up and he threw back his shoulders almost aggressively. He didn't feel frightened. Not now. It was peculiar what a man could face when he had to face it.

It was the late afternoon of an autumnal day. The blazing, hard, white beauty of New York, the clash and glitter of its streets at their busiest, was all around him. He gazed at the swiftly moving motors and the hurrying people with interest, as if he were seeing them for the first time, rather than for the thousandth and first time. Perhaps that was what a shock did to you—made you acutely aware of your surroundings—whereas ordinarily you were indifferent to them.

Concluding his momentary defiant pause, Gregory Turner

descended the brownstone steps and joined, at a more leisurely pace, the throngs so dartingly intent upon their own multitudinous destinations. It was only ten blocks directly south to his apartment in the Hotel Belden.

But as he neared it some of the valiance left his bearing. He was realizing how enormous was the task that confronted him. He would have to tell Coralie! And to Coralie, their life in New York, their friends and the swift interplay of their gaieties, was the very breath of existence. To himself, exile would not be so intolerable, but to Coralie it would mean unbelievable disaster.

Slipping into his apartment with his latch-key, he found Coralie lying on the couch in their sitting room, and with his newly sensitized vision he realized again how lovely Coralie really was. She wore a shimmering negligee—was it peach or rose?—that reflected soft and glowing color over her face, her arms and her long, full throat. Her intense black hair was cut in that ragged shingle that Eldra Bannister had brought back from Paris this fall, and that Coralie had immediately imitated.

Coralie dropped the fashion magazine she had been consulting when Gregory entered the room and asked quickly in her faintly bruised voice, "What did the doctor say, Greg?"

He kissed her and sat down a little heavily before answering, "Well, he said for one thing—I'd have to go away."

Coralie sprang from the couch and perched on the arm of his chair, her slim arm thrown around his shoulders. "Poor darling! Is it as bad as all that?"

"No, it isn't as bad as that, my dear." He said a cold, dry climate was imperative. And a reasonable amount of rest is also imperative. But otherwise not to worry."

"Not to worry! How absurd!" She said this with a



*Mend All
Things—Even*

Luster

GRAEVE

quick, angry laugh, and added, "How long is this—this exile going to last, Gregory?"

"He wouldn't commit himself on that point, although he said it was useless to come back, even for an examination, for a year."

She was silent for a moment and then asked, "Have you thought where you might go?"

"Yes, of course. I'm going home."

"Home! To Sharon?"

"Yes. Why not? It's ideal for me. And I can't think of any place where living costs less."

"But will you have to be so frightfully economical? Won't the firm be generous?"

"I can't ask them to support me indefinitely. Nor would I want them to. I can probably find something to do in Sharon after a while, and with what I can make we ought to be able to afford a small house. Rents up there are ridiculously little, you know, compared with city rates."

Coralie rose from her chair, crossed to a small table, took a cigarette, lighted it with vicious energy and then threw herself on the couch again. Presently she said vehemently, "I hate Sharon and all small, gossiping villages!"

"Well, it's unfortunate," Gregory said gently, "but I don't see how it can be helped."

The room darkened with evening while they sat there, near together and yet remote. Waves of darkness seemed to roll between them. After what appeared an interminable period of time, Coralie got up and said, "We'll have to get dressed."

"Dressed for what?"

"Eldra Bannister's dinner. Had you forgotten?"

"Yes, I'd forgotten."

"Poor dear! I don't wonder. But now we'll have to hurry."

An old white house, at the edge of the village—would it shelter dreams, or heart-break?

"I don't feel like going tonight, Coralie. And the doctor particularly advised me to avoid excitement for a time."

Coralie laughed. "Eldra's parties are never exciting, Greg. Well, we'll stay home then. Only it's so terribly late to disappoint people when they're expecting you to dinner."

"Why don't you go?"

"I'm not altogether heartless, Greg. You'd rather have me stay, wouldn't you?"

"Not if you'd rather go."

"Wouldn't you really mind?"

"No."

"There's one reason I'd like to go. Eldra has an extra man, she told me, a new lion she picked up abroad. He's a Western millionaire, Eldra says, crude but amusing. She especially wanted me to look him over. Are you sure you don't mind?"

Gregory spoke with a sudden savage note. "I'd much rather have you go. Tonight I'd much rather be alone than to talk to any one."

AT THE office the next day he found his firm more than sympathetic. They were as generous as Coralie could wish so generous, in fact, that it was Gregory who had to set a limit to their offers. He couldn't take all they wanted to give him.

When he told Coralie about it that night she couldn't understand his attitude. "No, I don't see it, Greg," she said stubbornly. "You've slaved for them for ten years and more and now I think you're entitled to everything they'll give you."

"I suppose it's a matter of pride," he said carelessly. "After all, one wants to be independent."

"When are you going?"

He was startled. "When am I going?"

"Yes," Coralie didn't look at him.

"Why, aren't you coming with me, Coralie?"

She gazed at him with parted lips for a full minute, before answering. Then she said slowly, "I didn't know you expected that."

It was he, then, who couldn't answer.

Abruptly she threw herself down on his knees. "Dear, why should I go with you?" she said. "I'd be miserable up there in that odious village and I'd make you miserable too. Why do we both have to suffer? What's the sense of it? You won't be up there long. I'm sure of it, no matter what Doctor Lord says. And I shan't be a burden on you. I'll promise you that. Eldra and I talked it over last night and Eldra knows of a position that I can get as fashion adviser at Clayburgh's. At least, Eldra thinks I can get it, and I'm sure I can. Of course, I won't keep these rooms. I'll take a room and bath in some cheap place—"

"Anything to be in New York," he interrupted grimly.

"Yes, perhaps," she agreed. "Besides, you won't miss New York nearly as much as I would, Greg. I think you've always had a hankering to get back to Sharon."

"No, that isn't true. What is true is that I've always had a hankering to have a real home somewhere. Rooms in a hotel have never seemed like a home to me."

"Please, don't let's go into all that again."

"No, I shan't. What's the use? Especially now."

"I can come up to Sharon every once in a while and for that matter you can at least make occasional trips to New York."

Gregory disengaged Coralie's clinging arms, rose, walked to the window and gazed down into the tumult of Forty-Eighth Street.

How the lights flickered! It had been raining and before his eyes everything swam in a blur of darkness, punctuated with streaks and dots of light. Over the city hung its perpetual evening's haze of rosy mist, the flower of a million electric bulbs.

"Of course, I'll go up with you and see that you're comfortably settled," Coralie said presently.

THEY arrived in Sharon on the morning of a crystal clear October day. Coralie had insisted on coming and Gregory had discovered himself too tired, too filled with lassitude, to dispute the matter further with her. He had told her that he demanded nothing of her that she wasn't perfectly willing to give. But in time, he had wearied of his own futile protests. And so they had taken a train that left the Grand Central Station for the north at ten o'clock at night.

To Gregory, Sharon seemed as it had always seemed. He had not been back in twelve or fifteen years and he had expected the town to look smaller, more insignificant, than he remembered it, for that, he had read, was the experience of men who returned to their boyhood homes after many years. But he could detect no change in the picture he had retained of it.

After a day or two in which they met a number of old acquaintances—who, unlike the village, were a little strange and shy before these city folks—the Turners found an old white house, partly furnished, at the very edge of Sharon. Beyond it were open meadows, threaded with the tangled silver of the creek and, beyond that, the blue of distant hills that finally

rose to the beauty and majesty of the Adirondacks.

"It can be made charming," said Coralie enthusiastically, wandering from room to room. "Some bright chintz at these old windows, Greg, and some potted plants. And look at this pitcher! It is real luster. Why, I'd almost be content to live here myself."

"You don't mean that, do you?" he asked gravely.

"No, I don't quite mean it, dear. I can't quite mean it. If it were anywhere but Sharon!"

After a moment she added briskly, "What I was trying to do, in my bright way, was to cheer you up. With a lot of books you should be happy here, for a year anyway." She placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. "Oh, darling, it won't be more than a year, will it? Maybe I will stay."



Gregory saw a look of consternation on the other man's set face

Gregory snatched her to him with sudden hunger. He had never meant to ask her to stay if she didn't want to stay. But now he couldn't resist asking. "Will you stay?"

She was silent, unstirring within his arms. When she raised her eyes to his, they were moist. "I'll try to stay, dear," she said. "That's all I can promise."

It was enough, however, to make Gregory ridiculously happy. While Coralie went down to the stores to buy some food, he too wandered around the little house. He was beginning to love it. He picked up the little bronze and blue pitcher that Coralie had praised. Luster! What was luster?

Coralie herself cooked dinner that night. Bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee. That was all. Yet Gregory told her that he had never eaten anything more delicious. And he meant it.

"I suppose our next terrific problem," said Coralie, "is to find some one to do the housework. These country people are so funny that way. They're so proud and want to eat at the table with you and all sorts of things. It is a problem. I'll ask the shopkeepers downtown if they know of any one."

Coralie was fortunate. The grocer knew of some one and, a day or two later, a stout and sullen young lady arrived. She was the daughter of an indigent farmer and came from the far and desolate regions around Trout Lake. She looked upon Gregory with a degree of heavily coquettish favor, but she

regarded Coralie's manners, her negligees, her ragged shingle, with disapproval.

ONE morning, however, Gregory brought a very thickly padded and faintly scented letter to Coralie.

She almost snatched it from him. "It's from Eldra, at last!" she exclaimed. "I was dying to hear from her. That new man who's rushing her is preposterous but exciting."

"What new man?"

"Don't you remember? The Western millionaire! His name is Turnbull. I met him that night"—Coralie's voice was sobered—"that night I went to the party without you, pig that I was!"

Coralie retired to the chair by the window to devour Eldra's

You know that as well as I do. After that, we'll know."

"But you do look so much better."

"I'm going to apply for a job."

"Where?"

"I'll ask Jim Robinson to give me a job as a clerk in his store." Jim Robinson, whom Greg had known all his life, owned the drug store.

"Don't be so absurd, Greg!"

"I'm not. I'll be happier if I have something to do and, besides, our money isn't going to last forever."

"What'll I do here all day alone. Bertha's worse than nothing as company. Much worse."

Gregory said nothing further.

This, he knew, was dangerous ground. Neither Coralie nor he had ever spoken about how long she was going to stay—except that one time, that first time, when she had promised she would stay as long as she could. The tears that had followed Eldra's letter were not the only tears Coralie had shed. Gregory knew that, although Coralie had done her best to conceal them. And Gregory also knew that, by herself, Coralie was making a pretty game fight of it. Better not mention the subject.

Meanwhile, in a deprecatory way, the village was throwing out tentacles to grasp them. The minister called. The Jim Robinsons asked them to supper. The ladies of the Auxiliary Aid were giving a church festival. Wouldn't Coralie help?

Gregory had also discovered an old flame of his. At least, Coralie called her an old flame of his.

This was Dorothy West. But when Gregory had known her she had been Dorothy Slade, a slim, blonde girl with whom he had often walked to the school on the top of Mark's Hill. She had been a lovely young girl, vivacious, the leader in her class, the belle of the dances at the Masonic Hall. Now she was a tired-looking woman, shabbily dressed, her lips drooping. Only her eyes retained their early steadfast blue. She was a widow with two children

and she had, Gregory imagined, a tough time getting along. Gregory wished he could do something for her, especially for the two kids. They were nice kids, eager and friendly but what could he do?

Dorothy and her children had been away visiting relatives when Coralie and Gregory had first come back to Sharon. Later, Coralie had run into Dorothy downtown and had asked her to call, but when Dorothy did so the next afternoon, Coralie was downtown again.

It was Gregory who answered her knock.

"Why, Dorothy!"

"Hello, Greg!" She stood there a little timidly—as if afraid to enter. She explained, "I met Coralie downtown yesterday and she asked me to call."

"Yes, she told me. Come in! She'll be back soon."

Still restrained, Dorothy entered and sat down in a corner of the small sitting room. "It looks awfully pretty here. doesn't it?" she said. "What a lot you can do with a little chintz."

"Coralie's clever that way."

"And Coralie's more beautiful than ever," Dorothy said enthusiastically. "She's got New York written all over her. It's hard to believe that she, like us, was born here in Sharon."

There was a silence.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," [Continued on page 82]



letter, but in the midst of it she rose and rushed upstairs to her own room. When she came down for luncheon, an hour later, Gregory realized that she had been crying, for her eyes were very red.

He didn't say anything. He didn't dare say anything to her.

A MONTH had passed. And two months. It was December. The first snow had come and gone. Downtown, the shopkeepers told Coralie this was fortunate. Usually, at this time of year, they said the fields were deep with snow, the roads blocked with it. People dug out their sleighs and traveled only where and when it was necessary. Bertha, the housekeeper, had developed a cold, and went about her duties, snuffling in a most emphatic manner. When she spoke, which was seldom, she intimated that she was working too hard and had earned a rest anyway.

But Gregory felt better, infinitely better.

Every morning when he arose he flexed his muscles, raised his hands over his head and said to Coralie. "I feel like a new man."

"You look it, darling," Coralie would answer. "When do we go back?"

"The year Doctor Lord spoke about isn't nearly up yet."



*Do Double Pay Checks Make
For the Success or Failure of*

Two-Salaried Marriage?

By ALLISON BRYAN

THE institution of marriage is an old, old institution—as old as houses—as old as hats. And like both of them, it is always coming out in new styles. There are seasons in matrimony, and we are just at the peak of one of them. I happened to be born at just the right time for it.

I belong to the generation that made the economic independence of women a slogan. We invented the idea that a woman had a right to earn her own living, and fortunately or unfortunately for our individual selves, we made it our duty to prove it in person.

With one exception every girl in my graduating class went to work. With one exception every girl in my graduating class married. It was the same girl in both cases.

For my part I went to work with the others—from a home that was more than comfortable, a home that some people might even think luxurious.

When I married, I still held fast to my slogan of economic independence. I had learned by actual experience the thrill financial freedom gives, and I was not anxious to part with it. After a childhood and girlhood under the slogan: "The man who pays the bills is the man who has a right to rule the house," I had no desire to put myself in the same position again.

My husband, who is infinitely more tolerant and far thinking than I, believed as firmly as I that only economic freedom would give women spiritual freedom. And we began married life together on the half-and-half principle.

Before the year was out we had discovered advantages—and disadvantages. We had discovered smooth roads—and rough going. And for those young things who are already dreaming of June weddings, and spending their evenings figuring on just how near the price of one, two can live, here are some

directions and detour signs—which no one gave us, for the thing was too new when we were married. We were the first couple in our crowd to try it.

In the very first place, the two-salaried marriage makes for speed—speed in getting the things you want. Two people working together can get things in a third—not a half—of the time it would take one of them working alone, AND paying the bills of the other meanwhile. When a man is the sole support of a family, he not only pays the rent and the grocer, but the dressmaker, and every cent of the spending money his wife uses. And in appalling reverse order, his savings should be twice as large, although his expenses are twice as great, because he has two to provide for, and one of them technically helpless.

WHEN we came home from our wedding trip we were solvent, but no more. We owed no bills—but we had no savings.

The first year we furnished an apartment. At the end of a year and a half we bought a car. At the end of two years and a half we made a first payment on the house which we had always wanted. At the end of seven years that house was paid for, and we had saved money besides.

All that time we had kept a car—although not many of our friends were able to—and we had taken more and better weekend trips and little holidays than any one I know. Vacation money for one does not go very far in providing a vacation for two.

It is practical beyond words—the two-salary plan—and I recommend it with enthusiasm to any young couple who want a house without waiting until they are old and gray-haired for it.

Another advantage about the plan is that it avoids arguments about money, so apt to exist for years in the usual marriage. The only mutual concern for two people of independent income need be the expenses they are to share jointly. Sly extravagances and pet economies may be as secret as you like.

The wife has only her own conscience to reproach her if she buys a silver fox that is manifestly beyond her budget. The husband has no questioning glances at his thirty-five cent cigars. And the money given to relatives—one extremely dangerous source of dissatisfaction in many marriages—is an entirely personal concern. No matter what expedients a wife uses to save from her personal allowance or her housekeeping money something to send to a sister—or a mother—or a brother in need, it still remains "John's money," and she feels vaguely uncomfortable about diverting any of it to any one else. And she will undoubtedly make John feel just as uncomfortable if he gives to his mother, for a bit of luxury or extravagance after a lifetime of hard work, some of his own money, while his wife perhaps is doing her own cooking in order to economize. Freedom of personal expenditure is worth a great deal.

But even after men and women have gained economic freedom, psychologically they are not free. Centuries of custom and tradition have done their work. And it will take several future centuries of new path-marking to obliterate the old sign posts.

There are two dangers in economic freedom. One is that the free woman is apt to become arrogant in her freedom—domineering. From a vine clinging to an oak, she is apt to change into a tempest trying to blow the oak over. From a suppliant asking that some few things be done as she prefers them, she is liable to demand that all things be done as she says.

Inevitably a man resents it. He would resent it less, perhaps, if she were dependent on him. Her actual helplessness in that case would make her protests merely annoying. But when she is independent, her attempts at domination are an actual menace to a man's freedom of action. Naturally he resists.

It is safe to say that the wife who pays her way must be even more careful to defer to her husband's judgment than the dependent wife. She has become an equal, and therefore she is always open to the suspicion of trying to become a superior. But she can well afford not to stand on her rights—because she has them.

THE other danger is even more subtle and more threatening, because it is irrevocably linked in with the love life of men and women. All that I have said might apply to any two people living in the same house and sharing expenses. But this involves only a man and a woman who are very much in love with each other. Then arises a great difficulty.

There is danger of a woman ceasing to exercise her charm.

For so long woman has been dependent on man for her good times—for her dinners and dances and theaters and flowers and candy—with nothing to buy them with except that intangible substance we call "charm," that once she finds them all within her grasp she is apt to stop working.

Every one knows that being a host—being a guest—has a definite and invariable influence on behavior. The average man taking a woman to dinner would naturally and instinctively as-

sume more obligation in pleasing her, entertaining her, than if he went out with her in partnership, each paying his way. If he had had a hard day at the office—if his head ached—he would not bother to talk. But if he were host, he would assume the role—a role in which most men are at their best.

All this, to an accentuated degree is true of women. The instinct to please has been so ingrained in her, as the current coin of all her social intercourse, that when she is a guest she naturally exerts all her power of charm. She listens, she approves—above all, she criticizes nothing—for is this not a party and must she not be a delightful and delighted guest if she wishes ever to be invited to another party?

On the other hand, if she pays as she goes, she is apt to neglect the social amenities if she does not feel like making the effort. If she is bored, she shows it. She makes suggestions freely, criticizes the service—or lack of it—and does not bother either to entertain or to be entertained. It seems like a dreadfully poor spirit to manifest—but a great many otherwise fine women have it.

One solution—in addition to watching yourself to see that you do not yield to this insidious tendency—is to take turns with your husband in having "parties," keeping the host or hostess obligation definitely in mind. You may say that is only a quibble—but many a war has been averted by just such a quibble. A quibble is a very useful thing.

A MAN I respect and admire once told me that a marriage like ours could never endure. That biologically it was wrong. Men must boss and women must bend. A wife must have no other job than her husband. All the time-honored old sentiments. Yet my marriage still lasts—and his—biologically perfect—has ended in the divorce court.

I do not claim that a two-salary marriage is the only marriage—or even the most perfect marriage. It has many defects and dangers besides those I have mentioned. And yet—

Not so long ago I walked up the street with the only woman I know who has a more expensive coat than I have. She suggested walking. She is a dependent wife—after a gloriously independent career as a wage earner. The coat was a gift from her husband.

She opened her purse and showed it to me. There was thirty-five cents in it.

"That's all the money I've had for over a week now. I'm afraid to spend any of it," she said.

Modern marriage has defects—so had the old-fashioned kind. It is for you—and your young man—to decide which you prefer.

For after all, beautiful marriages, of the same sort our grandmothers had, still exist—one of them exists

right now. Within my own circle of friends.

The wife has relinquished without one regret the work she spent four years training for, and has made her house and her husband her job. Her choice was made freely, and I feel sure that if she were to decide to return to business, her husband would meet that problem as fairly as he has met the others that have come to them in their life-together.

The wisest man I know once said to me:

"The success of a marriage depends not on any system, but on the character of the people trying it."

I think that sums it up better than any words of mine.



"I never have any money in my purse," said the dependent wife

Is There Such a Thing As a Marriage of Intelligence Or—

Do You Believe In Love?

By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

CYNTHIA saw that it was one of those moments in the moonlit corner of a terrace when she was about to be kissed, and allowed it, for after all it was an experience which no modern young woman should lack.

She recovered her usual calm dignity and rerouged her small mouth, preparatory to her usual question, "Do you believe in love?"

Of course the man—who was a very nice Princeton man and perfectly eligible or Cynthia would not have tolerated him—said enthusiastically that he did and went on describing Cynthia's pale gold hair and dark gold eyes and hands and lips, as if they had anything to do with it. So that when he asked her the same question he was pained, mortified and shocked to hear how flatly Cynthia said, "I don't. It's ridiculous."

She couldn't be bothered to explain much more to him than that and made him take her inside the Casino again to her mother's party for all the nicest men in Havana. Cynthia danced with all of them, a little vaguely, for she was thinking how really complicated it was going to be to find the eligible and intelligent man she had determined to marry—the man who, like she herself, would not believe in love at all.

And really this year, on the Saturday before the first Sunday in October, it would be high time that she wired Jimmy Townsend, according to their agreement, that she was not in love yet but was going to be married. Now that Jimmy was about ready to be a doctor she must not waste any more time either, or he would be too superior to be tolerated.

She went on thinking about Jimmy and the Saturday before the first Sunday in October while all sorts of pleasant men danced with her. Her mother's table was the most brilliant of all those about the Casino floors and other men, not of her mother's party—wealthy Cubans, rich visiting Americans, marvelous American Naval Officers and a visiting Spanish novelist—kept staring at her as she passed their tables.

It was much nicer to go on thinking about funny old Jimmy Townsend. She didn't often think of him, really. Funny how vivid the time was to her, years ago. They had both been nothing but children when they started that business of seeing each other, or

wiring, on the Saturday before the first Sunday in October, to assure each other that neither yet believed in love. Cynthia remembered exactly how it had been.

SHE had been sitting on the old stone bench by the fountain in her grandfather's formal garden on Long Island. Jimmy was hunched up on the grass, whittling at a boat with those big, curiously deft hands of his, when she had suddenly made the discovery that she did not believe in love.

"It's too silly," she had said passionately. "It makes me sick, the way they all act as if it was really something and not just made up. When I grow up I'm never, never, never going to be in love. Even if I should want to I sha'n't. I'd think about my mother and your father being too utterly silly. And all the fuss about your father getting a divorce so that they could get married and now getting divorced all over again because mother thinks she's in love with somebody else. I wouldn't be so—so undignified. I'd have more self-control. Do you, Jimmy, do you believe in love?"

She prodded him in the shoulder so hard with one foot that he sprawled out on the grass and lay soberly in the shadow of the bronze fountain nymph that was close by.

He looked lazily up at Cynthia with his funny crinkly black eyes. She felt flushed and pink with excitement. Her rose linen frock was torn and dirty because she and Jimmy had been burrowing under the hedge together, making a secret passage from his great-aunt's garden to her grandfather's. Since the families weren't speaking, Jimmy and Cynthia were not supposed to see each other. A few little brown birds were flicking among the last of the asters and the light lay, autumnal and unregarded, down the mossy old walks.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, the old slowcoach, thinking about Cynthia's question. "It's funny, like scarlet fever or measles. Why, my father saw your mother around for years since your father died, and they never—"

"And honestly, Jimmy," Cynthia had interrupted as usual, "even though Mummy is perfectly beautiful and darling and all, your father must have heard about how cross she is in the morning before she has her coffee, and how she hates to travel in trains, and





By the time Cynthia reached the Mediterranean coast she was contrasting the prospect of her sane marriage to Oliver in the near future with this incredible journey for which Jimmy's letter was responsible

can't bear men to contradict her. I mean, of course, she's perfectly precious, but I don't see why they should suddenly go and fall in love with each other so hard that your father'd have to ask your mother to divorce him. Because she's lovely too, and even if she didn't much mind, because she's always away on concert tours, I do think it was rude of them. Why, if we acted like that about something we wanted that was going to upset anybody we'd have our allowances stopped and our ponies taken away. I mean it's so childish of them. Don't you think so?"

Jimmy chewed a grass stem and eyed her soberly. The faint fragrance of the box hedge moved memorably across them in the little salt breeze from the Sound. Of course he would follow up that idea about disease!

"I guess maybe it's highly contagious," he said judiciously. "Mother was away and Dad and your mother were always next door here in the summers and Dad's swell on a polo pony. Only she prob'ly never saw him get in an awful rage when he shaves, and he always wants everybody up to breakfast with chops and hot biscuits, and he hates to pick things up for people or carry vanity cases in his pocket for people, and it makes him wild to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence, you know."

"Mummy always interrupts," Cynthia said calmly. "Maybe he didn't notice that before they were married. Maybe the new man she's going to marry doesn't mind. But he isn't half as nice as your father, and Grandfather says he's a tame cat, but of course he's awfully romantic because his father was

Cuban. I bet your great-aunt would like to say some of the swears my grandfather does."

Jimmy laughed. "She thinks people that keep on getting divorced and married, like all those people my father and your mother know, are all crazy."

"Well, I do too," Cynthia said. "I don't think it's—I don't think it's at all necessary. I don't believe in love and I'm never going to be in it."

"Ho, you will too. Girls always do," Jimmy said, sitting up. "If it wasn't for girls and women there wouldn't be any love. There'd just be men and polo and boats and maybe a few good epidemics. Women go around talking about love until they get to thinking there is such a thing and then they make such a fuss about it men have to make believe they do, too. You'll be like that yourself in two or three years more, when you get to be seventeen or twenty."

"I won't—I won't—Jimmy Townsend, you hateful—"

"Yes you will, and you'll want to get married. All girls are crazy about getting married. I guess maybe it's all right for them. But no men ought to. They ought to just go on and be what they want to be, like polo players or doctors and not bother about women at all."

"Oh, marriage," Cynthia said in her most grown-up manner. "Of course I'm going to get married. All the girls in my class in school are going to get married, at least once. We think it's old-fashioned not to. But we're not any of us going to be in love. We don't think it's dignified. I'm going to find a tall, dark, handsome man who's had a good deal of experience of the world, and is nice to children, and rides perfectly, and who thinks about love and being intelligent just the way I do, and we'll get married and have just the right kind of children, and a nice place in the country, and travel a good deal and never be silly about things like most people are. I've got it all decided."

"Marriage is just as silly as love is," Jimmy said stoutly. "None of the fellows I know are ever going to get married."

"I bet you'll fall in love, though," Cynthia said. "You'll fall in love with some big fat girl like my cousin Esther that you thought was so lovely, when all the time she's horrid. I'll bet by this time next year you'll think you're in love with somebody like that. Boys always think they're in love when they get to be seventeen."

"I won't any such thing," Jimmy shouted, scowling at her. His black hair was rumpled over his heavy black brows and there were bright red spots in his still slightly chubby cheeks. "I won't, I tell you. You don't know everything."

"All right," Cynthia said. "Just to prove it, I'll bet you can't meet me here this time next year and tell me to my face you haven't been silly about somebody."

"Ho, as if you'd remember even to be here, any more than you ever remember my birthday although I remind you and remind you. I'll be here all right, but you'll be off somewhere, prob'ly falling in love yourself."

"I won't any such thing. I will be here. So there," she said.

"All right. This is Saturday before the first Sunday in October. I'll be here. If you can't come you can wire. But it won't do any good because you'll forget. You always forget."

AND she had forgotten. It made her perfectly furious to think of it. But the next year had been so exciting. She had gone to a new school that gave polite domestic science and imitation nursing and intensive dramatics, and to France in the summer for her accent with her mother and her mother's new husband and she had come back late in the fall just in time for school again.

Jimmy's telegram which was insultingly superior in tone reached her while she was spending the week-end at her mother's new estate in Westchester. His wire said he hadn't seen a girl yet who was fit to fall in love with and when was she to be married? She was so angry she rushed out and

bought a diary and marked the exact day in October and carried the book around with her all that year, occasionally writing addresses in it.

So that when Jimmy wiggled through the hedge that next time, nearly sticking in the unused hole because he was so much bigger and broader, she was waiting for him triumphantly by the fountain, feeling marvelously grown up and very, very sophisticated. But he couldn't stay long because his father and his own mother had gotten married again and were coming for lunch and he would have to have lunch with them.



Neither of them believed in love any more than they had the first time, although Cynthia reported there were one or two men she had seen who were about what she was looking for in a husband. She hadn't met all of them, like Walter Hampden and Douglas Fairbanks, but it was nice to know that such men existed when she got around to settling down with one of them. The garden was lovely that year, and they spent a good, earthy half hour widening and improving the secret passageway.

JIMMY was in college longer than she was in school and then, of course, there was medical school for him after that.

Once, one rainy fall, when she managed to remember again about their October appointment, she caught cold and Jimmy tried to cure her with a special cold medicine of his own invention that made her frightfully ill. But as a rule she forgot it until Jimmy's exultant wire came to make her furious. It was obvious that he had more fun out of her forgetting than her

remembering. And since she had finished school and come out she was so busy being a debutante that she could not have expected herself to remember a childish thing like that.

She still firmly intended to get married in a few years, to exactly the right sort of man, and she spent a good deal of time in Palm Beach or Biarritz or Aiken or New York or Havana or Long Island, letting all sorts of men talk the most awful nonsense to her, about her eyelashes or her wrists or her walk, as a means of studying them more closely. But the more she studied them the easier it was not to be foolish about men.

He was Old Philadelphia, and his mother had married a perfectly adorable old French count, and he had so much money that it was a little indecent to think about it at all. He acted quite as if he never did. He was a five-goal man at polo which is a very correct amount, requiring enough playing to keep the figure but not enough to make a fanatic of a good family man.

He was nearly ten years older than Cynthia and just good looking enough in a very scrubbed and polished sort of way, now that she could see him: shiny black hair, straight nose, blue eyes and a mouth that looked as if he would be extremely sensible about love.

Cynthia fairly stared, not caring at all if he saw her, because really it is most important to be sure about your husband if you intend to live the intelligent life. He caught her cool glance and held it firmly, so that she nodded and smiled a little. He nodded and smiled in return and presently came around and asked for a dance.

Illustrations by

Corinne Dillon



**"Jimmy, are you married yet?"
begged Cynthia desperately**

On this particular night when she floated back to her mother's table, in the silver tulle that she secretly thought was the most adorable dress she had had in years, she was feeling particularly absent for having thought long, long thoughts about such thousands of years ago when she and Jimmy Townsend had been such utter children. But she did remember to ask her mother who a certain strange, dark man was. The handsome and vivacious and always slightly sentimental Mrs. Edward Ortiz, glanced up at Cynthia and said, "You've been dreaming lovely young girl's dreams in the moonlight again, darling. Ah, well! But that's Oliver Charnley. I introduced him to you half an hour ago, when he came in late."

Well, of course, Cynthia should have known. She slipped into her seat and gazed at him down the long length of the table. This was the man she had heard about so much, whom she had already practically decided to marry if his looks came up to what every one said about him.

CYNTHIA knew exactly how it happened that he rode back alone with her in the open car, because she had arranged it so. They rolled into Havana through the lovely Cuban dark, and out on the embankment, with the long lighted arc of the white city on the right, and to the left the deep starlit surging of the sea. It was really marvelous and Cynthia was quite content. Oliver Charnley's arm was lightly around her, with exactly the gesture the night demanded and her head was resting lightly on the top of his sleeve, not near enough to the heart of the collar-bone to be sentimental, but just at the right angle for understanding.

Cynthia called out to Arturo, the chauffeur, to sing and Arturo, who must have been feeling the night a bit also, raised his voice and sang caressingly and heart-breakingly in Spanish. It seemed to Cynthia, with her head lightly on Oliver Charnley's perfect shoulder that if they could only hold time itself at this full flight, with the lights and the dark and the sea and Arturo singing, that she would be perfectly happy, perfectly happy.

For a minute Cynthia thought Oliver was going to be silly like every other man, as he tightened

his hand a little on her shoulder. But that was all he did do and presently she glanced up at his dark profile against the stars and saw that he was looking out sternly to the lights of Morro Castle, across the dark water, being perfectly self-controlled in the dark pulse and softness of the night.

Cynthia was honest enough to admit to herself that the moment went a little flat, but it only served to convince her all the more that here was the man she had been looking for. At her hotel he kissed her hand and smiled down at her, dark and correct. He was ideal! She felt very much like telling him so, but after all, if you have made up your mind to live the intelligent life, full of restraint and good taste, you do feel you should observe some of the good, established customs of courtship.

But she did wire to Jimmy Townsend that October from Lenox, where Oliver's uncle had a house, that she had found a perfect man, who did not believe in love and did not want to, and that they were as good as engaged. [Continued on page 113]

All Across The Country People Are Asking Who Is She?

THE SMART SET Quest for the Typical American Girl is already half finished!

By the time this magazine reaches its more than half million young women readers all over the country, the judges in a number of key cities in the nation will be completing their work—the work of choosing the seventeen regional winners who are to appear before the national judges in New York City next month.

From amongst these seventeen girls, representing every section of the United States, will be chosen the outstanding example of young American womanhood who will have world-wide fame as the Typical American Girl. And, incidentally, don't forget that the girl chosen by the seven national judges for this high honor is to receive the award of \$5,000! Not to mention a trip to New York City.

The interest displayed in the Quest throughout the country guarantees that the girl finally chosen as the Typical American Girl will be thoroughly representative of this land. Thousands of the finest examples of the American girl have been nominated for the honor, just how many thousands we are utterly unable to estimate now. The response to the call of SMART SET and its brilliant cooperating newspapers has amazed even those of us who viewed the Quest with the most enthusiasm; and the Quest Editors of the representative newspapers were flooded with nominations.

It would not be surprising if the seven national judges had a harder job picking the Typical American Girl from amongst the seventeen regional winners than the regional boards had in picking their respective winners from amongst the thousands. We don't know when any board of judges has faced such a task! If you remember your mythology you will recall the hard job Paris had in choosing the beauty from amongst the three goddesses, Minerva, Juno and Venus, and how his final award of the Golden Apple to Venus was one of the first circumstances leading to the Trojan War.

The job of Paris was easy compared to this task of our judges. He had to pick only a beauty and he could pass over Minerva, the goddess noted for her intelligence and wit. But this is no beauty contest and the judges, therefore, cannot award SMART SET's golden apple to a Venus whose sole claim to fame is good looks. Everybody who has speculated about that elusive and almost legendary figure, the Typical American Girl, is of course sure that she has good looks. But everybody is equally sure that she has intelligence and common sense. Therefore, our national judges must give serious thought to the achievements and accomplishments of the contestants who have, in addition to their pleasing appearance, other important qualifications.

IN THE representative regions, where the fortunate regional winners are now being chosen, girls of all types of beauty and all kinds of worthy achievements were nominated by their friends and by organizations of all kinds. It was the rule of the contest, you recall, that no girl could nominate herself but that nominations could be made either by individuals or by any organization or society.

Thousands of the nominees were business girls with high school and business college training and, therefore, were of that growing group of young women who are indispensable to American business. Others had special training as nurses and teachers. Still others were of that "old-fashioned type" of girl who has remained at home to specialize in the household arts. Yes, and you'd be surprised how many girls of that kind are left in this country!

In every one of the Quest regions, innumerable nominations

disclosed fine records of achievement by girls who were proposed for the honor of being chosen as the Typical American Girl. We wish that all of these records could be inspected by the viewers-with-alarm who are always telling us that the American girl is not the wholesome kind of person she used to be.

In one city a young business girl proposed for the honor had been the main support of an invalid father and a family of smaller brothers and sisters.

In another city a girl who had been through a fashionable finishing school was working in a department store. Tired of society, she had turned with zest to the great American game of business and was intent upon making her mark there!

In still another city a girl whose parents would like her to remain at ease in their home, had run off to a hospital to study nursing and was on a night shift in the emergency ward. No after-theater clubs for her!

In a fourth town—and she was secretary to the president of a great manufacturing company—a girl was nominated. A girl who, through her own efforts, had lifted herself up from a poverty-touched home on a dingy street. Self-taught, and with only her own backing, she had been able to rise to the highest position held by any girl in her organization. And, despite her hard schooling, she was as feminine and cultured as any society girl. And her ability, her success, had not antagonized her associates. She was admired by them all.

These are merely a few examples of the kind of girl entered in this Quest for the Typical American Girl. Hundreds of others were equally interesting. Thousands of others! For the girls who have been nominated can not be counted in hundreds. Can not be counted, really, in mere thousands.

Nominations of girls still in college and high school poured into the cooperating newspapers, literally by the thousands. Most of these girls have a keen interest in amateur sports as, indeed, do most of the young women proposed for the honor of being named as the Typical American Girl.

AS MOST of our readers know, the Quest closed at midnight on March 31, and immediately the regional boards of judges went to work on the final task of picking the charming winners. The job of inspecting the records of the thousands of entries was so stupendous, of course, that some of the judging had to be done as the contest progressed. But even so, the final task of the judges was difficult enough. If the readers of SMART SET watch the cooperating newspaper in their region they will probably know, just as soon as we do, who their regional winner is.

And when they know who the regional winner is, then the fun will begin! The fun of guessing which girl will be lucky—and deservedly so. Which girl will win the prize that every real girl must covet! The prize that will bring the best sort of fame—and the most pleasant kind of fortune. The sort of fame and fortune that are deserved.

Puzzled as we are when we speculate on the kind of girl the judges will choose for the honor, we are also fairly sure that the Typical American Girl will be an *average* American girl. We believe that there are hundreds of thousands like her in the towns and cities of the nation. She will represent a cross section of America's young citizenry—represent it very well. It will be the winner's distinction and honor to personify the appearance, life, and record of many other fine young American women—for if she did not do this, she could not be the Typical American Girl. For to be typical of a fine thing one must be truly worth while—in everything that the term "worth while" implies.

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The mysterious photograph on this page is an illustration of our bewildered state of mind. We feel that it also illustrates *your* state of mind. We want this Typical American Girl to take the piece of paper down from her face—we are very anxious to know what she is really like. We are still unable to guess whether she will be a blonde, brunette or an in-between. Whether she will be a tall girl, or a short girl, a college girl or a high school girl, a business girl or a home girl. And—incidentally—we'd like to ask her a question: Is the paper in front of her face a check for \$5,000, or is it the program for the entertainment of the regional winners who will spend a glorious week in New York? Or is it some new and unexpected award?

Peter could not be mistaken in the identity of a man who had once attacked him so viciously



Peter and

By FRANK

PETER HUGHEY, the well-known playwright, like most great-minded men was simple hearted. So much so that he actually believed all the rainbow lies that were told him by Corinne Renshaw, that lovable sphinx whom he married less than a week after he met her at the out-of-town opening of his second play.

To Corinne's credit be it said that she adored Peter. Whenever she lied to him about anything it was to keep unspoiled the dreams he wove about her.

Peter's Aunt Mike, who disliked and distrusted her nephew's wife, would never have believed without proof, that the elderly admirer, George Herk, whom Corinne called "Daddy," was her father. But Corinne let Peter believe it even when her father died and she insisted on going home to his funeral alone.

Eventually Peter discovered that Corinne had lied to him about two or three unimportant things, but he never suspected that, at the moment when he believed her to be at home with a sick headache, she was actually having dinner in town with "Daddy" in one last desperate effort to get rid of him forever.

THE NAME of Peter's play was "Dame Quixote" and it was very literary. That accounted, perhaps, for the fact that the out-of-town audiences did not quite get it.

The direction and acting were superb. Peter's former success warranted the management in giving his work every embellishment that money could buy, so that the lack of sensational punch was not obvious.

Peter himself was agreeably surprised at the way the play sounded, and he had another reason for liking it better than he had expected. That was because his aunt, Mrs. Carmichael,



*Jealousy
And
Romance
Cast
A Shadow
Over
Coming Events*

Mrs. Pan

R. ADAMS

with Miss Lavery in tow, had turned up unexpectedly at the opening. His aunt was so proud of him, and the girl so unreservedly admired his cleverness that Peter could not help an accession of much needed self-confidence.

After the opening he had taken them to the local jazz cafe. It was the only restaurant that stayed open late.

When they had told him for the hundredth time how delightful his play was, and he had modestly disclaimed the encomiums which had been heaped upon him, it occurred to Peter to ask. "How did you happen to decide to run over to the opening?"

His aunt hesitated. "Why, frankly, I hadn't thought of coming until I knew that Mrs. Hughey wasn't with you and then—"

"But how did you know Corinne was ill?"

"I didn't. She surely did not appear in any way indisposed when I saw her."

"No, I suppose she would not complain to a visitor. Thank you, Aunt Mike, for calling at Veriende."

"I'm afraid I do not merit your thanks, Peter. I did not call at Veriende and probably never—" She halted in mid-speech and mastered the acrimony which had crept into her voice. "But I'm very glad indeed that I had this opportunity of being with you. I brought Maude along merely as a chaperone."

Peter was still curious about the meeting between his aunt and his wife. "Where on earth did you run into Corinne, and what did you two say to each other?"

"We didn't say anything," Mrs. Carmichael confessed. "One reason was because she didn't see me. The place was the lobby of the Hotel Vandemore. She was standing there chatting with sort of a heavy set, middle-aged man, not so very prepossessing looking. I judged that probably he was one of her family who had arrived unexpectedly and she had stayed

in town to entertain him while you went on with your work. I'm sorry I told if it is something you did not already know about."

"Oh, I know about it," Peter interposed swiftly. "I knew that her uncle, a fellow by the name of Cullen from Tennessee, was in town with his new wife, but I thought Corinne was too ill to accept their dinner invitation. Perhaps she felt better after lunch and decided to get up."

It was pretty well done and thoroughly deceived Maude Lavery. Mrs. Carmichael could never be fooled by anything false—that's why she was usually so unhappy—but she conceded her grudging admiration to the gentle instincts which had prompted Peter's chivalrous, mendacious defense of his wife.

PETER had a bad five minutes during which he was talking on various subjects, while his mind concentrated heavily on Corinne's purpose in suddenly deciding not to go with him and then keeping a dinner engagement in town.

The problem admitted of no very satisfactory solution. The best one was that which he had just given, that her companion was an unexpectedly arrived relative whom Corinne had felt constrained to entertain regardless of her illness.

At that it was not like Corinne to put herself to a lot of trouble merely for a relative. She would have been much more apt to delegate the entertaining to her mother.

Peter finally dismissed the matter from the foreground of his mind. It could rest until Corinne told him about it herself.

Peter was terribly tired anyway. Fortunately he did not feel much brain tension with Maude and his aunt. So far as they were concerned he had a soul satisfying security in the consciousness that he could do no wrong. It was a sort of mental coasting Maude, especially, as he had noticed before, soothed him. Being with her was much like resting a fevered brow against a piece of cold marble.

Peter had a very restful let down from the strain of rehearsals and the first performance. The next morning he put them on the train for the city and went about the work of trimming and rewriting with renewed faith in himself.

He did not worry about the mystery of Corinne's appearance at the Vandemore, did not think about it particularly until after he got home again on Sunday.

He arrived in time for Sunday dinner. They were sitting at the table when he thought of it.

"I'm glad you recovered so quickly from your headache the day I left," he ventured.

"Oh, but I didn't," Corinne returned. "I was sick for two days, flat on my back. Wasn't I, mother?"

Mrs. Renshaw joined in hastily. "Yes, indeed. The poor child was an absolute wreck."

"That's a shame. I thought perhaps you had gone into the city and found a doctor who cured you."

"What a silly idea, Petermine. There are plenty of good doctors out here. I haven't been away from the house since you left."

What could Peter say? To tell her that she was lying would be to humiliate her before her mother, whom she had

evidently coached to support her statements. Peter had no desire to strip his wife's soul bare and make her ashamed. To have been caught in an elaborately built-up untruth, as Corinne was, would have been to Peter the source of deadly mortification. He could not have held up his head again. Already his heart was sympathizing with his wife in her humiliation.

So Peter let his suspicions ride, hoping that in the interim Corinne would declare herself. Meanwhile he talked of the opening and mentioned that his aunt had come on to the out-of-town try-out.

"Alone?" queried his wife, swiftly.

"No. There was another lady with her."

"Who was it Peter? Any one that I know?"

"No one you would know, of course. Miss Lavery is her name."

"Miss Lavery?" Rising inflection in two voices, Corinne's and her mother's.

Corinne continued the assault.

"No wonder you tried to leave me at home and finally succeeded. Who is this beautiful heart-breaker whom your aunt is using as an antidote for me?"

That question shot so very close to Peter's own private suspicions that it made him distinctly uncomfortable, put him entirely on the apologetic defensive.

It did not occur to him until hours later that the fact that he had entertained his aunt and another woman for an hour after the show was relatively insignificant alongside of the fact that Corinne had been seen in the company of a man in a New York hotel, and that she had lied about it flatly.

All in all Peter got the mental keel-hauling of his life and ended up entirely in the wrong and deeply apologetic. Corinne was chivalrous in only one thing. When her mother started to pick on Peter, too, she turned fiercely and warned her away, with a few distinctly barbed words and one—just one—high voltage look that, if harnessed,

could have been used in the electric furniture at Sing-Sing.

The pot was still sizzling when the Hughey family retired for the night. Peter was awfully tired really, down deep, and the brain conflict brought it all back on him with renewed force. He finally went to sleep, but it was a dry-mouthed, restless, unhappy sleep.

THE theater.

A smartly dressed audience, not all professional first nighters, but a large sprinkling of the genuine society element.

The overture—no one paid any attention to it except Peter. To him it was the "On your marks! Get set!" of the starter in a championship dash. It tightened up the strings of his nervous system until they were just ready to break if played out of tune.

The curtain went up—the chatter died down reluctantly.



The first line on the stage was spoken with apparent calm by an actor of fifteen years experience, who nevertheless was suffering from nausea, palsy, paralysis, chills and cramps—all the symptoms which are grouped under the generic diagnosis "stage fright" and its accompanying ill effects.

The initial exchange of repartee! Thud! It fell flat. Nobody laughed. The fortunes of war. It was probably too soon after the overture. The next one would get 'em! No. Another failed. Another and another. The audience began to get restless. Programs flut-

stand by until the end, but he could not even bear to be a witness of the agony.

The rumors of disaster spread fast. Peter was caught during the intermission by friends who came into the hotel for cigarettes. They congratulated him.

"The piece is going great, old man," one of them said, avoiding Peter's eye.

When he walked away they looked after him pityingly. Peter was sure of that although he would not, for worlds, have turned around to see.

Peter secreted himself in the washroom. Two men came in. They did not know Peter was there, of course.

"It is certainly a flop," declared one. "I always thought this chap Hughey's first hit was an accident."

"I imagine it was all due to George Milburn, the director of 'The Butterfly's Day.' I understand he rewrote practically every scene in the play."

"All I've got to say is that Hughey had better go back to that Harvard playwriting class and learn some more."

"Quit your kidding. The fellow that wrote this couldn't get what he needs at Harvard. Are we going back to the theater?"

"We've got to. My wife is still hoping. The second act ought to be bad enough to be funny."

They were gone. Peter was helpless with rage. Most of his anger was directed at himself. Why had he climbed up on to a public pedestal where every jeering fool could hurl mud at him? What an ass he had been not to have chosen brick laying as a profession, anything but this where failure made one the target of the heartless ridicule of those who could not do one-tenth as well themselves.

He escaped to the streets once more and walked and walked and walked and walked. He did not notice where he was going nor care if he ever came back. He was wearing dinner clothes and had left his overcoat at the theater. It was cold and it was snowing a little. But Peter heeded discomfort not at all.

THE papers with the reviews in them were out about midnight. Peter bought them at Twenty-fourth Street and went into an all night restaurant to read them. A first paragraph from each told the story.

"Dame Quixote" was one of the unqualified failures of a prosperous season. There wasn't even a difference of opinion among the jurors.

It's rather a terrible thing to invite the judgment of your fellow men and have them unanimously decide that you are a failure at the only thing in all the world that you know how to do. It takes a strong soul to recover from a sickness like that. There doesn't seem to be any place from which to start over.

Peter finally gave up. He would go back and face the music. He had to sometime, or be a coward. It wouldn't be fair to step off into the East River as he was tempted to do. He had responsibilities. He must not cause Corinne to worry.

He remembered that they had reserved a table at the Knickerbocker Grill. It seemed ridiculous that any one would want any supper after a Waterloo, but perhaps Corinne had asked

Illustrations by
T. D. Skidmore



Corinne's eyes were so
tear dimmed she could
not see the hate in
Peter's chilly glance

tered. Some persons spoke in whispers to their neighbors.

Peter fidgeted in his chair. What was the matter? The actors were getting panicky too. They started to fumble cues, to speak too rapidly. The leading man, sensing disaster, began to read his lines with a deprecating air. The rest were merely saying lines, going through motions, not living their parts.

Peter could stand no more of it. He left the back of the box where he was sitting. Corinne did not notice that he was gone. Her mother and some guests were with her anyway.

The theater could hold Peter no longer. He wanted to get outside where every eye would not accuse him of fraudulent swindle. He was ashamed and resentful. Rats they were, those actors, to desert a leaking ship. And he was so impotent to do anything now. Why had he allowed the piece to come into New York in such an amateur state of unpreparedness?

Peter took refuge in the lobby of a near-by hotel. He had to

all of her party over there to wait for him. She couldn't exactly dismiss their guests, even if there were a sort of funeral going on in the family.

Peter looked in at the Grill. The maitre-d'-hotel who stopped him at the plush rope which closed the entrance informed Peter that there were no more places to be had.

Peter was about to ask if his party was there when he caught sight of Corinne on the dance floor. She was laughing gaily and chatting with unaffected interest while she danced. Mrs. Renshaw was on the floor, too, having a better time, if anything, than her daughter.

Peter turned away, childishly outraged at the idea of their merriment. For all they knew he might be floating out to sea with the tide. It would serve them right if he were.

Getting mad at his family took away some of the sting of the public pillorying which he fancied that he was suffering. Trying to think up something which would hurt his wife made Peter temporarily forget that he was living amid the ruins of his literary life, that he was a failure, a flop, a flivver.

He took a taxi to the station and went home to Veriende on the last train. They had planned to stay overnight at the hotel where they had dressed and dined, so Peter figured that it would take his family some little time and cause them considerable inconvenience to locate him.

This thought consoled him to such an extent that he actually went to sleep after he had taken the precaution to remove the receiver from the hook so the telephone wouldn't ring.

ALONG toward daylight Corinne woke him up—Corinne, still in evening dress and very angry.

"What a fright you have given me!"

"What's the matter?" Peter demanded sleepily. "How did you get here?"

"I took a taxi all the way. I was so worried when I didn't find you at the hotel. I was afraid you had done something terrible to yourself."

"Me?" Peter laughed. He thought that would annoy her more than if he admitted that he had contemplated the East River exit. "What for?"

"On account of the play."

"Oh, you noticed that it didn't go very well, did you? I thought when I saw that chap, Lorenz, hugging you on the dance floor there at the Knickerbocker, that you were having a pretty good time. I didn't suppose you guessed that your husband was the author of the biggest Broadway failure this season."

"Did you see me at the Knickerbocker?" Corinne asked, a dimple beginning to twitch at the corner of her mouth. This was something different again! The balance of power, which she had felt slipping for a moment, was returning to the feminine standard.

Peter saw the error and endeavored to correct it. "I only had a moment to catch my train and I saw that you were dancing so I didn't interrupt to tell you where I was going."

"Oh, I suppose you wanted to tell me about your date with that Lavery girl? Very sweet of you, I'm sure."

"Wh—what are you talking about, dear?"

"Don't 'dear' me. Do you suppose I didn't notice that she got up and left the theater shortly after you did. At least I suppose it was she. At any rate I'm referring to the girl who was in your aunt's party and whom I suppose men would call attractive."

Peter was now at a double disadvantage. No man can successfully quarrel with his wife if she is in a becoming evening frock and he is wearing practical—but not graceful—pajamas.

And no man can chivalrously defeat a wife who has managed to think up a reason for being angry with him. She can talk faster than he can, think faster and does not respect a lag of truce.

Corinne was talking now. "When you didn't come to get us at the restaurant I finally took mother over to the hotel. She went to bed and I put in a long distance telephone call for the house. I was almost distracted when you didn't answer, so I came out expecting to find a corpse."

"And now you're mad because you didn't?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you implied it. On a night like this to have even my own wife against me—it's too much!"

Peter threw back the bed clothes and got up to pace the

floor in his bare feet. Gradually, by stopping at the dresser on each trip he accumulated his owl glasses, a cigarette, and, finally, a light.

"And that's all the thanks I get for worrying my head off about you," Corinne repined. "I come in cold and dead and you scold me, jeer at me. If you aren't going to be pleasant I'm sorry I came home, and I won't stay here after tomorrow morning. Good night!"

She slammed the door after herself as she went into the adjoining bedroom, slammed it and locked it.

Peter discovered this last fact by trying the knob.

"Let me in, dear," he pleaded.

There was no answer. Inside the next room there was the sound of furniture being moved about, drawers opening and closing violently, finally a crash of breaking glass. There was no further sound.

But Peter's mind went on supplying the details of the action which he had not seen. What had his beautiful child-wife done to herself?

Peter put his shoulder to the door. He wasn't strong enough. There was a way though. A light bedroom chair in his hands became a club with which he split one of the panels of the door, and turned the key from the inside.

Corinne was on the floor, with her eyes closed, disheveled, but not unbecomingly so.

Peter picked her up and put her on the bed. A sudden wave of self-reproach flooded his heart. What an absolute baby she was. How absurd to expect logic and consistency from a child so immature as that. Whatever her faults she was his to protect, to shield from a world which could not understand her so well as he did.

He bent over and kissed her tenderly.

She stirred under his lips, kissed him back and finally pulled him closer with her slim arms.

"Let's go to bed, Petermine. I'm c-c-c-cold. We'll finish fighting tomorrow when it's warmer."

The minx was laughing and continued to laugh at intervals until she fell asleep.

Peter had an uneasy feeling that he had lost another battle.

IT WAS a significant commentary upon the status of the Corinne-Peter matrimonial alliance that a mere domestic irritation and subsequent reconciliation should overshadow a critical period of Peter's professional career.

They had so much interest in one another that the fact that squalls had developed two points off the financial bow was not observed by either the skipper or the mate. The thing that had happened to Peter's play would, once upon a time, have crushed him so completely that he would scarcely have cared to go on with existence. Now, fortunately—or perhaps unfortunately from the point of view of artistic achievement—the doom of "Dame Quixote," had become a matter of secondary importance.

Peter had read the criticisms already so there was nothing to spoil their breakfast together, the first mother-in-lawless meal they had eaten since Mr. Renshaw's death. Corinne was unusually agreeable and Peter, as usual, was the instrument upon which she played the theme of her caprices.

She had apparently forgotten all about her theatrical exhibition of jealousy of the night before, and Peter certainly did not care to revive it by mentioning the subject.

So they talked mostly of plans for a trip to California that Corinne wanted to take before spring, a new suite of furniture for her boudoir, a servant's cottage to be built at the rear of the main house, a yard fountain, and a more perfect scheme of redecoration and landscaping for the entire property. Peter had not felt the need for any of those improvements but now under the guidance of the velvet but relentless hand of the woman he loved he quite agreed that they had been living all the while in the midst of a lot of makeshifts instead of real conveniences.

Besides he had learned already that aphorism of benedicts to the effect that a peaceful domestic conversation can only be conducted by assenting without argument to any and all statements.

MEANTIME there was a slight consolation for the failure of "Dame Quixote" in the fact that a number of other plays of similar calibre went to the wall about the same time. Wise showmen decided that the public wanted entertainment



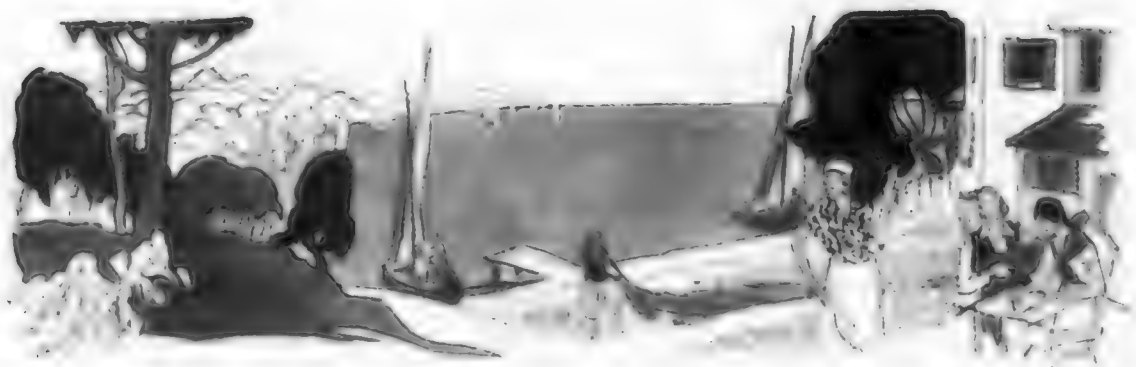
"I'm sorry I came home," said Corinne, "and I won't stay with you after tomorrow morning"

along broader lines, comedy and not satire. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that the United States was on the verge of entering into the Great War. The time for subtleties in drama as well as in life seemed to be passed.

The only unfortunate thing about that alibi as far as Peter was concerned was that it affected his other two plays, also. Business went all to pieces on "Mrs. Tarbell's Confession" and even "The Butterfly's Day" began to show barometric depression at the box-office. Royalty checks suffered considerably from pernicious anaemia. There was enough to meet current bills but there never seemed to be any to spare. Peter ar-

ranged with the bank to handle the payments on his house until the temporary stringency should have passed and he started working on a new play.

He did not attempt to write at home any more, though. There were too apt to be interruptions. Veriende was a house of social obligations. Corinne liked people and, in return, they could not help liking her. To outsiders, especially to newcomers, Corinne always displayed her smiling, alert, imaginative front. Consequently she was much sought after, especially by people of rather more than average intelligence, who were accustomed to being disappointed by [Continued on page 90]



*I Gave Up a \$10,000 a Year Job
To Go to Europe Because—*

I Wanted Romance

By CLAUDIA CRANSTON

I LEFT my ten thousand dollars a year when I went to Europe because I couldn't take it with me!

That sounds simple. But the simple things are always the most expensive.

It is so expensive for the average girl to do a simple thing like giving up ten thousand dollars a year, that I want to warn her against it at the outset. However, I dare say the average girl wouldn't do it anyway. She would have more sense!

Every one I knew at the time thought I was below the average in intelligence, or I would not have done it. Perhaps they were right. But haven't you noticed that your dumbest moments are those in which you do what your friends think is right?

At any rate, with me, it was "Right or wrong, my Paris!"

And away I went, leaving my ten thousand dollars a year behind me. I have never regretted it for an instant. Nor shall I ever. Out of those glittering, romantic, adventurous years in Europe I had what the post-graduate student gets at a university, and what the tired business man gets in the front row at the Follies. I had just everything. Except money.

I had what the soul of the artist drinks up at the Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York—only a thousand times more. For imported art is like flowers pulled up by the roots. I wanted to see the very gardens in which these most wonderful flowers of the human soul actually grew. And I did.

I SAW Italy, jeweled from top to boot-heel like a rich embroidered robe. I saw Spain—the land of love in the month of flowers. Is there any more that any one can have than that?

Germany was mine. Its incomparable music—and its Munich beer Nuremberg, the town from which the toys are copied! And after it "The Meistersinger of Nuremberg," with Siegfried Wagner leading the orchestra! These things that are only legends to us in America, are every-day life in Germany.

And my Paris, and yours. Everybody's Paris. I lived on the left bank of the Seine, in a pension for students of the Sorbonne. Then I moved over

to the right bank, and lived in the most fashionable hotel.

I bought one frock from the greatest creator of fashions in Paris—many frocks from the clever small shops on the side streets. Lingerie I had made to order, by hand, with real lace, for next to nothing compared to what one pays in America. Gloves and hats and bags! All the chic accessories of dress that are so expensive on Fifth Avenue, I found at practically my own price in the frugal French shops where the Parisienne shops herself—where fineness may be had by every one.

ON the Continent of Europe beauty is not only for the rich and great. Beauty in some guise—in color, form, or sound—is the daily bread of even the beggar on the street. For, after all, an appreciation of beauty depends much upon the leisure to enjoy it. And leisure the Europeans demand, king and beggar too.

Was not all this then worth my venturing forth to learn? To see and understand? Certainly it was worth giving up, for the moment, my income in New York. For what in the world is the good of a good salary unless it leads to something better? If I could not take my ten thousand dollars a year with me anywhere, it was like being all dressed up, and nowhere to go!

And another way of looking at it, a good salary is not paid for nothing. It has to be earned by a certain amount of knowledge as well as industry. Therefore, there is scarcely a good salary paid anywhere in America that does not put the receiver under an obligation to go somewhere and learn something. We do not originate in American industry; we develop. Almost all our work has some connection with the Old World.

So many arts and crafts have their roots in Western Europe—in France, Germany, England, Italy. Often our homes, our furniture, our clothes, are copied from Old World models of the present or the past. The girl who is making a good salary here often owes it, in more ways than she knows, to foundations that are laid by somebody in Europe. To my mind, she should go there and see how her job got its start!



In my own case, the connection between my work and Europe was even more than usually obvious. The job I left was writing advertising for a smart Fifth Avenue shop.

This advertising writing was interesting as well as profitable. It gave me a larger return—both in actual cash and free time—than the average girl hopes for. Naturally my friends were proud of me—and anxious that I should continue in the paths of success. To them an earning power of ten thousand dollars a year was amazing. Giving it up stood, to them, for sacrifice.

But I myself did not consider for one minute that I was giving up anything by going. I was sure, instead, that I was getting something.

I felt that the knowledge and beauty of the Old World was a solid investment. I made the investment, and realized on it.

I DID not take this step until I had considered it carefully. But each day that I spent in a great New York shop opened my eyes more and more to the obligation I owed to learn more about my work. I simply had learned all I thought I could about it in this country. Then I followed it across the sea.

Around me in the shop were the richest treasures of the European countries, bought at great price and brought to America. I wrote about them for others to read, and I wanted to see where they came from myself. I wanted to understand them, as well as handle them, to be able to write about the fragile souls of them.

For all beauty is the outer covering of a soul within, the reflection of the minds and fingers through which the object has passed. And the value of a piece of merchandise is never in the actual stuff of which it is made. Nobody cares what it is made of! Nobody cares how much or how little it costs! Its value is in the way it makes those who look upon it feel.

And this real value has a good deal to do with the origin of the merchandise. A good deal to do with the people who made it. With the environment in which it was created.

I wanted to see the women of Chantilly actually making the lace I advertised. I wanted to see the Italians too, sitting beside the blue Mediterranean, glancing from their lace-spoils to the copper-colored sails of the fishing boats. I wanted to see the blown glass of Venice—not just in a gift shop in New York. I wanted to see it bloom from the lips of the glass-blowers in the factories of Venice. And the fashionable frocks I advertised to be worn at the Lido, I wanted to see worn there!

All these things I had to take, as it were, on faith. They became to me the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. And so in going to the Old World to seek the origin of these every-day things we use in America, I did not really leave my job at all! I merely followed my job to Europe!

FOLLOWING a job to Europe! When you put it that way the giving up of ten thousand dollars a year isn't so drastic a matter. It means, then, an immediate loss of money—but it also means a preparation for future riches, a storing up against

the rainy day to come. Be it a rainy day mentally, or financially, or spiritually.

I wanted romance. Romance spelled in capital letters. Not the romance that is meant by a word whispered in the moonlight on a veranda shrouded in clematis. But the sort of romance that lends a vivid background to the dull tasks of the every-day. The sort of romance that can lift bread-winning out of the humdrum class. That can fill it with wonder and excitement. And, always, a new sense of life's utter and unbelievable loveliness!

Seeing things made, seeing the lands from which they came, gave me a new angle on the selling of merchandise. I wasn't

dealing with so much marketable material—just objects that could be bartered across a counter for money. I was selling beauty! Every bit of lace, or Venetian glass, or raiment became crowded with personality. Merchandizing—the writing of copy for a great shop's advertising department—became the most glamorous sort of a game. Money values—even the vanished ten thousand a year—lost their significance. I was thinking, at last, along a new track. Realizing that—if one is to make the selling of goods a real success, one must be steeped in some sort of splendor.

As I wandered about, through the old world, I gained richness and tolerance. I gained mellowness. The hurry and bustle of a great organization became less important than the thing for which the organization stood. And I think, in time, that my friends have come to have my feeling in the matter. For they can see that I was investing wisely when I gave up what seemed to be a brilliant prospect and a fine future. They can see, now, that I gained something—by my stay in Europe—that money could not buy.

YES. I wanted romance! And it was romance—of the most worth while kind—

that I found. Romance that will go singing in my heart through the years.

I do not advise every girl to resign from a lucrative position—to pack her suit case and start off on her travels. I've said that before! It is too expensive for the average girl to do such a thing. But I do not think that it was too expensive for me to do it and—if any of you ever happen to be in my place, with such a choice to make—I think that perhaps you'll be able to profit by my experience.

There's only this. Don't put off doing delightful things until it is too late—until you no longer have the means, or the desire—to do them! Don't wait until you are a slave to your job, until you are too old or too tired to want romance.

Oh, it seems to me only sensible that every girl whose job calls her to Europe should go. In most cases an arrangement for leave of absence can be made with an employer. For whatever she gains by the experience, her employer inevitably gains also.

I would not advise others, except in exceptional cases such as my own, to give up a good job permanently, and go abroad to study and travel indefinitely. But I am of the sincere conviction that no other investment in this world pays as good a return to the girl who earns her own living.



Claudia Cranston says:

"I would not advise the average woman to give up a good job permanently for the sake of travel and study, but I must admit that no other investment pays as good a return as a well-planned trip to Europe"

*Esta Discovers The
Embarrassment of Riches*

Life Isn't

ONE summer day Esta Gerald was looking over the roof of the dairy shop where she lived with her mother in Hardwick Street, London. At precisely the same moment Kelly March, a saturnine, sophisticated millionaire, drove by and saw her beautiful head of bronze-colored hair. He was looking for a traveling secretary to leave in a week for California. The moment he saw Esta, he knew she was the girl he wanted for the position, and maneuvered so that she accepted.

That was how it happened that a week later, Esta found herself aboard a transatlantic liner, with Sir Tudor Charles, Kelly March's other secretary, paying her considerable attention. Little did she dream that on the very day she left London, her brother, Bobs, had returned from Australia with a million dollars.

The voyage came to a close and Esta was thrilled with her first visit to New York—the Plaza, the Amsterdam Roof, a beautiful estate on Long Island. Yet amidst all this new splendor there was a dull ache in Esta's heart. She could not help feeling that she was just a nobody, and could not understand March's skeptical attitude.

He seemed to be testing the girl, thinking perhaps she was a pretender—yet he began to realize there was something unusual about her. One night—the night before they left for Chicago—he whizzed her across Oyster Bay in a fast motor-boat and spent the evening dancing with her. The girl caught a glimpse of a new Kelly March, that night—a Kelly March she had not met before.

IT WAS not until they had left Chicago, and Esta was seated alone in her compartment on "The Chief," that Tudor slipped in, and spoke a little resentfully, but with all his usual gay philosophy, of that evening at Oyster Bay. She had left her door open; her windows also—not yet assailed by the penetrating dust of the later part of that four-day journey in summer, and she was sitting, in her coolest frock, looking out at the flying landscape, when she heard his voice.

"Hello, my dear."

He slipped into the seat opposite her and heaved what was apparently a sigh of gratification.

"At last I've a moment to come and talk to you. Are you all right? Comfy?"

"Very."

"We're in the next coach. March and I, in a drawing-room. I suppose we shall all dine together, or you can dine here, you know, and he'll settle. I'll arrange for you. I'll do everything."

He said this masterfully.

"What will he expect me to do?"

"As you like. There'll be no work on board—or not much." He heaved another sigh. "Ghastly bore of a journey. You're looking tired."

He added solicitously, "You must have been pretty bored, too, at Oyster Bay."

"Oh, bored—?" she said with a faint gasp, and her soul echoed inwardly, "Bored!"

He commiserated her, "That was a foul evening. I don't

wonder you cleared off to bed early. You did, didn't you? Though," he suggested, watching her, "I rather thought I saw you, out of the tail of my eye, making off into the garden."

She blushed suddenly, felt a glow all over at the memory of that evening.

"I wanted to get to you, and couldn't," he said in a low voice. "Poor little girl! What did you do? I suppose you



Although Pamela was very lovely, Bob's mother could sense something sinister in her warm beauty

So Bad

By *MAY*

EDGINTON

Illustrations

By

Harley Ennis

Stivers



went to bed in despair because there was nothing else to do."

Tudor had wondered about that. When he had seen Kelly March leave the others and go down into that garden towards the beach, he had thought for a moment, "Is he looking for Esta? Or isn't he?" And, in case such should be the fact, Tudor had looked around pretty sharply, and finally joined his hostess out on the landward-looking porch.

Still, Tudor wanted to ascertain absolutely if March had been seeking Esta.

He awaited her reply.

"I went to bed," she answered, faintly confused, unreasonably guilty, for he was looking at her with a smile in his dark eyes. What were his surmises? But in a moment he repeated:

"I wanted to get to you, and couldn't. Sorry, my dear."

It was at least satisfactorily clear to him that she had gone into the garden in the hope of his eventual pursuit.

"I got nabbed by our hostess," he explained.

"Of course, in my position, I have to be awfully civil to any one March is staying with."

"I understand, absolutely."

He seemed to smile, gratified.

"You did wish I'd come, didn't you, Esta?"

SHE recalled how she had indeed wished for him. So she smiled affirmation, and he touched her hand, on the table between them.

"Do you know what's happened?" he asked.

"March fixed up the Chicago business he had scheduled for the Atlantic Combine Bank, in the half day we had there, and then cabled, resigning the vice-presidency. Cabled, giving up something like ten thousand a year. Pounds, not dollars. How these rich fellows show off!"

"But then—"

"But then?"

"Will he still want us?"

"Oh, you bet he will, more than ever. He'll probably be drawn into something else—half a dozen things—just as big, in less than a year. Anyway, we're going to California on his oil business, you know."

"Why did he resign from the bank?"

"Because of that quarrel over a foreign loan I told you about. He never really gives in. Oh, I tell you, I know him. I've studied him for three months."

Something made Esta laugh.

"Know him," she thought. "I wonder if you know the man who took me out that night." But she did not know that stranger herself; he perplexed and disconcerted her, and at the same time dared her to further adventure.

No sooner was the word "adventure" dreaming in her mind, than Tudor Charles spoke it.

"Life's just an adventure for these fellows," he said, complacent with his own insight. "There's that streak in them which makes them go for the solid things like banking and so on; he worked his way right up. But there's that stronger streak in them

which makes them want to play with money on their own, vast sums of money, you know. They like chucking the dice about. Have no use just for comfort and the art of living and fun."

"Really?" she mused, and could see again that slim boat tearing through the waters of Long Island Sound.

"The art of living," Tudor repeated. "They simply don't understand it."

"How does he live?" She wanted to know what Tudor thought.

"Oh, well, of course. I don't mean he doesn't make the usual financial arrangements; there's his house in Mayfair Square—nice house and good taste, and then there's his little place right out on the Sussex coast, all very well done. And he gets on with servants, which is to his credit. He isn't as bad as some of the self-made merchants."

"When we go back—"

Well, if you still want to go on working after the traveling's done—" he smiled at her indulgently, but with a sharp inner curiosity—"you'll go to the office in Cannon Street, I expect. But enough of him, Esta."

HIS raised eyebrows, the warmth of his dark eyes, his teasing faunlike smile, warned her, but the warning pleased her.

"Esta. May I shut the door a moment. All these people going backwards and forwards—"

He sprang up and shut the door, then came and sat beside her. "Esta, you don't expect me to forget that night in New York?"

"Night is night, and taxis are taxis."

"But I may not have another chance of getting you alone."

"Don't kiss me."

"That night—"

"Don't quote precedents. I hate them."

"Very well, Esta."

He moved away with a little laugh. She got up and hooked back the door as before.

"You don't hate me, do you?" he said, looking ingenuously troubled.

"I don't hate any one."

"Oh, my dear, are you as blasé as that?"

"Quite."

They laughed together. He looked at her under his dark eyelashes—rather long for the eyelashes of a man. His eye fell to her small, attractive hands, clasped idly on the table. He was still wondering vaguely if she had met Kelly March two nights ago in that Long Island garden, and just what she thought might arise out of her position. And stronger than ever, the impatient wish surged into his mind that he could know more about her, more about her relationship with the Gerald who mattered, more about her background and her mother's income. It came to this; he wanted details, sharp concrete facts.

Why, Sir James Gerald might very well give him a leg up somewhere. One never knew.

But one would do better on the whole to wait till Kelly March brought them back to London, to confirm one's cautious impressions.

Presently, the sound of their mutual laughter made March pause in the corridor as he passed through the coach on his way to the observation car and fresh air. He looked upon them for a half-minute before they felt his nearness.

"Ah, there you are," he said good humoredly. "Bring Miss Gerald along for dinner about seven-thirty, Charles, if that suits her."

"Righto, sir! I just came along to see how she felt about it."

BUT March was gone, unhurried, even while in Esta crept the knowledge, during those brief seconds in which Tudor Charles realized his employer's presence, of the young man's sudden caution, of his swift withdrawal of obvious attention from herself. In fact, Tudor had made an instantaneous movement, almost as if proffering gracefully. "Will you take my place, sir?"

It distressed her so, this readiness to hand, and unreadiness to take her over. She called herself a fool for being sensitive. One had no right to feelings, of course, where business relations were concerned. One was merely official. There was no room for vanity or display of ego, in a woman secretary who wished to be successful.

"Glad he didn't haul me out," said Charles fervently.

He looked at her as fervently as he spoke. And still her

mind ran worriedly on the thought of, "But you'd have gone?"

"Esta," he said, "why did my ancestors make such fools of themselves over their bits of possessions? And why does one meet the one woman when it's all no good?"

It had a familiar savor. No, it hadn't!

One really mustn't go on getting cynical. It spoiled the delights of life; the delight of a sun-bronzed, dark-eyed young man who was "different," whose like she had never met before.

She was convinced of his sincerity.

"Merely a matter of superior technique, sweet," Tiny Ma would probably have said, blowing wreaths of gray smoke from her cigarette about her gray head.

"It's all no good," Charles repeated like a refrain, planting his elbows on the table, and, with a clenched fist at either temple, staring at her. His voice went sad and hollow, his eyes quite hungry. "I suppose you think I've gone off the deep end rather suddenly!"

Ma was at her shoulder, a tiny ghost, jeering frailly and affectionately. But her own heart clamored above the little jeer.

She steadied her voice. "I don't think. Don't want to. Give me a cigarette. Life isn't so bad."

He handed his case. "You're right to pull me up," he muttered deeply. "But what about some day—it's bound to come; after all I'm a man—what about some day when I won't be pulled up?"

Well, let the day come!

Question

By Dorothy Greyson

Laughter and May belong together;
Fragrance and youth go with the
weather;

Love is the song the breezes sing;
May is the gladdest month in spring!

Laughter and May they are so
sweet!

Why must they be so very fleet?
Why must they leave our hearts, to
stray
Into the land of yesterday?

THEY rushed through Kansas. They roared across the north of the great desert of Arizona. Too absorbed in marveling at the huge country, the gigantic proportions of everything she saw, Esta was not averse to long hours of solitude in her compartment.

Newspapers came aboard at most of the few stopping places, and were punctiliously brought or sent to her, by the car conductor, or by March, but she did not trouble to find her way among their shouting headlines.

The desert gripped her: vast and lonely, sandy and waste, with an occasional little herd of sheep looking for herbage. She saw skeletons of animals lying bleached here and there near the railway track, a tribute to the stark snow-

bound winter. The train rushed on, and she saw piled about the empty land great masses and boulders of rock of fierce size, giant missiles of Nature. She went out and sat silently at the back of the observation car till dust fairly sifted, not only over her, but into her. Mile after mile, hundreds, thousands of miles of straight track were swallowed under them. March joined her here, sometimes unexpectedly. "Great country, isn't it?"

"Terrible, wonderful country, Mr. March."

"Oh, no, Miss Gerald; not terrible country. If you had ever seen terrible country you wouldn't call it that. Southwestward, nearer the Sierras, you'd see something that would really put the fear of God into you."

They came to greener country, but it was still burned and dry to her English eyes used to softer, smaller, cooler pastures. She saw a herd of cattle near the track, and loping towards them on a truly picture-book horse was a man in a great hat, blue shirt as vivid as the heavens, and leather chaps—a cowboy.

"I didn't know they were real," she gasped.

"There are thousands of them," grinned March. "They're not all in the movies. Did you think the film kings had corralled them all? Fine men; fine gentlemen."

When he said that about the cowboys of the West, she saw too clearly the quick inward turn of his mind. He was carelessly comparing them with the Tudor Charleses. That wasn't really fair to him, because, after all, to every man his vocation—

The observation car itself was grilling hot with its expanse of glass on which the sun blazed torridly. March sat beside her on the platform, enjoying the fierce hot air, letting the dust sift into him, just as she did. He explained to her the



"I suppose," said March, "that your good fortune means only one thing. Now that you've suddenly become rich you're going to desert me"

history of the Indian reservations when they passed the first clusters of flat-roofed adobe houses.

"The Indians hated the railway for a long time; they feared it. They called a train The Iron Horse. Perhaps they still hate it, but they don't fear it; it brings them trade and money—"

March's voice, abstracted and gentle, telling her just the things her imagination could embroider, gave her strange pleasure all through one long hot afternoon and one dark starlit evening.

Of course, she wanted Tudor to be with her, but it was

Kelly March who usually appeared, saying gently, on a quizzical note, "Now what can I tell you next? There is so much to see and hear and learn on a trip like this. And it's all so thrilling when it's new. Absorb all you can, always."

It was almost like Tiny Ma exhorting with her wistful smile, "Make hay."

"Those little lonely farmhouses!" cried Esta, looking out over immense plains, geometrically striped at great distances with roads, sparsely dotted with human habitations. "Do people really live in them?"

[Continued on page 126]

Why Men Do Not

*A World Old Question
Is Answered By the
Famous Psychoanalyst*

DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

ALL you women know that men do not understand you. Just why, however, seems to puzzle you. Take Mrs. W., for instance. She tells me that ever since her marriage—she married an American lieutenant in 1918, when he returned from France—her husband has committed blunder after blunder so far as making her happy is concerned.

"And I know he tries," she states. "I am also absolutely certain that he loves me. But he does the most irritating things!

"The other day he bought a carving set, although I already own two. He regularly brings me candy despite the fact that I am trying to reduce. He spends money on expensive flowers, and orchestra seats for musical comedy hits, when he knows I would as leave sit in the balcony.

"When I tell him his salary is too small for such things and that we must economize, he replies, 'I can't make you out, Grace. Honestly I can't. You ought to be glad I want to be extravagant with you. There are hundreds of women who would be tickled to death if their husbands treated them that way.' Then I know he is hurt."

With an opposite complaint comes Mrs. D. She likewise is being misunderstood. She says her husband is stingy.

"Why, he never thinks of buying me so much as a peppermint stick," she charges. "Tight-wad is no name for him. He's positively miserly. Doesn't he realize that women like a gift now and then to prove they are still being admired?"

One young woman bemoans the fact that the man she is engaged to won't hear of her continuing on the stage after they marry. She feels she is entitled to go on with her career. "To insist like that proves he does not understand me," she asserts.

A girl recently out of school lodges a formal complaint against her father. "Mother is dead," she explains, "and father rules me with an iron hand. He won't let me go out and enjoy myself like the other girls. I am eighteen and he insists I should be in bed by ten every night. What does he understand about the nature of a woman anyway?"

WELL, the men admit it. They say, quite frankly, that you women are an everlasting puzzle. Try as they will, do what they will, they cannot make you out!

Several reasons come to mind at once as the causes for these misunderstandings.

One of them, probably the chief one, relates to your mental make-up.

I hope you do not misunderstand. I am not implying that your intelligence is defective, that you are not intellectually developed or that you are, in any way, the inferior of man. But you are different from man. And I insist that the fundamental difference is to be found in your mental structure, particularly that part of it which has to do with the controlling of your emotions.

Every woman is outstandingly emotional and what is more important still, your emotions dominate your thinking and your behavior.

What is emotion, anyway?

To formulate a definition is difficult in any case. One may say, however, that if emotion is anything at all, it is a stirred-up state.

Quiescent, dormant, sleeping emotion is no emotion. Emotion, to count, must be alive, active, dynamic. It must try forever to express itself.

Emotion is a state of feeling that is aroused.

Note how your own emotions rule you rather than your intellect.

Before expressing an opinion you don't try first to reason everything out from every angle, do you? You reach a decision quickly according to the way you feel about it. Is that not so?

But states of feeling are exceedingly variable quantities. They



may dictate one desire or course of action one day and something quite different the next. Indeed, changes such as these have been known to happen to women within an hour or a few minutes.

As one man expressed it in an exaggerated way, "My wife's emotions can never be depended upon. I never know which way she is going to jump."

SINCE your emotions are so changeable and so characteristic of all of you, is it any wonder that men cannot understand you?

Man, of course, is not like that. Therefore, he cannot fathom a person who is.

Man is very conservative and reactionary. He takes to change slowly. He lives largely by formula, and decidedly by habit.

But you women have a capacity for adaptability—in other

Understand Women



Six Rules for Women To Follow If They Want to be Understood by Men

1. Write down, on paper, a list of your own qualities—good, bad or indifferent. Try to analyze them.
2. Concentrate on yourself—try to gain a detached perspective on your qualities.
3. Do not be too unselfish. To men, this is your most mystifying characteristic.
4. Study your emotions, and attempt to understand them.
5. Remove the mask that hides your real, true self.
6. Do not think that you have to be an everlasting conundrum!

words, for change—that is nothing short of being remarkable.

Were it not so, how could you, when you marry, give up your parents, your family associations, your childhood home, all the things you have held so near and dear for years? Why, you even give up your name!

If you did not like change, if changes of feeling did not agree with you, did not actually thrill you at times, how could new homes be built and children be brought into the world and reared? In short, how could civilization have reached its present development if you women were not emotionally adaptable?

That man cannot understand the emotional flow of a woman because his own emotional structure is so different is evidenced by what the husband of Mrs. W. said when I questioned him.

"I bought that extra carving set," he retorted, "because the two we have are not intended for fowl. We need a shorter knife and fork. Whenever we have guests and I attempt to carve, my wife is on edge because I make such a mess of it. I thought

it would spare her nerves if I got the right tools to do it with.

"And as for candy and shows," he continued, "I'd like to see what would happen if I stopped. She would surely think I had transferred my affections to some one else."

There you are! The husband meant well and his side of the argument sounds logical. To summarize it, he would say that his wife did not use her reason about the carving set, and that she was not consistent in her feelings about amusements and presents—all due to dominating feminine emotionalism.

NOW as to the second cause for men not understanding you women.

This has to do with your pronounced individualism.

Certainly no two of you women are alike, nor do you want to be alike.

A man strives to mould himself according to a model. As a boy he hopes to be a policeman, or a locomotive engineer, or a street cleaner, or any type of man who interests him.

Later in life he strives to be like some great man he has read or heard about. Often he is led to choose a certain business or profession because of this. Edison, Ford, Wilson and Bok are inspirations for thousands of men.

Not so with you women.

You want to be beautiful and attractive and receive homage and admiration, yes. But that is about as far as your standardization goes.

What you want to be above all else is different. Why, if you happen to see another woman wearing a dress like your own it mortifies you.

Not only do you women want to be different, but men themselves see you all as different.

Does not the lover invariably tell his sweetheart that she is different from all the girls he has ever met? And does not the woman always respond to such a declaration?

Any man will tell you that the experiences he may have had with one woman stand him in mighty poor stead in understanding and trying to please another woman.

As a specialist in nervous disorders, I find it is much more difficult to treat a woman than a man for the very individual difference I refer to.

Each and every woman must be studied as though she were the only woman in the world. Otherwise even a psychologist would find himself completely baffled.

A THIRD cause for misunderstanding has to do with your emotional repression.

Consider this case for a moment. It concerns an unmarried girl of twenty-four. She likes men and has many admirers. So far, however, not a single one of them has proposed.

I happen to be acquainted with two men, who know this girl well. They have taken her out to dances and to the theater and have been entertained at her home.

Said one of them, "Evelyn is beautiful and charming and refined and everything she should be to make a marvelous wife. But one thing is wrong that overshadows everything else. She is too cold and distant."

Said the other, "I'd propose to Evelyn in a minute if I dared. There is something about her, however, that holds me back from popping the question." And after a pause he concluded, "I guess I'm scared of her—that's what it is!"

I know, on the other hand, that Evelyn is anything but cold, distant or otherwise foreboding. She is a very sympathetic, warm-hearted girl. In fact she actually craves affection. But the men do not understand her. She gives them a wrong impression about herself. She hides behind [Continued on page 135]

S O B O

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM



From nine to five Sobo was a dignified, efficient stenographer

EVERYBODY who heard about it laughed first, and then said that it was poor, very poor. Sobo Dart herself didn't laugh and she said it was good, amazingly good. This was the little joke—they called her Sobo because she was so bohemian.

Sobo Dart had sleek black hair, sooty eyelashes and six bright dresses—green, coral, canary-yellow, blue, burnt-orange and silver. She lived on one of the hills of San Francisco.

There are three hills which slope one into the other, as you approach San Francisco from the bay.

On the first of these hills live indigent artists, Italians, writers of short stories and an old woman who keeps seven goats.

On the second, live the people who have doors opened

for them at all times wherever they chance to go.

The third hill is called Russian, and upon it lived Sobo and most of her friends: fourteen gentlemen-bootleggers, a janitor whose son was going to the art school on the slope of this same hill, a German baron who wore a camellia and others.

But wait a minute—Sobo herself was not a free-lance artist. She did not appear at her doorway in a smock daubed with paints, and she did not paste rejection slips from all the better magazines around the walls of her apartment. She had none of these ordinary eccentricities. She was not ordinary. She made two hundred and fifteen dollars a month working for a lawyer, a corporation lawyer with a hyphen in his name after the English fashion.

SHE was not in love with her employer and he was not in love with her. You'd no more find any sex in Mr. Nelson-Weatherby's office than you'd find—say—sleeve-garters.

"Our Miss Dart" was so invaluable, so quick-witted, so efficient, so amazing generally that Mr. Nelson-Weatherby took her quite for granted. Her fascinations for him were the soulless fascinations of the adding machine and the dictaphone. They ceased to exist at three minutes after five o'clock.

But at five-fifteen Sobo, "Our Miss Dart," was on a cable car which rattled over O'Farrell Street to Jones and so on up its deviating way to Russian Hill. Here Sobo alighted, climbing up ninety or more steps to Apartment A of a brown-shingled house on Leavenworth Street.

Waiting upon her doorstep she found a young man and a girl who looked like another, and prettier young man. They

both had packages under their arms. Forty-five minutes later there was a supper: Spring lamb chops. Green peas. New potatoes in melted butter. Hearts of artichokes. Fresh strawberries smothered in powdered sugar and thick cream. Amber-colored coffee in thin green cups—with wafers and Roquefort cheese. Two kinds of cigarettes and three ash trays. Three chairs and twenty odd pillows before a grate burning pine logs.

And yet this is a story. And yet they called her Sobo, because she was so bohemian. Wait a minute—

"WHEN," inquired Mollie Morton—pausing to burn the tip of her finger and to swear a little, delicately—"do you expect Adam back? Upon the night of his return Bill and I are planning a party for the four of us."

"I'm sorry," rejoined Sobo slowly, "but you'd better chuck the party. It would be a funeral. Don't interrupt. I want to tell you people about something and I don't exactly know how to begin. It's all quite mad."

She managed to smile but Bill and Mollie didn't smile. It occurred to Sobo then, as it frequently had occurred to her, that there were just three people she'd ever known who could respond instantly to another's mood—and these three were Bill and Mollie and Adam Trotter. This in spite of the fact that the predominate mood shared between them was a gay one. The four of them had an intimate comradeship, made possible by their amused acceptance of one another's faults.

Mollie and Bill were to be married the following spring, with the prospect of two uninterrupted years of sheer foolishness in France and certain chosen parts of Spain. And it had been almost definitely decided that Adam and Sobo would accompany them.

More than once they had jotted figures all over the backs of envelopes. Sobo, determining upon independence and celibacy, would have saved enough to yield two gay but careful years in Europe. If, on the other hand, Sobo should finally decide to marry Adam Trotter, the figured envelopes could be torn into quarters and tossed to the breeze. Adam Trotter, plump and amiable and round-eyed, made a holiday out of a lifetime and, contrary to all the precepts, had never been bored since the day he was born.

It was a little mad, perhaps, to consider leaving a man who paid you two hundred and fifteen dollars a month for stuffing his brief-case with blue-bound documents . . . in order to make a fool of yourself in France and Spain. But Sobo Dart was given to little madnesses.

She admitted that.

"I'll be letting you down," she told Bill and Mollie regretfully. "And I'll be letting Adam down when he comes back from Carmel. It's easier explaining to you people than it will be explaining to Adam because you'll probably make me feel better by giving me a biff in the ear. Not Adam. I'm horribly afraid he'll understand."

"Charming of you," said Mollie. "Thanks."

"I hope," commented Bill, "you've not gone sensible."

"Hardly! Wait till you hear. It's wild; it's almost incredible. I'll begin at the beginning but I'll make it short. You see, I was on my way to my dentist's yesterday and on my jaunt down the corridor I heard a snatch of conversation through a half-open door which, citizens, may change my whole darn life.

"I sort of walked into a sentence, a parting shaft, from somebody's stenographer. She was obviously leaving her employer. She was saying that she didn't see any reason for her

The Story Of a Girl Who Tried to Mix Work and Love

sitting around pretending to look busy for twenty dollars a week. She could do better, she inferred. She was sorry to leave this man but he wasn't any lawyer, she said, and she was a stenographer. After that she walked out of the office and I walked in."

"Why?" said Bill. "Why did you walk in?"

"You had a hunch," said Mollie helpfully.

"Sure. That's a sort of female idea. Bill. Well, this kid who thinks he's a lawyer had his head buried in his arms when I walked in. But when he was aware of me he was immediately most dignified, full of importance and the honor of the Bar and all that. I could have wept."

"He was good looking," put in Mollie Morton desperately.

"He was. I told him, without any explanations, that I understood he needed a stenographer. We talked about stenographers, then, and about lawyers, and inside of fifteen minutes I had the whole story. You know—bright and anxious and ready to convince the Judge and the Jury. And yet the only thing he had on his mind at the moment was a deed for an eight-hundred dollar lot in a town called Tracy. Well, I asked him to promise not to do anything about getting a stenographer for two or three days. That was yesterday. And right now—please don't laugh—I'm thinking of giving up the Europe idea, throwing over my job with Nelson-Weatherby's and working for this kid at twenty dollars a week. I'll use what I've saved to pay my rent here."

There was a silence, a long one. Mollie broke it at last.

"I won't talk a lot of rot, Sobo," she said. "If you were the sort of person who went to bed at ten o'clock because it was the obvious time for obvious people to go to their obvious beds, I shouldn't be liking you the way I do, that's all. I've understood all your other crazy ideas, but unless you've fallen in love on your way to a dentist's appointment, like somebody out of a moving picture, I fail to understand this one. A light, please, Bill."

"Matches there beside you, Bill. No, I didn't fall in love, Mollie. I'm twenty-four years old and I'm pretty cautious. But the old lurking maternal impulse—I don't know—it occurred to me quite suddenly that I'd never done anything for anybody in all my life. The idea of this trip to France is different, but after all it's just another way of pleasing Miss Sobo Dart."

"Then maybe you're going masochist. You know you loathe all law and most lawyers."



At night she was like her nickname, so bohemian, so perpetually gay that a whole artists' colony loved her

"Hate the very look of a brass paper-tack on a brief," Sobo admitted, grinning. "But I happen to be pretty clever at it. I'm sure I could be admitted to the Bar tomorrow. I've stood by while so many rich lawyers got richer, you understand—but all this boy has is an immaculate diploma and a scuffed look about the boots. No, I'm going to let you and Adam go to France without me, and when I've put this youngster on his feet I'll strike for a raise. He'll speak of me as 'Our Miss Dart' and he'll never discover that I go sort of sobo after five o'clock."

"Your scenario goes a little cuckoo at the end," said Bill. "I myself foresee poor old Adam sending you a lot of silver for a wedding present."

Not exactly. But I know I'm letting Adam down. I told you I hated it. And I get maudlin when I think of the south of France. But—well, it's a hunch."

SOBO DART, accordingly, traveled through the next two weeks with her mental baggage lighter than she had expected it would be. Mr. Nelson-Weatherby was grieved, but very decent in the matter of her leave taking. Bill and Mollie came to the apartment on Leavenworth Street as frequently as ever, bringing spring vegetables and small parcels of Italian cheese and salami. And all the thumbled travel folders stayed unseen and unmentioned in Bill's pocket. But no one had the same fine, humorous, understanding kindness that Adam Trotter had. Adam had never failed her.

Sobo had had tears in her eyes once over an old horse quivering under the lash of a fish-vendor on the Embarcadero. Adam had bought the horse, with little ceremony, to turn it out to pasture in Contra Costa county. But it was more remarkable that he could understand so well the appeal of young Malcolm Meade and a job at twenty dollars a week.

Sobo had been able to play her hunch easily, almost too easily. It was rather like putting one's every cent on a single odd number, merely because one liked to watch the wheel whirl around. She felt the suspense that a gambler knows—half of ecstasy, half of pain—upon that first morning in Malcolm Meade's office. She spent almost an hour rearranging the desk which her predecessor had left in a jumble. She dusted the great legal tomes on the shelves and pushed a disreputable wire waste-basket out of sight.

Young Meade was jubilant that first day. He told her kindly that she had brought him luck.

"It might be rather dull for you, just for a while—business is dull—but I've got a rather important thing coming along."

"Tell me about it," she begged him, smiling.

"Well, to tell you the honest truth, Miss Dart, I'm pretty new at this. I just passed my examinations this last year, you see."

"Of course. It takes a little time."

"Yes. But I've had a stroke of luck. A chap I went to college with, a chap called Jim Thornton, got a thingummy patented—a kind of filing system that can be used to save space in offices. The whole thing is a kind of desk—a place for a typewriter here, see, and all the usual flat desk surface and drawers, and this collapsible filing cabinet back to the right of the typewriter, d'you see? Well, it doesn't sound like much but it's just the sort of patent to make the inventor a fortune if he handles it well. And he's made me his attorney."

"And what are your plans for Mr. Thornton?"

"Well, he's been approached by some big furniture people—Shreves, Norton and Shreves. They want to make a feature out of this patent of Jim's, giving Jim his percentage. I'm to draw up the contract this week. And after that I'll have Jim's other affairs to handle—"

Sobo Dart had a most excellent memory. She hesitated for a moment now, searching back for a date. Then she spoke casually, not looking at her employer too steadily.

"That will be fine, Mr. Meade. I suppose you haven't decided yet on advising your friend to go into partnership with Shreves, Norton and Shreves. Of course you remember that tangle they got into back in 1917. They were sued, weren't they, for appropriating some patent for a desk-chair? And didn't they get out through some legal loophole? They're pretty slick! But I suppose if you think this is the only way for Mr. Thornton to get his patent before the public—well, of course you've safeguarded every possible point of future attack. I'm always being simply astonished by the cleverness of lawyers—"

There was a long pause while Sobo looked unintelligent.

"As a matter of fact it's not entirely decided," said Malcolm Meade at length. "I may advise Jim to go into this thing, and I may advise him to take some other course entirely. Naturally I haven't been fooled by Shreves, Norton and Shreves. Their ultimate object was evident from the first—it was only a question with me as to whether the proposition might be safeguarded after all—as you happened to put it yourself. As a matter of fact I'm thinking of advising Jim Thornton to hold on for a while."

And thus ended, to all intents and purposes, the first day. "You see, Adam," said Sobo, over alligator pears at Marquard's, "this child may turn out to be a lawyer in about 1933. His danger lies in the fact that he thinks he's a lawyer right now. As it is I spent my lunch hours secretly looking up test cases, and the rest of the time convincing him that he'd thought of those cases himself."

"An old college friend called Thornton has given him quite a lot of business—and brought several other clients to him."

Illustrations by

Warren Baumgartner



So he's running around all very busy and important. And he thinks I'm dumb but an awfully good typist. He's charming to me. And—yes—he'll be a lawyer in 1938, if I can just manage somehow to keep him from playing with matches for a year or two."

"Sorry to seem irrelevant," said Adam Trotter, "but all this means that I'm still out in the snow with a shawl over my head?"

Sobo looked gravely at him.

"You're terribly good to me," she told him. "Just about the nicest human being I know. But you're giddy, terribly giddy. And life is real, life is earnest—"

"It probably has to be for most people, but not for you, Sobo! I'm a pretty hefty faun—but if you'd just take my hand we could scamper across the buttercup fields nicely."

"Yes, old darling, and if I had a notion to make cocktails out of the sunbeams you'd help me do it, but it's no use, Adam. I'll have to be brutal about it. I'm not for a minute in love with Malcolm Meade but I have more respect for him than I have for most people. He's trying to get somewhere, and I admire his ambition."

"I think you probably are in love with him. I'm one of the unfortunate men who know a lot about women, but never mind. You might dance with me. I dance rather well, do I not?"



Sobo looked at Mr. Meade demurely. She didn't want him to suspect how bright and capable she was

"You do," said Sobo. She grinned and arose to slide into Adam Trotter's arms.

Over the disconsolate croon of a saxophone Sobo said, "My employer disapproved of me yesterday when I lightly informed him that I had been dancing till three. I think he looked over my work in the hope of finding hereinbefore mentioned spelled with a semi-colon. He told me that he himself went to bed at eleven. He lives with his married sister. He—"

"Is this necessary?" Adam burst out desperately. "Do I have to be told about all the important work of the world that I'm not doing? Am I to ditch all my ordinary topics of conversation, delightful as they are? Am I to get myself lean and purposeful? Do I have to go on pushing my head back of my collar to listen to you or will you just let yourself dance?"

Sobo danced beautifully, in silence.

And after that she was careful not to talk too much about Malcolm Meade to Adam, nor to Bill and Mollie. She saw as much of them as ever and the old comradeship was almost—but not quite the same as it had ever been. There was, of course, a scarcely perceptible difference. It is rather hard, if one wishes to speak of one's life, one's plans, one's ideas, one's secret hopes, to avoid mention of all those hours in one's day during which one walks on sensible heels.

But at least she could be as gay of heel, voice and mood as she had formerly been when she was in the company of these three oldest friends. She could pretend, more or less successfully, that her heels were always high and that her mood was always light. And if all of them were undecieved, at least the difference in their comradeship was hardly noticeable. Only Adam Trotter's imperturbable good humor was a little difficult to endure once in a while, because she knew that all the time he was very unhappy indeed, and that even Bill and Mollie shared secretly in Adam Trotter's unhappiness.

BUT, as always, there was a Sobo of the evening, and a Miss Dart of the bright, hard, purposeful daytime. This Miss Dart, in a dark serge dress, collared and cuffed severely in pale beige silk, walked into the office twenty minutes late one morning to discover her employer pacing up and down the room, turning upon himself with every third step, in endless pursuit of a gigantic shadow.

"Good morning, Mr. Meade."

"Good morning, Miss Dart." He glanced at his wrist-watch, not too unkindly.

"Yes, I was dancing again last night," she told him, smiling.

"Well, it's quite all right this time, Miss Dart. I don't want you to think of me as an inhuman old tyrant."

"I assure you that I don't, Mr. Meade." But she did not add that she thought of him most frequently as a six-foot child with yellow hair. This sort of thing would not do, because Malcolm Meade was very young.

"The fact is, Miss Dart, we have quite a lot of work before us today. There will be—ah—a consultation in this office this afternoon, I think."

Well, well, thought Sobo, we're getting to the point where we have consultations around the ten-dollar desk. We're getting on, we are! But her face expressed a flattering acceptance of this astonishing fact together with a certain measure of maidenly excitement.

"Mr. Thornton has invented something again?"

"No. Oh, no. But make a note, please, reminding me that I'm to lunch with Mr. Thornton today."

"Yes, Mr. Meade."

"This afternoon's affair concerns Richard Thurnau. His twenty-first birthday fell on the eighteenth of this month and he has come into his father's estate. As his attorney, I shall probably have more or less the full charge of his investments."

Sobo Dart had a moment of pity to give to Richard Thurnau. The dear baby—with another dear baby for a lawyer—playing with a million bright dollars!

"Does Mr. Thurnau want to reinvest all his money? And what about his father's attorney? Does he step out entirely?"

"I shall not mention the name, but the late Mr. Thurnau's attorney is a conservative of the old school." Young Malcolm Meade slipped for a minute to a plane of equality with his stenographer. "The fact is he bores old Dick to the ground. Dick's always hated him. Having to pull pennies out of him for the last seven years as if they were teeth. Yes, old Dick wants to let in a little young blood—"

"This will be a departure from your usual practice, won't it, Mr. Meade? I can't understand why Mr. Thurnau's banker—"

"Another fossil. No, old Dick and I are going to have a lot of fun rolling up one of the biggest fortunes in California. Old Dick is going to make it his hobby."

"How interesting!" murmured Sobo Dart.

Malcolm Meade, glancing at her, suddenly remembered that she was his stenographer who had been twenty minutes late that very morning.

"Well, well, we must have the office in good shape for the conference early this afternoon and if you would be ready to take dictation sharply at one, Miss Dart—"

"I shall make a point of it," [Continued on page 124]

The Girl

Is She a Handicap or an Inspiration to Young Men?



WOMEN as fellow workers in the business world to-day, shoulder to shoulder with men, are an asset and an inspiration. They are a hindrance and a handicap only to those men who are not competent and therefore not successful, in their various vocational fields.

The general complaint that, "Women have grabbed our jobs away from us at smaller salaries," is entirely out of date. The idea that every economic crisis that arises is caused by the interference of women in man's industrial realm is also antiquated.

The question of unemployment is always attributed to the entrance of women into business. The charge is continually made that the entrance of women into the industrial world has lowered men's wages to a ruinous degree.

If we should examine the statistics of any economic era, the most progressive we ever had, we would still find a percentage of unemployment. There was never a period, no matter how prosperous, in which some people were not out of work. And in reference to low wages, let me state from records of the American Federation of Labor, that there are very few departments where men are not receiving higher wages now than ever before. Women are not responsible for the low wages among some lower paid clerks and factory hands. Salaries and wages are not being paid according to a "family standard" or an "individual standard." Wages are paid in accordance with the services performed. A certain price is paid for a certain kind of work.

No employer ever asks a man if he has a family, and if so, pays him more, or if he is unmarried and pays him less. If

there were a "family standard" vast numbers of women should be paid by it, for they also are supporting others.

Women do not offer their services cheaply to employers; they do not underbid; they take all they possibly can get. Men cannot hope to raise their own wages by driving out this competing element; it has come to stay. They must make common cause with it and both advance together.

LET us take a few steps back in history. Before machinery was invented woman was the sole laborer, so to say. She tilled the soil, did the farming, spun the wool, and made the clothing. In addition her home was made into a laundry, a bakery and any other factory that the necessity of the household demanded.

In those days she was looked upon as a slave. Doing all these things, she was too busy to be able to join her husband and master in other fields of intelligence. She could not read or write, and did not understand matters outside of her home.

Her opinions were never asked, and she did not have any part in the home government except that of obeying laws put down for her.

With the coming of the machine age many of the domestic arts were removed from the home, and women began to find leisure time. Education in the form of reading and writing was mastered with energy and speed. With a certain amount of literacy acquired, and still a surplus of time on hand, desires for better things, for more comfort and luxury began to instill themselves in the hearts of our womenfolk.

In order to be able to satisfy these desires, many women began to seek employment in the stores, offices and factories. The little that they earned helped to establish them as equals in the home and also assisted in obtaining little comforts and luxuries they had not had before.

WITH the advancement of women in the industrial world, marriage began to establish itself as a fifty-fifty proposition. Women did not have to marry men they did not choose in order to be able to eat. Earning their own bread and butter gave them the privilege of staying single if they did not wish to marry, or marrying the men of their choice, rather than the men their parents picked for them.

But conditions did not change as swiftly as we have outlined them on these pages. There was a time when women could enter wage-earning occupations only when compelled to do so, by sheer necessity. Under those conditions labor was degraded and the status of all women engaged in it lowered. This theory prevailed throughout past ages, and it placed a stigma upon working women which is only beginning to be removed by the present generation.

As long as a woman advertised her dire necessity by going outside the home to work, she could not avoid a feeling of humiliation. The fact that only a few insignificant employ-

of Today in Business

As Told to Hilda Holland

By DR. JAMES M. KIERAN

ments with the most meager wages were open to her, added still further to the disgrace of her position. However, in the rapid evolution of the last third of a century, practically all occupations were thrown open, and into them poured women of education and social standing, belonging to families of ample means; the barriers at once began to fall, and the stigma to fade out of sight.

LITTLE by little women progressed, until now we have them not only working in the same offices, factories and department stores, with men on an equal basis, but we have women superiors over male subordinates.

This, the men have termed "the fall of man." But it is not so. Most of the places attained by women over the heads of men have been won solely through legitimate competition. The women selected for the important jobs have been the successful contestants, marked either by actual tests or by an employer's observation during a period of service.

Time was when women obtained responsible positions and high salaries through exercising feminine charms.

HUNTER COLLEGE is the largest women's college in the world. It boasts an attendance of eighteen thousand students a day. Most of the students are serious-minded young women bent on business careers. Many of the Hunter College girls have gone out into the business world, made names for themselves, and are holding responsible positions. The salaries they command are shown to be so far above the average that it has been decided to form a Business Extension as part of the college curriculum of elective studies. A committee on vocations has been formed to work hand in hand with the students on vocational guidance.

I am now thinking of the various reports our files hold from various organizations employing our girls. Just a year ago one of our students was given a clerical job in a bank downtown. Now she is vice-president of the women's department, a position formerly held by a man.

Another graduate began her business career as a secretary to a foreign exchange broker. At present she is in the foreign exchange brokerage herself, and doing a flourishing business. Many of our girls have become credit managers, positions no doubt formerly held by men.

The amount of intelligence shown by women in business is



Marceau

Dr. Kieran is President of Hunter College, which is the largest woman's college in the world, and boasts an attendance of 18,000 students a day. Most of these students are young women bent on business careers. So Dr. Kieran speaks with real authority

remarkable, and their aptitude for business is to be commended. There was talk of having women go back to domestic duties. If the men would consider seriously the economic situation, with the demands these days for luxuries, ornaments and other costly pleasures, they would readily see that there is no turning back. The girls of today will not go back to the days of their grandmothers. Instead they will make a greater effort than ever before to forge ahead. Let not the young men sit back and lament the situation.

If young men would be honest, they would confess that they would not like to see the old-fashioned girl with folded hands and crinoline skirt take the place of the smart, chic business girl of today.

The mornings in the subway are brighter standing shoulder to shoulder with the fairer sex. The offices are more cheerful, and the restaurants at lunch hour gay.

HOW much more the girl and boy as friends have in common today than yesterday! There is a freedom of thought and opinion that is to be envied. When this boy and girl marry, they will work side by side, trying to build a home for themselves that has a foundation. They will work in harmony and unison because they understand equally the economic side of life which is a very essential one.

Young parents will be able to guide the education of their children towards a more successful and practical end better than ever before, for the very reason that they both know and understand the economic situation.

Women did not attain their economic independence or their present social status easily.

It would take pages and pages to relate the humiliations and abuses women have suffered and endured while trying to enter the economic and industrial spheres of man.

The World War opened many locked gates and there is no path leading backwards. It was then that women exhibited their knowledge and their constructive ability which plays such an important part in the business world today.

Woman can never be considered a handicap to the man in business but rather a help, an incentive and an inspiration. Her trend of thought, her sophistry and feminine intuition are all requisites in the present business world with its various professions and demands.

Competition between men and women in business is leading to better and greater accomplishments and a resultant harmony which is exactly what we are striving for.

What *Mona Lisa* Could



Courtesy of Theater Arts Monthly

For more than four hundred years Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the portrait of Mona Lisa Gioconda, has expressed feminine mystery, fascination and allure. These are three qualities which, according to her critics, the modern young woman is supposed to lack! And yet this girl of today, Lucretia Money—a student at the Mississippi State College for Women—has proved that, after all, it is only a question of clothes and expression. She, like Mona Lisa, "has learned to sit still, behind a dream, and to wear the sort of clothes that are woven by a man's imagination"

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Tell the Girl of Today

*About the Real Secret of Capturing—
and Holding—a Man's Imagination*

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE woman or girl who wants to win and hold men should attempt to appeal to the dreamer that is in the heart of every man. The ability to do this is of more value than mental brilliance.

That is the outstanding quality of Mona Lisa whose portrait is the most famous and the most discussed in the world. For that is the thing she knew and understood. That is her secret.

Mona Lisa was the stuff of which dreams are made.

She must have been a woman without vanity, for she knew how to sit still, how to use a man's capacity to dream, how to inspire but never interfere with his imagination. That is the explanation of the mystery which seems to surround her, the mystery which is so often spoken about in connection with her portrait.

Mona Lisa Gioconda was the third wife of an obscure merchant who lived in Florence during the Renaissance at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

For five years, she went to Leonardo da Vinci's studio to sit in the high, straight chair, amid the misty, opalescent lights, while he recorded for future generations what was to him the supreme feminine charm.

As men still love the legend of Helen of Troy, so they still stand thrilled and breathless before the painted smile of Mona Lisa, before the deathless charm of the one woman Leonardo, the Florentine, ever loved.

The great artist had painted all, or nearly all, of the beauties of the Renaissance—and that was an age of beauties such as no other period of history can boast. The great ladies of the time begged that Da Vinci use the magic of his brush to preserve their likenesses upon canvas.

Yet those pictures have passed into oblivion and only Mona Lisa remains to share immortality with the man she adored.

Why?

Because this bourgeoisie young Neapolitan woman, so inferior in beauty and education, position and setting to his noble models, possessed qualities which inspired Da Vinci beyond all other women.

CAN the woman of today learn what Mona Lisa had that enabled her to rise above empresses, queens and duchesses to reign forever in the Louvre while

so much greater beauty has long since returned to dust?

We know less of Mona Lisa than of any other woman who has won a place in history through her attraction for man.

Her marriage to Zanobi del Giocondo took place in 1495, at which time she came to Florence from her birthplace, Naples. Her father's name was Antonio Maria de Noldo Gherardini, but her youth is lost in mystery. Of her marriage to Del Giocondo one child, a daughter, was born and died, but we know that she was devoted to her stepdaughter, who was some ten or twelve years old when Mona Lisa came to Florence. Her untimely death when she was but a little past thirty seems to have been sincerely mourned by her family and friends and most of all by Leonardo.

It was from 1503 to 1506—the year of her death—that Leonardo did most of the work upon his portrait of her.

But for all the lack of facts about her, it is possible from the Mona Lisa itself, from the character of Leonardo, from

our knowledge of their relationship, to discover the great secret and add a beautiful and important chapter to the analyses of the methods of famous women in winning and holding men.

Mona Lisa had a method peculiarly her own and peculiarly adapted to the type of man whose thought she wished to inspire. Certainly that method still has its uses today. That method may be most effectual with the imaginative, creative, artistic Da Vinci type of man—of whom there are still plenty—but it is effectual to some extent with all men.

EVERY girl or woman can adapt that method if she will try to understand people. Let her study man—not just the man who happens to attract her, not just the man she finds thrilling at the moment, but every man who comes within her sphere of vision. Let her watch man's reaction to the experiences he is going through and try to analyze them for herself. It is the most fascinating study in the world—and it pays dividends of pure gold.

If she does this, she will find that the dreamer—this inner man who dreams of better things, who feels a desire for more beauty, more happiness—exists in almost every man she comes in contact



Mona Lisa was just a young Neapolitan woman! But, through the ages, she has typified charm and fascination to all men

with. The kid brother, the prosaic father, the young manager of the office, the boy next door, the overworked husband of her best friend—hidden, perhaps, for men are much shyer of their real, deep thoughts than women.

All poets are not writing poetry. Remember, Burns was a plowboy, Keats was an apothecary, tradition has it that Shakespeare himself was an attorney's clerk and somewhat of a poacher. Thus the wise woman doesn't rate a man nor judge the poetry in his soul by his occupation or outward seeming.

Every woman should know these basic facts about men, and should take them as fundamental. All men are dreamers. That is a psychological principle.

And almost every man has his dream woman and his dream romances.

But even when she reaches that point of understanding, many a woman will go astray. She will misunderstand the nature of that dream woman. She will reckon wrongly. Immediately she will assume that this dream woman is concrete, exact, complete. That she has, for instance, golden hair and blue eyes, or black hair and brown eyes, that she is fashioned thus and so.

That is seldom the case. For dreams are not concrete nor exact things.

OUTWARDLY, of course, a man may have certain preferences. One man may adore dimples while another detests them. Some may definitely dislike curly hair, while others find it exceedingly attractive.

But the average dream woman has no definite personality. If the intelligent woman takes the time and trouble to get at the dream woman existing in the thoughts of the men she knows, if she listens to their halting description of their "ideal," she will find that it is a woman who makes them happy, who fits into their conception of what a woman should be and do. A pliant, acquiescent woman who fits into moods and changing circumstances as colors melt into the rainbow. A woman who believes in him, loves him, agrees with him, amuses him, understands his big ideas and caters to his smallest tastes.

THERE is no stronger power in man than the power of imagination. Great writers have said that man even creates his own god from his imaginings. Certainly we know from observation that man creates—literally creates—many of the people he thinks he knows.

No weapon possessed by woman herself—not beauty, not sex, appeal, not sweetness of disposition, not brains—can be of more value to her in winning any man, in holding him in a continued dream of love, than the weapon of imagination.

Therefore, we find that we have two great and potent factors in man, which can be used by woman for her own ends if she is wise. Through these alone, if they are correctly handled, woman can make herself an enchantress as infallible as Ninon de Lenclos or Cleopatra. These factors are—his capacity to dream, and the power of his imagination to create ideals of his own.

So few women know how to sit still behind a man's dream.

They tear off the exquisite garments the dreamer has fashioned.

They will insist on sticking their foot through the canvas. But not Mona Lisa.

She simply sat still, and listened to Leonardo and the music, and looked at the jugglers, and by so doing, she entered into the procession of immortal women for whom every generation raises up a tribe of lovers," Rachel Annand Taylor says in "Leonardo the Florentine."

How simple it sounds! And in a way, once recognized, it is simple. Its difficulty lies not in any intricacy of per-

formance, but in the demand it makes for overcoming one of the strongest characteristics born in woman—vanity. It means conquering the feminine ego. It means controlling the natural womanly instinct to display all one's most alluring mannerisms and tricks even if they don't happen to belong in that picture.

There is something amazingly symbolic about the sight of Mona Lisa sitting in that straight chair with her quiet hands resting one upon the other, her lips touched with that unreadable smile. Hour after hour she sat there, listening to the music which Leonardo had playing in the background, watching the jugglers he called in to perform for her amusement, or turning her eyes now and again to the fountain playing at her feet.

When she had grown too weary, he would stop painting and tell her fantastic little allegories and fairy-tales such as he loved to weave. Between them there seemed to be an understanding beyond speech, beyond touch—a oneness of spirit.

If you will study Mona Lisa carefully for a time, you will see that it is possible to imagine anything about her.

You might easily picture her as a subtle, sensual, worldly-wise mistress. Many of the citizens of Florence, seeing her come and go daily to the studio of the famous artist, pictured her so, and historians of note have followed in their footsteps. King Francis, who in the end paid a fabulous sum for the picture, undoubtedly saw her as an ideal courtesan. He said as much when he first looked upon her pictured countenance.

Others have pictured her as almost a saint, a woman of deep and delicate spirituality, with exquisite understanding of the poetical fancies of such a mind as Leonardo's. They have pictured the feeling between her and the painter as the highest type of mental love that could exist between a man and woman, a true uniting of souls in a realm of mystical and romantic beauty. This, certainly, is the impression gained from everything

Leonardo himself ever said upon the subject.

Some see upon her face a great hope, a beautiful belief in the fineness of life, an idealism beyond words. They interpret the mysterious knowledge that radiates from her as a high faith in love, its bliss and possible perfection. Poets have praised her as a goddess who understood and believed in the great principles of art and beauty.

Yet others find that her eyelids are weary with disillusion, that her knowledge is the conviction that all things in the end return to dust. They see mockery in her smile, mockery of herself, of all dreams and hopes, and of poor, struggling humanity.

Leonardo's students, who watched the master at work upon the famous canvas, declared that there was a great resemblance between the smile he bent upon her and the smile with which she answered him—and his smile was that of a mystic and a genius, a seeker and a sufferer.

Yet we know that she was a middle class Italian woman about

thirty years old, who fulfilled the duties of her station as a wife and housekeeper, went to market and to mass, traveled in simple fashion with her merchant husband, attended to the wants of his young daughter and in all things followed the ordinary routine of her kind.

So we come, after careful sifting of all the available material about her, to the inevitable conclusion. Any interpretation of Mona Lisa is the correct one. She is a mirror for our thoughts, our imaginations, as she was a mirror for the thoughts and imagination of Leonardo, the Florentine, centuries ago.

She knew how to sit still. She knew how to keep still.

It is true, beyond doubt, that the man who loved her was a man of great creative imagination. It is also true that Leo-



Leonardo da Vinci—one of the world's greatest geniuses—painted all of the beauties of the Renaissance



Mona Lisa Gioconda sat in a high, straight chair—surrounded, not only by dreams, but by the intrigue and mystery of a romantic age

nardo da Vinci, artist, dreamer of all dreamers of the Renaissance, a cultured man of the most luxurious and gorgeous age in all history, would dream vividly and beautifully.

IT HAS been said—and marveled at—that intensely clever men so often fall in love with dumb women, and so often live with them in happiness and satisfaction.

Ludwig says of Goethe, "At no time, indeed, was he apt to be attracted by beauty or intellect; it was always a sweet nature that charmed him most."

To a man, any man, be he Goethe or otherwise, a sweet nature is a plastic nature.

The answer, it would seem, is that a woman who attracts and holds a brilliant and clever man is not really dumb. She is immeasurably clever. She is so infinitely much cleverer in understanding of men than her showier, brain-conscious sisters that there is no comparison. She is simply using the weapons of the man's own mind, his power of imagination and his ability to dream, to gain her own ends.

She does not force her own ego through the man's conception of her. She is willing, as Mona Lisa was willing, to sit still behind the man's dream and reap the reward of adoration.

Never forget that men love with their dreams and their imaginations. The secret is not to disappoint them. The girl must learn not to thrust herself—her ideas, opinions, prejudices, habits, mannerisms, through the canvas of his dreams.

Let us follow the process for a moment and see what happens.

LOVE at first sight is either an illusion or it is a divine spark. It must be one or the other. Every one has his choice as to which he believes it to be.

A man sees a girl for the first time and he feels within him an emotion which he calls love. The half-formed model in his thoughts—his ideal—has suddenly taken definite shape. This girl has either succeeded in creating an illusion in his mind or she has lighted the divine spark.

He is at once convinced that they were meant for each other.

From there on the game is surely in her hands. This illusion

must either ripen into reality, into harmony and completeness, or it must turn to bitter disillusion. This divine spark must either grow into a steady fire of comfort and life-giving satisfaction, or it must flare out into cold, charred ashes.

Which way it develops depends, once again, wholly upon the girl who has inspired this swift thought. The man will not, an outsider cannot, destroy her connection with his dream woman, to which he believes it to be.

Will she be wise enough, controlled enough, to sit still, to watch and wait until she finds out just what it is he believes her to be and then fit herself into that heaven-sent niche? Will she be clever enough to put the finishing touches to that dream girl, to blend her own personality with that vague something in the man's thoughts which he has been seeking, make her own attributes the definite, hitherto unexpressed attributes of the ideal held in this man's heart?

IF SHE does this, she will soon find that the dream woman becomes entirely identified with herself and her position is impregnable.

Kipling quotes a little poem somewhere in "Kim" which should make any woman understand what a great blessing it is hers when she is able to fit into a man's dream—

"I'd not give room for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King.
To the Triple Crown I'd not bow down—
But this is a different thing!
I'll not fight with the powers of Air—
Sentries, pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall—He's the Lord of us all—
The Dreamer whose dream came true!"

It must be remembered that the idealist is only human. He is using human yardsticks. Imagination has a peculiar faculty of reproducing only what the idealist knows in some form or another. The ideal is distilled from the millions of things that have crossed his path in reading. (Continued on page 110)

*He was able to fight
for the girl he loved
though they called him*

ANGEL

IT WAS at the first formal of his freshman year that the name fastened itself upon John Converse. He was crossing the great, humming hall of his fraternity house when a girl's voice detached itself from the hum like a clear, silver bell.

"Who is that angel-faced freshman? He looks like one of those precious cherubs we saw in Florence last year—you know—the ones with the cutie wings. George, where does he wear his wings?"

Uneasily John glanced around. The girl was George Haskell's kid cousin, Roberta Somers. He had not met her, but he had noticed her when she came in—a girl like a glancing flame—tall, dark, her face vivid above a scarlet frock—and she was looking at him. For years after that John cherished a burning abhorrence for girls in red frocks.

"Hey, Converse!" shouted George. "Lady wants to see your pin feathers."

Without a word John turned, and wrapped in the hauteur of a British Ambassador, stalked from the scene of his humiliation.

Once in his room, he stood glaring at his reflection in the small square of mirror above his chiffonier. It was, as the girl in red had intimated, a face that did him credit, yet John glared at it with loathing in his heart.

From the wide blue eyes that stared back at him in grieved bewilderment to the sensitive curves of mouth and chin, it was—even in his fury—the face of an earnest, hurt little boy. Savagely he caught up his brushes and attacked the hair that rippled above it in a luxuriance of fine gold that no brush could subdue to that masculine austerity for which its owner yearned as the absolute good. In moments of emotional stress, John invariably worked off steam on his hair. For most virulently of all he loathed his hair!

"AHA! The face that launched a thousand ships!" George Haskell struck a classical attitude in the doorway; then abruptly he reverted to the commonplace. "Say, kid, you can't act this way, you know. Priscilla Ellis wants a dance with you. She's been—"

"How about her waiting till I ask her for a dance?" snapped John. "Gosh! These women make me sick!"

"Why, you pampered little ass," said George affectionately, "what you got against the women? They're strong for you."

"They act as if I was a—say, George—" John dug his hands deep into his pockets and kicked savagely at an unoffending footstool—"are they always wanting to put cushions behind your back, and telling you to bundle up or you'll catch cold and—well—mussing your hair—"

"Well, I hope to kiss a pig!" ejaculated George. "No such luck. I've been analyzing your case—" he straddled a chair and spoke didactically. "Your fatal charm seems to lie in the fact that you inevitably arouse the maternal instinct. You're the type—"

"Maternal instinct!" exploded John.

"—the type women simply can't keep their hands off—"

"They'll jolly well keep their hands off me," roared John. But in his soul were panic and dismay. His darkest suspicions had been confirmed. Girls didn't pester the other fellows for dates; they waited demurely for them to make the advances, as was proper. It was because he looked so young and—soft—that women thought they could run after him, and make sickening comments about his personal appearance, and generally treat him as if he were a jelly-boned zany or a paralytic.



*Illustrations by
C. R. Chickering*

"Angel Face" John was to the end of the chapter. It is true that after the first light-weight event of the season, when John knocked out his man before a scandalized referee could interfere, the name became a term of respect on the campus. Yet, though John's slight body grew hard as nails, and his speech took on a becoming masculine rasp, and the rest of the crowd no longer laughed uproariously when he swore, his head remained the head of a glorified choir boy. Women continued to look at him lingeringly, but John looked at no women.

Again and again he did penance on the wood pile for offenses against the hospitality of the house, but John didn't mind the wood pile. At least his punishment took on a virile, red-blooded turn. There were times—for John was young and the blood in his veins was red—when he felt that it might be nice to know the right girls—in the proper manly relationship of guide and protector, of course. But he took no chances. Emphatically he did not propose to be victimized by the maternal instinct.

ONE afternoon during the last week of his senior year in the law school, John suspiciously checked in mid-air the hair brushes with which he was doing a ferocious daily dozen,

FACE

By *ELINORE
COWAN
STONE*



The man's evil eyes were glittering as he drew forth the incriminating letters

age practice of any kind."

"All the more reason for you to tie up to the old man. His trade is strictly hand picked. But take it or leave it."

"Oh, all right, damn it," said John ungraciously, "I'll go."

GEORGE craftily refrained from mentioning, at the time of his own departure on Thursday, that Roberta Somers would be taking the eleven-forty-five at Piedmont on Friday. John, who had got on at the University stop, saw her the minute the train stopped. Although he had not seen her for six years, he recognized her, with a rancor undiminished by the interval, as that particularly obnoxious girl in red who had desired to see his pin feathers.

She was talking to a man just outside John's open window. John disliked the man at sight. There was something vaguely and distastefully familiar about his dapper, slim-waisted figure, about the sallow face with close-set, crafty eyes under prematurely graying hair. The girl seemed to be giving

him some directions, illustrating them with a pencil and pad from her scarlet handbag.

"Well, give me a ring when the coast's clear." The man's tone was at once suave and peremptory; in his eyes were mingled admiration and insolence. "And remember, I've got to see you alone."

"I will make an opportunity." The rest of the sentence was lost in the thunder of a baggage truck. "—can't go on this way indefinitely," John heard the girl say.

AS SHE entered the coach, John was sure, from the lift of one flexible eyebrow and the flicker that touched her grave face like a dancing flame, that she recognized him. Sternly he buried himself in a magazine. But he need not have taken the trouble, for without a second glance in his direction, she swung her bag to the rack above a seat down the aisle and raised the window with a competent click. John shrugged. Above all things, he detested a competent woman; he had a fixed belief that all really nice women were inherently helpless.

When the train puffed laboriously up the last grade and halted at the Pines, Miss Somers turned as John approached the door.

"You must be the Mr. Converse Dad's expecting, aren't you?"

at the sound of George Haskell's voice talking over the telephone out in the study. Haskell, who had finished his medical course the year before, was back for alumni doings.

"I'll bring him if I have to hog tie him and drag him there," Haskell was saying.

"Yeah? You and how many troops of marines?" inquired John blandly from the doorway.

"Angel," began George, "you've made a great hit with the old man." The "old man" was Haskell's uncle, Robert Somers, who happened to be the most influential lawyer in the state. "He's—"

"Not if it's a house party, I won't," cut in John coldly.

"All right." Haskell shrugged. "I s'pose you know what you're going to use for money while you're building up a practice in some hick town. I just happen to know that it's a hobby of his to hash matters over in his vacations up at the Pines."

John grumbled, "There'll be women, of course."

"Say, Angel," George evaded deftly, "I wonder if it's ever occurred to you that, even in the chaste practice of law, women will intrude. The silly dears will fall heir to property, get run over, sue for divorce—"

"I am not," observed John majestically, "interested in steer-

"I'm Roberta Somers," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Oh, please don't bother to be gallant." Briskly she ignored the hand John stretched out for her bag. "I can take beautiful care of myself."

All right, then! Let her. Wonder she didn't want to help him off.

The perfidious George was waiting with a second girl, whom he introduced as Emily Joyce, and who acknowledged the introduction with a shy flutter of blue eyes. John felt himself knighted by her dependent little smile as he helped her into the waiting car, and was proportionately annoyed by the smile Miss Somers cast over her shoulder—a smile tinged with bland amusement and accompanied by a satirical ripple of her left eyebrow at Miss Joyce.

THE Somers place, approached from the highway behind by a rustic gate and bridge, was set high among pines and birch trees at the edge of a lake flanked by granite cliffs, with purple mountains beyond. The house was a rambling structure of logs and stone. It was built about a one-story living room with the upper chambers opening upon an encircling balcony, and accessible by two flights of stairs, one at each side of the room. At one end was an enormous stone fireplace that vaulted to the ceiling. Everywhere were warm draperies, soft lights, rich rugs, and deep chairs. John began rather to fancy himself as a member of the firm of Somers and Converse.

Luncheon was served in the glassed-in corner of the long veranda that almost overhung the lake. John, seated opposite Miss Somers, watched with chill disapproval as she smoked one cigarette after another. Miss Joyce, as he should have expected, declined cigarettes. When her hostess flashed her a quick smile of amusement and murmured, "Quite right, dear. It's a most unladylike habit," John felt inordinately irritated. It was like that self-sufficient type of girl to ridicule in another the feminine graces she, herself, lacked. The more he thought about it the more certain he was that he could never like a girl of her type. But Miss Somers seemed provokingly unaware of John's disapprobation. Almost immediately she fell into a brown study, speaking only occasionally.

Not that the conversation languished because of Miss Somers' defection. George devoted himself to drawing John out before the old man, who gave a flattering attention. Miss Joyce listened with a pretty deference. She was wearing something soft and blue and—well, ladylike—with a touch of lace at throat and wrists, and she had a shy way of asking questions from time to time that John thought most becoming.

Altogether, it would have been a delightful meal except that, every time Miss Somers moved, John would remember the man with the sly, insolent eyes and the boxing-master's walk, and would wonder uneasily where he had seen him before. The man had been so patently cheap. Not that Miss Somers' affairs were of any interest to John, of course.

"I'll order the horses for this afternoon," Mr. Somers told them as they rose from the table. "If you young people—"

"Sorry," George said. "I've got to look over the boat."

"Well, Roberta, then, and—"

"Sorry, Dad, but the last time you turned the poor old Sea Gull over to the mercies of that half-baked vivisectionist, it was darn near an inquest. I think I'd better stick around."



A friend was hailing John. "Where he so stand-offish. This girl

George grinned.

"All right," he said. "Snap into your overalls. But for crying out loud, don't put on the ones that shrank in the wash! You've got to get down on all fours for this job. They don't," he confided to John, "allow for lateral expansion."

John felt sorry for Miss Joyce, who seemed to be very much embarrassed at this turn in the conversation.

OBVIOUSLY the overalls in which Miss Somers emerged just as the horses were led to the front door were not the ones that had been washed—too obviously, John thought, glancing with distaste at their grease-coated façade. By contrast, Miss Joyce, her pleated shirt showing above her riding jacket, made a gracious, feminine picture, as she deferred prettily to John about the length of her stirrups.

"Oh, but my whip!" she cried as they were about to mount.

"Let me get it," said John gallantly.

"Yes, do, by all means, Emmy," Miss Somers looked over her shoulder to drawl. She had discovered a smear on her elbow, and was nonchalantly removing it on the comparatively clean area of one overall leg. "It would be too bad to get all fatigued before you start, wouldn't it? Your technique is masterful, old dear," she went on as John disappeared in the hall. "Now, I suppose, we are to be treated to the pretty spectacle of seeing you try to mount from the wrong side. Don't tell me you hadn't considered it," she went on, as Miss Joyce flushed. "And how about letting him lead Chico a few steps, just to be sure the wild old dear won't buck?"



have you been all evening? Don't
wants to dance with you!"

"Shut up," said Miss Joyce rather inelegantly. "That will be enough from you."

"Not," pursued Miss Somers, "that you aren't playing the part precisely as if he had rehearsed you for it, himself. But aren't you overlooking one bet? Men so often don't want what they think they do."

"I suppose you know a better line," suggested Miss Joyce tartly.

"I do," said Roberta Somers, "if I thought it worth my while." With this parting shot she started for the boat, leaving Miss Joyce to regain her ladylike composure before John returned with the whip.

WHEN John and Miss Joyce dismounted at the front door that afternoon, Miss Somers, brown as a slender bronze image in a bright green bathing suit and red cap, was just emerging from the house. Her eyes widened, and her left eyebrow shot up in malicious amusement at sight of the masses of wild flowers with which the riders were laden. Her glance lingered on the wreath that adorned John's hat. The girl possessed a gift of looking at once grave and wickedly amused that John found most disconcerting.

Of course it was like her to jump to the conclusion that he preferred making wreathes to a good, hard gallop across country. He found himself a little annoyed with the gentle Miss Joyce for making him so ridiculous. At the same time he had a sudden vision of Miss Somers on horseback—slender, vivid,

daring. She would ride like an Arab—imagine her screaming when her horse stumbled and wanting him led down every steep grade.—But that was unkind. Miss Joyce was a sweet, old-fashioned girl. You wouldn't want her changed to an Amazon.

"Want to go swimming, any one?" Roberta Somers turned, as if in polite afterthought, from the steps.

"I hope to say I don't!" George shivered. "You're a glutton for punishment, aren't you, Bob?"

"I'll admit the water is coolish," yawned Miss Somers. John couldn't feel sure whether there was challenge in the eyes that flicked his own, or not, but his face flushed, as he said, "I should rather like a swim."

"Permit me to correct you. You won't like it," said George. "As for this woman—she's half fish and half polar bear."

ON THE rocky promontory beyond the boat house, John watched Roberta Somers flash through the air and cut the water in a line of sheer beauty; then he followed, with an assurance born of six years' experience in the comfortably heated Varsity swimming pool and in the southern Atlantic. He barely restrained a howl of agony as he came up and struck out desperately with his numbed limbs.

"Pretty cold, isn't it?" called Miss Somers, with an almost friendly smile.

"Not at all," denied John, through chattering teeth.

She gave a little laugh—half amusement, half impatience and struck off at once in a long, clean glide for a raft anchored just where the shadow of the cliffs cut the sunshine.

"Trying to show off," commented John, ploughing furiously along behind. It was almost impossible to control his breathing under the icy impact of the water, and his limbs already felt leaden

and dead. Once or twice the girl drifted back to float effortlessly beside him—something like watchful concern in her manner. Thought she had to take care of him, did she? Well, she had another guess coming to her, he thought angrily. He'd follow her to that raft if he froze on the way. So much for that! John did not know how long he had endured that searing cold when a galvanic shock wrenched the muscles of his legs and back, and gripped them as if in a vise. It was John's first experience with a fresh-water cramp. Immediately, it seemed, Roberta Somers was treading water at his elbow.

"S O S?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone, but there was something strangely like timidity in her manner.

"I'm all right," gritted John through set teeth. Then he doubled and went under in a fresh clutch of grinding pain.

"Like fun you are," said Miss Somers rudely.

Her hesitation was abruptly replaced by an angry energy. She caught with strong fingers at the most convenient point of leverage his body afforded, and struck out for shore.

Once on the sunny strip of sand below the boat house, she offered no further assistance; she only sat, her fingers locked about her bent knees, watching him with a kind of brooding aloofness as he flexed and rubbed his tortured muscles into something like usefulness.

"As soon as you can walk comfortably," she said at length, "we'd better get up to the house."

"Sorry to keep you." John got to his feet with stiff dignity.

"I was thinking of you," she said impatiently. "You'll need a hot drink and—" she frowned as if she had suddenly remembered something, and marched on, [Continued on page 117]

This Modern Living

By RUTH WATERBURY

THREE girls recently tried to break the altitude endurance record for women flyers. Three girls, each of them less than twenty years old.

The record had been set by Bobbie Trout, a saucy-faced young Californian. In the East, Elinor Smith and Viola Gentry, both of New York, wanted to prove themselves superior pilots. Elinor Smith went aloft and broke Bobbie Trout's record by a couple of hours. Viola Gentry cracked up but stepped forth from her shattered plane, smiling gamely. She must have been terribly discouraged and humiliated. But she didn't show it. "I'll try it again as soon as I can get another plane," she said.

Bobbie Trout heard of Elinor Smith's victory, got her ship, and established a new record. "I only loaned the honor to Elinor for a few days," she grinned.

Her Eastern rival took it smiling. "I'll fly again and show her," she retorted.

And there you have the true spirit of the modern girl.

As a writer you may or may not like Gertrude Stein, but she does create striking phrases. She has one that, to me, expresses this year, 1929, and the girls that illumine it.

"This living we are doing," she phrases it.

So few of the older generation understand this living the modern girl is doing.

The commonest thing you can hear said of us is that we are frivolous, self-centered, clothes-mad.

Then the Carroll Club of New York takes a survey of the conditions surrounding the working girl in Manhattan. It finds that the average salary is \$33 a week and that the average girl spends the greater part of her free time, not shopping, not petting, but studying, reading in libraries, trying to improve her mind.

EUROPEANS get excited about us like the great psychologist who won himself a lot of newspaper space the other day by saying that the American girl's demand for new shoes was spreading around the world, making women in every land demand new shoes and refuse to wear patched ones. This, said the psychologist, denoted something very, very unsound in our subconscious minds.

And so he overlooks the fact that American girls are the healthiest, most self-disciplined women who have ever lived and that our trimly-shod feet are symbols of the sturdiness by which we walk the path of destiny.

The truth is that women's clothes have always symbolized the age in which they lived. Women's clothes in the Victorian era, brown and stuffy and dusty, were like the average woman's mind of that time in which nothing important, or at least against accepted traditional thought, happened from her seventh birthday until the advent of her first grandchild.

The lovely frocks of the modern girl are designed for beauty, for efficiency, for comfort and for health. They are perfect symbols of our gallant minds.



Then there is that bitter criticism of us which says the modern girl has no stamina, no stick-to-it-iveness.

Consider the record of Miss Helen Hicks.

Last year when they were playing the Bermuda Golf Championship, Helen, a personable child from Hewlett Park, Long Island, entered the lists. She was just seventeen years old. She came out of the contest a victor.

A golf championship at seventeen would satisfy most of us. But it didn't satisfy Helen. She wanted more courses to conquer. So, on her eight-

eenth birthday, just a few weeks ago, she was engaged in playing her qualifying round for the Woman's Florida State Championship. Against a field of eighty-one highly experienced, much older players, Helen led by the amazing total of eleven strokes.

She won the Florida State and proceeded after the Miami Championship. She got that, too, and in the entire match never played more than fourteen of the possible eighteen holes. In other words, she was unbelievably superior to her competitors.

Nor is all this modern woman's spirit a glorifying only of youth.

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is one of the largest and most conservative organizations in the world. Yet one woman caused it to upset its tradition of sixty years and appoint her an officer of the company. Her name is Emma S. Thiele and she has been made the Metropolitan's Assistant-Secretary, proving that the from-office-boy-to-president story can have its feminine slant.

Twenty-five years ago, she started as a stenographer. Today she has her reward. Her salary makes her financially independent. But after office hours, she goes to her charming suburban residence and works in her garden, raising flowers that win prizes each year at the Flower Show. When vacation time comes, she travels off to the rare, exotic spots of the earth.

And finally, Anne Spencer Morrow, the most envied girl in the world, the girl who is going to be the bride of Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

That dear old-fashioned girl that writers love to sigh over used to faint at sight of a mouse.

It was above Mexico that Lindbergh took Anne flying. And there he discovered that he had lost a wheel, that maybe they would never land alive.

Lindy piled the pillows up about Anne. Everything shows that he must have told her that perhaps they were going to die. They didn't die. They turned turtle and stepped out unharmed, due to Lindy's exquisite skill.

But the big point is that where the Victorian girl would have fainted, Anne Morrow grinned and went flying again with Lindy the next day!

Work and play and courage. That's what the living modern girls are doing. That's what makes it just so grand and exciting to be alive today.



Photographs
Courtesy of the
Art Center,
New York City

At an exhibition of beautiful hands held in New York this exquisite pair took first prize. Read how proper care can make yours as lovely

The Beauty Within Your Hands

By
**MARY
LEE**

IT'S little wonder that fortune-telling grew up around the characteristics of the hands. There is no more expressive part of a girl's body than her hands. Not even faces, with their character lines and expressive features, can tell us so much about a person as that person's hands. And we don't have to know palmistry either, to judge temperament, occupation and other important things, from the shape and configuration of the hands.

Nowadays girls realize that their fortune and happiness is often in their hands. Useless hands are rare and unwanted. In the best schools little children learn to do things with their hands, because the psychologists know that to be able to do things with one's hands makes one more eager and more capable in doing things with one's mind.

The old idea that beauty and idle hands go together has been scrapped with other worn-out notions. Beauty goes with hands that mean something, hands that know their place in the world, hands that can tell a story with even more conviction than our faces do.

"That's all very well," said one girl, skeptically. "But I can't very well change the bony shape of my hands, can I?"

"No," I answered. "But you can use your hands so skillfully, and keep them in such exquisite condition that the world will know you by your hands."

Give me your hands, and I can tell more about you than you yourself suspect. Here is a pair of lovely, capable hands, with rather square-tipped fingers. But the owner has kept the nails too long; we know that those long, clawlike nails mean vanity. The girl who owns those hands is a little ashamed that they look so capable. She wants the world to think that she never does anything, that she has hands that spell leisure, idleness and love of luxury. What a mistake! Strong, capable hands, in this day and age, are much admired. The nails should be kept neatly rounded, just long enough to make them a pleasant oval—not like the hands of a Chinese mandarin, with long, useless, ugly nails.

Here is another pair of hands. Nails are polished and shining—but—the cuticle has been allowed to grow ragged and to cling to the upper part of the nail till those lovely "moons" are entirely hidden. Nine times out of ten those hands belong to the kind of girl whose dresser drawers are tumbled and mussed, whose hair doesn't get brushed thoroughly every night, who sometimes goes to bed after a late party without taking off her make-up! They are the hands of a girl who looks after the superficial aspects of her loveliness but forgets the telltale marks of exquisite care and good grooming.

Here is still another pair of hands. They are tanned and healthy looking, well-shaped and interesting. But they haven't been manicured in ages. The nails are discolored without a suggestion of polish. Perhaps the nails have been cut too close for beauty. They are probably the hands of an outdoor girl who doesn't realize that even the athletic type today is expected to have well-cared-for hands. Cutting the nails round and even with the fingertips doesn't in the least interfere with gathering firewood for a camp fire. Nails that are kept too short are never attractive and are exceedingly hard to keep clean.



Pinchot

Remember that your hands proclaim your personality to the world

I COULD go on indefinitely characterizing hands by their appearance. And I could tell you more about hands that belong to the artist type, to the business type, to the domestic type and the like. But the important thing is—hands do give us away. And since we can't prevent it, why not make the most of this fact?

What do you want to tell the world about yourself? Every girl knows in her heart what she wants the world to think about her. And if she is wise she will study her hands just as thoughtfully as she studies her face. How often do you hold your hands up to the mirror? "Why should I?" says the skeptic again. "I can see them, can't I?"

Of course you can, but do you really look at them, or do you take them for granted? Most of us take our hands for granted. We [Continued on page 98]

Fashion's Summer Complex

It's the New Very Feminine Note and All the Shops Are Showing It

By GEORGIA MASON



Don Diego

The coat rules the summer mode. This dashing dress coat is of gray Leda cloth, a soft woolen fabric, trimmed with black caracul in revers that extend to the hem. Perfect for the tall and slender

Courtesy of DePinna

hind them until one needs to be wary indeed unless one is to have a lot of failures hanging in one's wardrobe.

So that's the reason I want, this month, to vary my usual custom of writing to you about what is seen in the shops, and tell you a bit of what is being said in the Paris cables. For whether we like to admit it or not, the authentic style tendencies still come from abroad. We don't necessarily wear what Paris orders, but we do follow her general slant.

Last season several French designers declared themselves in favor of the three-quarter length sleeve. But nothing happened in this country. American girls like long-sleeves or no sleeves, and that was all there was to it. Even now, what we do accept, we modify. French fashions are adapted to the gay young American thing, and they become as individualized and feminized as the American girl herself. We want modes that are youthful, practical, comfortable and peppy in

THE road to chic is paved with inhibitions. At the beginning of every spring and summer there is presented a series of conflicting fashion themes, which cause confusion before the issues are definitely settled. Mad, waggish things are shown in the shops, and the foolish shoppers rush in to buy, where our educated little shopping angels know better than to venture. Certain colors get overemphasized; certain models that will disappear with all the rapidity of spring flowers from the woodlands, get enormous sales forces put be-

this country. And while many fashion battles wage in Paris, we do get them.

Some time ago the battle of the hemlines took place. There was a long fight before the modest ankle-length skirts gave way to frocks that stopped at the knees. A little later came the waistline squabble, with some wanting it high, some wanting it normal, some wanting it long, and many preferring to leave it altogether out of the picture. The silhouette quarrel is of sufficiently recent vintage for us all to remember what a

struggle it took to make us finally give up the slim, unadorned pencil outline.

Today another civil war is brewing in fashion's ranks and whether you are to march with the smart or lurk behind in the ranks depends upon which faction you join.

THERE are two fundamental features in the fashions of late spring, 1929. One is the rising tide of femininity which, inaugurated a few years ago, reached new heights in the recent Paris spring fashion exhibitions. The second is the sudden eminence of the tailored atmosphere which is essentially masculine. Even the softening frills and furbelows which are added to it this season cannot take away its basic character. Perhaps it will help you better to visualize the current situation if you review the two types of cos-



The flower-trimmed hat is being revived. This lovely model comes in brown straw trimmed with two-tone brown chrysanthemums

Courtesy of Lord and Taylor

A swagger topcoat is part of this short-jacket ensemble developed in rose-beige French tweed. The skirt of the double-breasted suit is attached to a sleeveless bodice of beige crêpe de chine. A beige felt hat banded with grosgrain completes the costume

Courtesy of Knox



Don Diego

tumes which have divided the hosts of fashion this season.

Consider first the tailleur. Its outstanding characteristics are the tuck-in blouse, made usually of silk, although Jean Patou is including some attractive linen and organdie blouses in his current suit collection, and mannish fabrics. The general impression of these new tailleurs is rather softly sleek.

Among the gentler influences are dipping jackets which follow the same outline as the skirt, the occasional use of the capelet, as sponsored by Cheruit and Drecoll, the circular skirt with fulness in back, as offered by Lucien Lelong, and an original conception of Schiaparelli employing the use of crocheted hip

This luxurious evening wrap evolved from a Bianchini scarf is so perfect it will remain smart indefinitely. Of green and gold, bordered with gold lamé and lined with green chiffon. Note its interesting sleeves

Courtesy of Mary Walls



Harold Stein

The coat with attached scarf is very much approved for sports wear. This of green Scotch tweed has a scarf composed of alternating green and gray stripes. A ballibunt cloche with green felt trim harmonizes with the scarf

Courtesy of Henri Bendel



Fab Studios



Don Diego

At least one short-jacket ensemble is essential to every good wardrobe. The version above consists of a jacket and pleated skirt in heavy crêpe silk. The white silk blouse has a graceful double jabot. Very practical and inexpensive.

Courtesy of Stern Bros.

The dipping hemline, the low-cut back, the flower trimming placed at the back waistline all mark this as one of the more important evening gowns. Of scarlet chiffon, the skirt is lavishly flounced. The smaller photograph shows this gown worn with the knee-length evening wrap with ample sleeves, a new fashion favorite.

Courtesy of Franklin Simon



Gabor Eder

yokes on the skirt section. O'Rossen, true to his custom of years, prefers the smartly tailored genre with almost no suggestion of elaboration. However, the characteristic *tailleur* of this spring season sponsors decidedly more detail at the skirt section and more feminizing treatments of the jacket.

AS OPPOSED to these *tailleur* versions are the more formal types of dress which show feminine styling at its highest stage since the late war. The use of uneven effects, principal among which is the back-dipping skirt, occurs in practically every important Paris spring collection. The 1880 silhouette, which indicates a full and longer back, and which has been but furtively offered up to this year, is now a definitely accepted fashion theme. Lelong and Premet are particularly adept in their application of this theme. The circular skirt and the use of flounces are among other themes which make this spring's afternoon frocks about as elaborate a group of costumes as has been seen since the days of the majestic Gibson Girl.

The waistline on these formal dresses is distinctly higher—in fact it is very often normal. It would not be wise to attach too much significance to this trend because for the last half dozen seasons the waistline has pursued a checkered course and its habitat is still uncertain.

The molded bodice is accepted as the smartest treatment for the waist portion. There is, however, a sharp difference between the molded effects of this season and those of the mold-and-flare era of a few years back. The current molding lines must preserve the impression of suppleness. They should not be so closely fitted as their former prototypes. This is rather an encouraging symptom for the younger fashionables, [Continued on page 134]



For the very tailored impulse comes this fine oxford worsted made into wrap-around skirt and single-breasted coat. A double-breasted vest of white satin can be worn as a tuck-in

Courtesy of
Abercrombie
and Fitch

For afternoon chic choose the long-coated ensemble of navy blue flat crêpe with a slate blue silk bodice. The skirt is a wrap-around with circular fulness fitted into the side-back

Courtesy of
The Tailored
Woman



Gabor Eder



For that so-necessary soft, feminine look comes this romantic gown of rayon lace in two shades of red, deep rose and dregs of wine. Its deep berthia collar and its very full skirt is flounced in dark red tulle. Delightful for the debutante

Courtesy of Jay-Thorpe



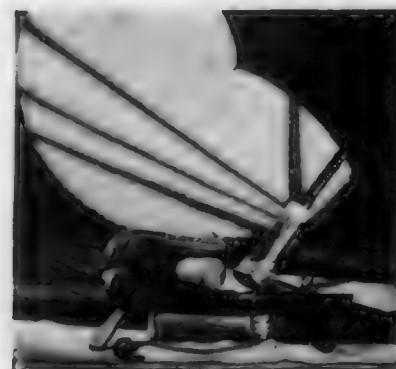
Gabor Eder

Four purses to complement the ensemble. At the upper left is one of patent leather with a bow-knot appliquéd in contrasting leather. At its right, is one in bright green Java lizard. The center model is watersnake trimmed with kid and shows the new double handle. Below is one of pigskin. The gloves are suede slip-ons

Courtesy of Lord and Taylor



Fab Studios



Gabor Eder

A group of smart new umbrellas. The extended model has a modernistic handle of watersnake and sycamore wood. The parrot handle is of wood and shark skin. The umbrella below has a handle of white pyralin. Next to that is one in egg-shell lacquer and the last is in Java lizard trimmed with the new pyralin

Courtesy of Lord and Taylor

Paris Flowers

By

**DORA LOUES
MILLER**

SPRING is here! Not a promise nor a hope, but actually here! I haven't forgotten how enticing spring can be, whether it is the first soft green leaves in Madison Square or the first soft breeze off Lake Michigan or just the smell of spring in my home town in Iowa. But spring in Paris is just a little different.

The wide French windows open out on to a little balcony. The boulevard is just a flower garden, with its double line of chestnut trees whose great plumes of blossoms nod jauntily to you as they swing in the breeze, and send their odor in great waves through the open window like municipal perfume bearers. "It is spring. Let's be gay! We must be beautiful!" they seem to say. And who can resist? Especially when there are so many little, attractive, inexpensive ways to make ourselves beautiful these days.

LET me tell you about a dozen of the little things that have bobbed up under my very nose this last week—ways of freshening last year's little old suit and of giving that individual touch of gaiety and smartness to the fairly ordinary things you may have bought or have left over—things that are too good not to be used, but that somehow don't have a jot of the "joie de vivre" that is everybody's right on these glorious spring days.



Every fashion hint here shown could be made for little cost by any clever needlewoman. By making suspenders of tweed you can dress up last year's suit



White silk pique fashions collar and cuffs that look demure but which are very ultra



The new apron scarf as it is made and as it is worn. This particular set is of green, black and white with a matching hat



Ensemble of cream color shantung, featuring the flared tunic with matching rays on the blouse. The bright bow emphasizes the colors of the linen coat

Leave the bow off the shantung dress, make it into an ensemble by the addition of a plain shantung coat and you have a new outfit without expense or any trouble



I am sure a pot of bright red tulips was the inspiration for the cunning little taffeta coat that I discovered in one of the big couturière's this week. This particular shop is located in one of the historic old "hotels"—the fine old private mansions—that still border the Champs Elysées. And they are truly Elysian fields, these days.

I discovered these tulips in the directrice's office, as I stopped by to ask her about the news inspiration she had for me to send on to the thousands of SMART SET girls in America. She pushed a button, gave an order and in came a mannequin. The girl was wearing a plain navy blue crêpe de chine dress with a little white collar and cuffs. Over it was this simply too delectable coat of navy taffeta, gaily flowered with the tulips themselves.

I can't tell you how smart and fresh and spic and span and full of gayness it was. The directrice laughed softly as she watched my eyes open with delight, and then looked from the mannequin to the tulips. "Oui, vous avez raison, mademoiselle. C'est gai, n'est-ce pas?" And how right she was! It was gay. She went on to explain that she thought women who worked in drab uniforms lost the best of life, instead of bringing it into their work as she believed they should.

"You see, it is decidedly practical too," she said. "The taffeta is crisp and fresh. It doesn't soil; the dust shakes off and it is always gay."

She told me that she was making a whole series of these little coats—taffetas to wear over the crêpes and flowered chintzes to wear over cotton

into Furbelows

Describing Those Tiny Touches That Epitomize French Smartness



The smart girl will be distinguished this summer by the number of bows she wears. These of yellow handkerchief linen highlight a gray flat crepe gown



Paris likes the "new lingerie" touches such as this collar and cuff set of white faille and organdy



Here's an inexpensive tip for summer smartness, a coat of crisp, black taffeta fastened with little bow ties



Dress made entirely of handanna handkerchiefs. Three of white, black and yellow make the skirt, one the blouse, one the sleeves. The only extra is a vest

and satin that are so popular this year. The coat this mannequin wore was a straight box coat with a straight band collar and never a suggestion of a fastening or lining. Others use the material of the dress for the coat and the flowered taffeta or chintz for the lining. This keeps the very sober outside and makes the gayness a surprise with which the wind may gladden the passerby.

Some of these coats have just straight sleeves, while others have the sleeve slit halfway to the elbow on the outside, giving a glimpse of the dress sleeve underneath.

BOTH dress sleeves and coat sleeves have all sorts of cunning new little ideas that are different. For example Jeanne Lanvin has added bright colored silk ribbons or folds in horizontal bands on street and afternoon frocks and on coats of beige or black, navy blue or dark green. And what a change these ribbons make! If you like they can just be basted on and you can change them with your mood, letting them tell the world just how you feel each day. Of course you want a touch of the same color at the neckline, either in ribbons or in a scarf.

Lanvin shows another idea which you can well adopt in a frock of black crêpe romain with long, tight sleeves. From the

outer edge of these sleeves floats little pennant-shaped pieces of blue and rose colored silk, the same colors ingeniously combined to form a tie and collar at the neckline.

Another notion from this house is a puff of a different material which is set in at the elbow on sleeves of both frocks and coats. It is cunning on a new frock—but, oh, how useful on an old one! Or don't you stick your elbows through? That idea is going to be the salvation of one of my dearest dresses about which I thought there simply was nothing to do.

PATOU has a new notion for a scarf that is different and attractive. He doesn't give it a name, but I call it the "apron," for that is what it looks like—a tiny apron with rather wide, long strings. He shows it with a dark blue frock and it is of three colors, the dark blue foundation with red and white patches. The apron is put under your chin and the ties go around the neck and back, scarf fashion. It is smart, gives the throat just a bit of protection, and has a tailored effect that none of the usual scarfs offer. The one I saw at Patou's was

one of those square shapes, like we used to call fudge aprons, but that is a matter of fancy. It would really be too simple to make of most any odd bits of silk you happen to have.

And scarfs can be of almost anything for [Continued on page 88]



Two ways of dressing a frock of summer silk with neck and wrist scarfs of georgette or with white piqué bows and a belt



*Being an Able Stenographer
Is Often*

A Short-Cut To Success

By

HELEN WOODWARD

YESTERDAY I made some purchases at a little shop in a quiet corner of an old city. On the walls were exquisite hangings; the tables gleamed with fine old amber glass, and on a high, mellow mahogany cupboard ticked a soft-voiced clock. I was so impressed by the taste and charm of the establishment that I asked its owner how she happened to open her shop.

"I wanted to learn interior decorating," she said, "but I found that it was impossible to get a position as a beginner. So I studied stenography and got a job as secretary in a decorator's establishment. There I learned the business better than any of the girls who came in especially to study it."

I nodded, as satisfied as a cat with cream, because she had borne out my favorite theory about women in business. I have always believed that the way for a woman to learn any given business is to get a position as a stenographer. Over and over again I have seen this method succeed.

There are many desirable professions today which well-to-do girls are willing to enter for small pay in order to learn the business, but stenography is not one of them. The good stenographer has little competition and almost a certainty of a job. The world, alas, is full of poor stenographers whose failure to get anywhere has frightened competent women away from the work. But the good stenographer has an almost clear field. Naturally then, you ask—what is a good stenographer?

I COULD write you pages full about what I think makes a good stenographer, but the fact is that I don't know. A little education, a sense of words, interest in the boss's business—all these things go a long way. Still, I've about decided that the things that make a good stenographer—like the sugar and spice and everything nice that used to make a lovely young lady—are common sense, a kind disposition and knowing how to spell.

But perhaps what you really want to know is what appeals to the boss—what the boss is looking for in a stenographer. I can't tell you about all employers, but I've been one for many years and I'll tell you about what I've seen in my own stenographers, and then if you can draw any conclusions from that, so much the better.

In a book I wrote, I told about one girl who worked for me a little while many years ago. She was offered a better job, and I wanted to help her get it, but while she was very bright, she was always untidy. I thought I had to talk to her about that, so

that she could get the new job, but I didn't know how I could go about the thing without offending her. I spoke to her as tactfully as I could and she made herself neat and tidy. She got the better job but she never forgave me. I can't blame her. Anyway, this girl, without education and with very bad manners, was so quick and had so much ice cold ability that she did her job well.

Later I lived abroad for a while and I had a secretary there who became my friend. She was a tall thin woman with fine, tragic gray eyes. Born in Indiana, she had gone to the University of Illinois and later moved to New York. Somehow she grew unhappy in this country. She ceased to feel at home here. The ideals of success all around her were not hers. She may have had an unhappy love affair, I don't know.

ANYWAY, twelve years ago she went to Europe and set out to make her living there as a stenographer. She makes about fifty dollars a week, which is a tremendous lot of money over there, where so many American girls of education are willing to work for almost nothing just to see Europe. But she is an incredibly fine stenographer, the swiftest, the best informed, the most understanding I have ever seen. Perfectly straightforward, she still has an intuitive capacity for making herself unfelt when you are dictating to her. She speaks and writes fluently, German and French and Russian and Spanish and Italian. She is well read in several languages.

One of her pastimes is to soak herself in tragedy. She adores tragic books. She loves plays that make you weep, and a sad movie she cannot resist. Next to that she finds her great delight in concerts and exhibitions of fine paintings. But somewhere in this list I must fit in her joy in outdoor French cafés. When she is in Paris she is always to be found at ten o'clock in the morning, having her coffee and rolls in front of a famous café on the Left Bank. Also there she goes for her aperitif after the day's work.

With the culture and knowledge that might make her a great social leader, a writer or a critic, she prefers to be a perfect stenographer and live in Nice in comfort. It's the European idea she has adopted rather than the American: that is, to do what you do very well, and with dignity.

Many great writers and musicians are her friends. Sinclair Lewis and Senator LaFollette could tell you how able she is. I have known her to work all night to get a job finished, but if she feels in the mood—and she does about every other week—

she does not turn up for work at all. Being a genius as a stenographer she has the privileges of genius, and as those she works for, writers, financiers, and politicians, are often people of irregular habits, that all works out as it should. But remember she is a marvelous stenographer. She is not only swift and accurate, but she always knows what she is writing about.

LAST winter I had another secretary who was accurate and lightning quick—I talk very fast and it is hard on the girl who is taking the dictation—but I don't think she cared much about what she was doing. What she cared about was having babies.

When I engaged her she gave me a reference. But I never look up references, as I think them all bosh. The weakest and most dishonest person is apt to have the best references. But hers happened to be from a famous novelist, a woman I knew very well, and in talking to her one day I asked her about this girl.

"Oh," said the novelist, "she's fine, the best ever."

"Then why aren't you having her any more?" I asked.

"It's she who quit me," she answered, smiling. "She was working right along for me, and one bright day she didn't come; instead her husband called up and said, 'My wife can't come to work today. She's just had a baby.'"

"But didn't you know?"

"I give you my word, not a sign."

Well that young woman worked for me all winter and she worked very well, and she isn't working for me any more because I had to get some one who would work full time.

Now this girl loves being a mother. She's poor and the only way she can afford the luxury of having children is to work as a stenographer half of each day. And she is so good that she has plenty of work. Not so well educated as the European girl, she has made herself a first class technician.

IN contrast to her is another girl, for whom I had a great fondness. Neither well trained nor careful, she was a good stenographer by sheer strength of intelligence, and by virtue of a great feeling for words. She could write an excellent letter; indeed, if she had had the desire she might have written something more important. Her ability was intuitive and imaginative, rather than technical. Later she became one of my advertising copywriters and a good one. Then she married and had a baby. And now she is dissatisfied—or rather she is satisfied but thinks she ought not to be. She thinks she ought to find the home and baby insufficient, that she ought to want a career, that it's

a sign of weakness to prefer fussing over one baby and one home rather than writing ads for a million people. And she has even been known to make her devoted husband feel guilty about keeping her at home. Now, as she has a servant and much more money than the other girl I told you about, she could easily go out and work if she really wanted to. She doesn't.

About ten years ago I had a stenographer who has remained a permanent reproach to me. It has always been my boast that I took the smallest trace of talent in those who worked for me and developed it into something worth while, or at least pointed out the way in which a girl could develop herself. But this girl worked for me for six months without causing me to suspect that she had any hidden talent. Indeed, I did not notice anything at all about her capacities except that she was a poor stenographer.

I was then hiring young people and training them to be advertising copywriters—it was hard to find good ones—and that stenographer, who spent an hour or two each day at my desk, was a good copywriter in embryo, and I never found it out.

She left me for a large advertising agency, where she took five dollars a week less pay on condition that she be allowed to write some copy. Since she was untrained, they gave her only

hack writing to do and one day in the course of doing her unimportant work, she wrote an advertisement about a publisher's remnant of a book on etiquette. To the astonishment of the publisher and the advertising agency for which she worked, answers came pouring in. Mountains of answers. They had to print a new edition of the etiquette book. More advertisements were run. And another edition was printed. And so on.

Now you read the story of that girl's life in the success magazines. She makes twenty thousand dollars a year and I think we paid her thirty dollars a week.

SO you see, I've had good stenographers who were university graduates, and good stenographers who had only a year at high school. I've had good stenographers who had husbands and babies and others who danced so late the night before that the rouge wouldn't take in the morning. I've had a good stenographer whose father was an Italian Catholic and whose mother was an Irish Protestant, and I've had a good one who was a theosophist, but all the good ones had this in common—they were good-natured.

A girl has to be patient with the boss. He is often silly and childish, and then you have to be as patient as though you were his mother, and he's often irritable, in which case you've got to keep your temper, but take no nonsense.

Anyway, good nature, with a touch of temper for emergencies, a liking for words, a knowledge of how to spell them—and there you have a good stenographer, and a pretty nice person who won't remain a stenographer long.

And I want to repeat once again, for I cannot say it often enough, that the simplest, shortest way to a bigger and better position for a woman is stenography. [Continued on page 136]

Drawing by
Hubert Jean Mathieu



Paint and Powder

A Young Man Sees in Them the Mystery of Choice

DID you ever interrupt an invective against the rouge-pot and the marcel iron to ask by what means the venerable speaker attracted beaux back in the nineties? She might not confess to a dampened red ribbon scrubbed on her cheeks "innocent of paint" or to nights of agony spent tossing about on little lumps of curl papers with sugared water dripping down her forehead. Today there isn't time for gathering rose leaves to make cold cream and no necessity for dying of lead poisoning like Lady Hamilton. The cleverest chemists are employed in purifying and harmonizing powders and rouges, soaps and creams, for the express purpose of making safe the correction of nature's shortcomings.

The moralists who still shout, though somewhat feebly, that facial embellishment is the mark of a questionable woman, that it is a shameful waste of money that might be used to convert the Chinese to Christianity, radio and world wars, that it is unnatural and sinful, have perhaps forgotten that, with prosperity and power, comes art, the desire for beauty, the taste for the decorative. More pretty girls and prettier, until all America becomes like Hollywood where Venus shows you your seat in the theater and Salome checks your hat and coat.

ALL women can't be classic beauties, but almost any young woman can be pleasant to the eye. The competition is heavy and in the open. Man is vain of his accomplishments, he has never apologized for the fact that he is strong or clever, that he has made a fortune or invented a good mouse-trap. If a girl is a better facial draughtsman than her neighbor, why shouldn't the world make a beaten path to her door?

Rouge means that women want to choose their man—not take what lives in the next house. Paint and powder do not prove the sensuality of an era—rather on the contrary, they are a refinement, a choice element of the stark sex-factor. If we like veils, better a rosy one than a black! Why not bright cheeks and vari-colored clothes as a sign that the women are as vital and vivid as the billboards, the beach parasols, the one hundred story buildings, the gasoline stations and the prosperous skies. Paleness today is just as iconoclastic as rouge was twenty years ago—let us be grateful for the mascaro and red paste which keeps young girls and old ladies in tune with their atmosphere.

Almost all the superfluous wealth of America goes into display. If this is decadence, make the most of it—but I should think the sign of decadence would be surfeit, and not a lust for more and more—more of those delicate luxuries that account



Courtesy of Charles Scribner & Sons

By **F. SCOTT
FITZGERALD**

When he was still a student at Princeton, this author broke into the big time with his brilliant stories of America's younger set. His first novel, "This Side of Paradise," blazed a new literary trail—and created a new type of heroine. Since then he has justified the promise of his young genius—and has produced more and finer work each year. Also he is married, lives much of the time abroad, and knows more about women than they do about themselves!

for twenty billion dollars a year of the wealth of the United States, more doo-dads, jim-cracks, fads, fashions, fooleries and fripperies, the making of which keeps thousands of workers in Fords and radios—more of those things that must make up to Americans by tinsel brightness for the Louvre, the family homestead and the outdoor restaurant—for the poppies of France, for the poplars of Lombardi and the pink lights of Paris.

IF OUR young women were to give up decorating themselves, we would have real cause to worry over the future of this country! We might then have some reason to speculate on decadence, for when women cease wanting to please there usually comes a withering of the spirit. Look back over the pages of history and see how the loveliness of women has always spurred men—and nations—on to great achievement! Perhaps at times the achievement has been misguided, perhaps eyes have been blinded by too much beauty. But the desire to do tremendous things, whether that desire be misguided or not, stands, after all, for progress.

Helen of Troy started a war because of her feminine charm and, though nations were torn, she made history. . . . Marie Antoinette went to extremes in the matter of extravagance and self-decoration, and lost her head because of it. But across the years she stands for an example of daintiness and luxury and pretty things, whereas many a plain woman, who died in her bed at the

age of eighty, is quite forgotten.

Try to think of some woman who was without charm—some woman who made a place for herself in world history! There have been women who were not pretty, who have swayed hearts and empires, but these women undoubtedly tried to embellish their plainness with whatever means came to hand. They did not disdain that thing for which paint and powder stands. They wanted to choose their destinies—to be successful competitors in the great game of life.

This country needs its quota of beauty, and if we cannot get it from our young women, where will we find it?

AND so if our women gave up decorating themselves we would have time to turn sad eyes on the bleak telegraph wires, the office buildings, like homes of trained fleas, the barren desolateness of city streets at dusk, and realize too late that almost the only beauty in this busy, careless land, whose every acre is littered with the waste of day before yesterday, is the gorgeous, radiant beauty of its girls.



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

A Word of Advice

When playing strip poker
Don't take any chance—
Find out just what counts,
And find out in advance!

Do shoes count, and bracelets,
And garters and such?
Because if they don't,
You can't lose very much!

*Many a Lonely Woman
Heart Has Enshrined
The Image of—*

The Unknown

SHE was only a little, old-fashioned lady who'd been sewing for hours on her Sunday-best dress that was mourning black except for the star of shining gold pinned to its scant, ruching-necked bosom.

Aunt Mary—as all the tiny Virginia village called her, although she had no kin left in Berryville or elsewhere—was all tuckered out. Still, she kept on sewing. If the dress wasn't fixed she couldn't go away on the midnight train to Washington. And, she wouldn't be able to stand on Pennsylvania Avenue in the morning and see what she had promised herself to see upon that second Armistice Day after the war.

So Aunt Mary just had to finish basting the hem, just had to make one more little gather in the waist. She didn't own another dress good enough to wear to Washington, where tomorrow the nation was to exalt an unknown soldier who had given his life for his country.

Shadows, drifting out of the Blue Ridge foothills, invaded the humble room and dimmed her already spent sight. The job seemed almost hopeless. Of course, she could call in one of the neighbors. They were always glad to help. But Aunt Mary didn't want to do that, for she was a mite afraid of being asked what was taking her off to Washington.

Naturally there was a reason. It was something that had come to her heart a few days ago and truth to tell, she wanted to share with all of Berryville the going-away secret that burned in her breast, but, Aunt Mary didn't dare. Maybe the neighbors wouldn't understand.

THERE is no saying how much longer Aunt Mary might have tried to thread the heartless needle if a voice had not drifted in from the golden dusk outside her window. It was a little girl voice, tenderly musical.

"Aunt Mary—Aunt Mary——" called the voice.

"Yes, Susie Lee. I'm coming."

A staccato echo seemed to stalk the little old lady's steps as she went to the door. But she really walked too gently for that. No, the echo was from outside.

"Hep—hep—shoot that niggah if he don't keep step—hep—hep——" it said, boyishly sharp.

"Land sakes! Whatever can be going on?" asked Aunt Mary, opening the door.

"Hep—hep—shoot that niggah if he don't keep step—hep—hep——" came the answer from the street where four boys in scout uniforms were drilling with broomsticks for guns.

"They heard you're going to Washington so they've come to show off how they're goin' to march in the A'mistice parade termorrow, Aunt Mary," whispered Susie Lee Smith.

The marchers passed through Aunt Mary's picket gate, each a soldier in miniature. They swept up through the thickening dusk, halting at her steps by command. Aunt Mary found herself

applauding with Susie Lee. She felt her heart beating faster with memories the little marchers had awakened. There was a catch in her voice as she spoke:

"You're—you're just fine!"

"'Course we've only got sticks for guns. If we had real ones we'd be better'n the real sojers in the parade termorrow—real sojers like your Bill was, Aunt Mary," interrupted freckled-faced Jimmie Hampton, the play captain.

Aunt Mary wavered on her feet like a thin black and white flame caught in the wind. Jimmie had called her boy's name!

"Of course you would," she answered bravely, but something about her voice made Susie Lee Smith feel like crying.

"Did y'ever see Bill march, Aunt Mary?" insisted Jimmie, while his tiny companions stood looking at the little old lady.

No, Aunt Mary had never seen him march. She had only seen him once in his country's beautiful uniform. That was the time he had come home to say good-by. Then he had gone off, kissing her in his big rough way, saying something about coming back as soon as they'd licked the Germans. There'd been letters up until the last one from a place called Chateau Thierry—the only French place Aunt Mary had ever been able to remember. But, Aunt Mary couldn't tell Jimmie and his broomstick soldiers all of this. She could only shake her head



Soldier

By T. HOWARD

KELLY

for an answer, because her throat felt all choked up inside.

"But, he marched didn't he, Aunt Mary?"

Again Aunt Mary nodded her answer. A strange smile was torturing her lips as she turned to Susie Lee:

"Make them drill again. Susie Lee—please," she pleaded. "They do it so well I like to watch them."

AS their shadows faded, and their voices grew fainter, Susie Lee felt Aunt Mary's hand gripping her own tighter and tighter. Somehow she knew Aunt Mary was crying.

"They're only little boys, Aunt Mary. They didn't know any better'n to say such things," began the loyal child.

"Of course, Susie Lee," her thin lips murmured. "Now come inside. I want you to thread a needle for me."

Aunt Mary had suddenly decided that Susie Lee Smith would ask no questions about the trip to Washington, would make no effort to pry into a secret dream of an old woman's heart.

IT was only eight o'clock. But Aunt Mary was already sitting in the little Berryville railroad station. She could not afford to miss the train that would rumble out of the Blue Ridge at twelve. An old-time satchel, and a bunch of red and white roses were on the bench beside her.

Edward Smith, the skinny station agent, was ready to leave for the night. He had filed his last dispatch. There were no more trains due in the Berryville block until the midnight accommodation express came in and went out after a brief panting respite. But Smith seemed loath to go.

The railroad rules were that he should lock up the station at eight o'clock, but if he carried out this rule Aunt Mary would have to be disturbed. And she seemed so comfortable there on the bench between her old-time satchel and her roses.

Suddenly an idea came to Smith. He would lock the station with Aunt Mary inside. Or rather, he would let her lock it again upon leaving, and hide the key in a safe place where he would find it in the morning. As to the light, Aunt Mary could put that out too when her train came in.

Even after Edward Smith heard Aunt Mary turn the key in the station door he did not go away immediately. Instead, he loitered near a window, curious to learn what the little old lady would do next. Perhaps he was afraid she might fall asleep, and miss her train. He saw her fetch spectacles out of the shabby handbag. Then came a long piece of paper—a newspaper clipping. He watched her lips move. But, either he was too far away, or else Aunt Mary's exclamations were too soft, because he heard no sound from her.

Aunt Mary was reading a story that she had read at least one hundred times in the past week—the story of how they had chosen the Unknown Soldier in France. The station's kerosene lamp flickered and flared in what little wind seeped through the half-closed windows, but the printed words she almost knew by heart. She heard them echoing through her soul—then the paper fluttered from her fingers.

"They're showin' you how they'll march in the Armistice Day parade," whispered the child



Illustrations by
Robb Beebe

Aunt Mary's eyes were swimming with tears. Her lips were making little inarticulate noises. Something seemed to be exalting her, but at the same time there was a knife in her heart.

The station clock ticked away the seconds and the minutes. It had measured an hour when Aunt Mary's eyes fluttered down to the shadowed floor, and her chin sank into the ruching of her Sunday-go-to-meeting dress just above the star of bright gold, gleaming over her heart.

SOMEHOW the belief that Aunt Mary would fall asleep and miss her train had haunted Edward Smith in his sleep. It was a quarter to twelve when he came back to the station, which was in darkness. He peered through a window, half afraid to make a sound lest he startle Aunt Mary who had gone to sleep in the dark after the lamp flickered out.

Smith called her name softly at the window. Then he struck a match so that its spurt of yellow flame might lift some of the shadows that imprisoned the little old lady. He saw her get up from the bench like a flustered wraith, saw her look around uncomprehendingly as a person does who wakes in the half dark from dreams.

"Open the door, Aunt Mary. The key's in the latch. Your train's almost here," he said.

Smith felt her arm trembling as he helped her up the grimy steps of a day coach and saw her to a seat in the lighted car. Before jumping off he said to the conductor, "There is a little old lady back there in the car with a gold star mother's badge on. Go on to Washington. Keep an eye out, Bill."

AUNT MARY couldn't get comfortable for a long time. But, at last, she managed to stay in one position long enough for the motion of the train to rock her asleep. She didn't even awaken when it jolted into the Harper's Ferry station an hour later. Consequently she was unaware of the glances bestowed upon her by a tall clean-cut young man who came aboard at this point. Nor did she know that this same young man, who had kindly blue eyes, asked the conductor how long she had been riding in the cramped, uncomfortable position she had assumed for sleeping.

"She got on at Berryville, sir," said the conductor noting that the young man's ticket called for the drawing-room in the only Pullman car his train boasted.

"I wish you would wake her up, Captain, and take her to my reservation. I can't see a gold-star mother riding to Washington all night like she's doing. I've slept on harder things in France than a day coach seat," he smiled.

At first Aunt Mary didn't seem to understand the conductor's words. But, at last, light came to her. The conductor was offering her a better place to sleep. She went with him, her eyes resting for a few seconds on the young man in the seat across the aisle. The young man smiled ever so kindly at the little old lady, just as if he knew her. And Aunt Mary, because she was used to having everybody know her, and because the young man seemed so nice, smiled back at him and said good night.

THE terminal teemed with people—teemed with trains. Aunt Mary's quiet little soul was awed by it all. Her heart began beating far too fast. Many who hurried past, accidentally brushing her, turned and mumbled apologies. Upon seeing her gold star some seemed to want to do more than apologize.

But Aunt Mary, her faded blue eyes fluttering frightenedly over the amazing scene gave the erroneous impression that she was waiting for some particular person whom she sought in the crowd. And so the station crowd kept eddying and swirling about her, until surely panic would have assailed her if one person had not seen and understood.

When Aunt Mary found herself looking up into the kindly blue eyes of the young man to whom she had said good night in the day coach, all symptoms of panic died down. Somehow, Aunt Mary knew that she was being rescued and she was glad that her rescuer was the tall blue-eyed young man who must be about the age her Bill would have been, had he come marching home.

"Are you waiting for some one, Ma'am?" he asked.

Aunt Mary warmed at the sound of his voice. Her own was lost in the maelstrom of sounds that hammered at her ears. But, the tall young man seemed to understand what she

was trying to tell him—that she was not expecting any one, and that she was not sure just where she wanted to go—except that she had come to the Capital to see them bear the Unknown Hero to his last resting place in Arlington.

When the young man led her carefully through the station's vast spaces, Aunt Mary asked no questions. She trusted the young man with the surety of intuition.

A man, wearing some sort of unfamiliar uniform, intercepted their progress before they reached the street. Aunt Mary, guided gently by her rescuer's hand, found herself outside the building, and in an automobile such as Berryville had never laid eyes upon. She was beginning to be puzzled and bewildered and the young man's eyes must have read what was going on in her mind, for he said:

"I'm going to be sure that you see the ceremony this morning. But, first of all, I'll take you to our home in Arlington where you must have some breakfast. Then we'll drive back and see it all," he said.

Aunt Mary's lips murmured her gratitude. Then as the long car swung around in the open street, and her eyes fell upon the Capitol of the country her Bill had died for, she caught the young man's hand impulsively, exclaiming softly like one enraptured:

"Oh! Isn't it beautiful! I never knew anything could be so beautiful."

For an answer the young man patted her hand, nodding his head as if he agreed wholeheartedly with her words.

Suddenly it occurred to the little old lady that she should know her benefactor's name, and that he should know what to call her.

Very simply he told her that he was Tom Winslow.

"Tom," she mused, "that was my husband's name. We had called our boy that, too. But, somehow—" here the young man was certain that Aunt Mary's voice faltered a little—"but, somehow he got to be Bill. Guess it was because folks were always mixing up the two Toms."

The Tom at her side knew, of course, that the boy who had become Bill was the reason for her gold star.

Apparently, being in Washington, at last, gave her the courage to speak of Bill aloud. For long before the grand car crossed a shimmering river, and sped along a road that wound like a white ribbon through autumnal woods, Aunt Mary told of the last letter that had come to her from Chateau-Thierry in Bill's handwriting, of the telegram from the government that informed her of his sacrifice, regretting that her son's place of burial was unknown.

It was when she bravely gave this information and then paused as if everything had been told that Aunt Mary nearly gave away her secret.

"Surely," whispered a voice inside Aunt Mary's heart, "Tom would understand her secret. Perhaps he had been at that place called Chateau Thierry, too! Of course he would understand. Still, it might be best after all to keep it to herself. And so she kept her secret for the time being and asked Tom Winslow if he thought they would let her put her roses on the Unknown's grave.

"I'm—I'm sure they would," was all he seemed able to say.

JUST before they flashed through a white-pillared gateway Tom pointed to a hill crowned with statuary. Up there, he explained, was Arlington Cemetery where the Unknown would sleep forever. Aunt Mary's faded blue eyes became lustrous with the wistful lights peering out of them. They traveled up the slope and dwelled upon its marbled crest as if she saw a vision there.

The next moment she was being helped from the car, and escorted up the wide steps of a place that rose before her like a white palace. She might have been flabbergasted by the beauty of the young woman who met her on the veranda if the young woman had not put a graceful arm around her waist, calling her Aunt Mary as soon as they had been introduced.

ALTHOUGH she was dazed by everything, the little old lady enjoyed her breakfast, and the coffee certainly helped. Shortly afterwards she was guided back into the grand car, and placed between Tom and his beautiful wife. As they shot down the road Aunt Mary tried to catch another glimpse of that marble crested slope. But she managed only a blurred impression of what her eyes sought so yearningly.

Again they spanned the river which was no longer shimmering, because clouds veiled the November sun. Again they hurried through wide streets that were reverentially quieter than they had been only an hour ago. Nor did they come to a stop until, after maneuvering through what seemed an endless stream of automobiles and people, they were ushered into the only open space Aunt Mary's bewildered eyes saw on all of crowded Pennsylvania Avenue.

She was sitting there in the back of the grand-automobile, holding the gorgeous bouquet of roses that Tom's wife had given her in place of the withered Berryville flowers, when the first strains of Chopin's Funeral March heralded the coming of the Hero Dead.

When the music was less than a block away it died down, and there was in its sublime stead only the measured cadence of drums that beat for the dead.

Beneath her gold star, and her Sunday-go-to-meeting dress of black, the little old lady's heart took up the muffled tattoo of those drums. And when horses, and their uniformed riders, tramped into her line of vision, Aunt Mary found herself on unsteady feet.

General Banholtz and his solemn staff passed. Then the drum corps beating the funeral rhythm. The muted army band from Washington Barracks next. Aunt Mary's eyes fluttered over the composite foot regiment of infantry, blue jackets, marines, and national guardsmen that followed.

At the sight of six black horses who seemed to sense what they were doing, her breath became a lump that constricted her quivering throat. A strength that was false invested her fingers, and she gripped her bouquet of roses in a desperate effort to calm herself. Through the tears scalding her eyes she beheld the marching men, medals gleaming on their chests, who half hid the object she was straining to see.

IT WAS a simple artillery caisson, the hearse of the Soldier Dead. At last it came abreast, drawn by the horses who seemed to know. Aunt Mary's gaze traveled straight and true beyond the medal-of-honor body bearers, and came to rest upon a coffin draped with the most beautiful flag in the world—the flag Bill had died for.

Suddenly the bouquet of roses dropped from her hands. Aunt Mary leaned forward, her body tautening. A beatific expression lighted her wan face, restraining Tom Winslow and his wife from any gesture they might have otherwise made. They sat spellbound as Aunt Mary stretched her arms toward the rumbling caisson.

But when she tottered backward, Tom Winslow did not sit still. He reached out and caught the little old lady in gentle arms.

Aunt Mary did not see the President of her country, and General Pershing following that caisson afoot on its way to

Arlington. Nor did she behold other dignitaries of the land she loved, and of far countries in the procession. Nor yet, did she see a pale drawn man—Woodrow Wilson—riding along in the only horse-drawn vehicle that bore a living man.

Aunt Mary had fainted and when she regained consciousness she was in a room whose luxury seemed enchanted by the golden glow of dusk. She stirred uneasily in the great yielding bed, her eyes and mind bewildered.

Her roving glances fell upon a bowl that overflowed with flaming roses. Then it all came back to her.

She lay back quietly against her snowy pillows, trying to relive the most beautiful moment of her life—the moment that had filled her eyes with a vision of the Unknown passing before his people to the shrine they had built for him.

A COLORED maid came in shortly and interrupted Aunt Mary's thoughts. She said Mr. and Mrs. Winslow had gone out for the evening. The girl suggested supper. But Aunt Mary wasn't a bit hungry. She would wait awhile.

When the maid left, Aunt Mary trembled out of bed. Here was the chance to fulfill a beautiful promise made to herself back in Berryville a few days ago. Arlington was only a little way down the white road. She would slip down there with the beautiful, flaming roses.

AT LAST she was ready. Tiptoeing, the little old lady made her way downstairs with the bouquet of roses. There was no one in sight. She slipped out of the massive front door, ventured down the steps, and faded into the purpling mist of twilight.

All that she was sure of was the general direction. It is quite possible Aunt Mary would never have found the place if a man had not loomed out of the shadows behind her and escorted her part way up a little unused path.

"It's the high building right ahead," he said, lowering his voice instinctively. "You'll find it fenced in, and guarded by soldiers, ma'am. Really, you ought to come back in the morning when it's open to the public." He finished and glanced from the bouquet of roses to her gold star.

But she only shook her head, a strange sort of smile played around the drawn corners of her lips. She could not let another night keep her dream from coming true!

IF IT had been daylight then, and you had been there, you would have known what Aunt Mary was doing in the vast cathedral silences of Arlington. For the exaltation of her soul, and the pain in her mother's heart, were written on her face.

The sentry standing guard for a Republic over its Hallowed Sleeper, saw Aunt Mary trespassing on the consecrated ground. His duty was clear-cut. Orders were to allow no one except the guard relief to pass his post. [Continued on page 112]

For Decoration Day

By Elizabeth Chisholm

Across the years they tell the selfsame story,
The boys who gave their youth so gallantly,
Who laughed—and blazed a path of deathless glory—
Who linger still in lands beyond the sea!
Across the years they come to us, to tell us
A message made of courage and of pain—
"This little death," they murmur, "which befell us—
So long as peace shall last—was not in vain!"

The Unknown Soldier? Every heart grown tired
With waiting for a long delayed return,
Will reach towards him! Imaginations fired
By some lost love will catch a spark, and burn
With an undying flame, for he will seem
The blessed image of each woman's dream!



The Intimate Diary

France with Its Lure of Perfumes and Modistes and Jewels. Rome with its Ro- nance. Then a Return to New York—and a New Divorce!

I RAN away from home the day I was fifteen years old because I wanted to be a great actress. I began my diary that day. On the train I met the handsomest man I ever saw and he asked me to marry him so I did, but the next day I ran away.

My mother and Granny had the marriage annulled and sent me to a fashionable boarding school in Washington. I hated school but one night at a dance I met a millionaire. He asked me to marry him and so I became Mrs. Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins. I loved Sherby and we had wonderful times in Washington because he was very prominent socially.

But people began to talk about Sherby and a Miss — and it made me so unhappy I ran away to New York. I thought of course I would go on the stage. Mr. Ziegfeld said, "You certainly are a knock out, Mrs. Hopkins," and made me a star as "Miss 1018" in the Follies. Then Lee Shubert wanted me to star in some of his plays and it was while playing in one of them in Chicago that I met Stanley Joyce.

He had lots of money and he wanted me to marry him, but of course I said I couldn't because I was still Sherby's wife. But he said, "I will get you a divorce," so I said all right. After we were married he bought me a most wonderful estate in Florida. I was very happy. Then Stanley wanted to buy a yacht, but I said I didn't like yachts because they made me seasick, but that he could buy a pearl necklace for me with the \$350,000. Stan didn't want to at first but I patted his cheek and finally he gave in and sent to New York for a jeweler. I'm going to build a marble swimming pool in place of the dock for a yacht.

TUESDAY. The swimming pool is nearly finished and it is a pity the season is nearly over because it is going to be the loveliest pool in the South. James D— was over to see the work the other day and he said it would be perfect. I told him that Stanley had really meant to build a dock where the pool is, but as he had bought me a pearl necklace instead of buying a yacht what was the use of a dock? Besides it is very

smart to have a swimming pool. I am having orchids grafted on the trees around the pool; they will be very lovely.

I have been to that place near the Alligator Farm and have bought ten more monkeys, and the monkeys will play in the trees only I hope they will not hurt the orchids. The monkeys smell a little bit of course but really one can't have everything and they are so cute. Everybody thinks the monkeys are cute, except David, Stanley's brother, and

he laughed and said "Why don't you get some alligators and put them in the pool?" He is so silly sometimes.

SATURDAY. Stanley was down to the pool with me and he looked at the orchids and said, "Gee, they smell awful." But he was talking about the monkeys and only really in fun. "Let's invite Bryan to the opening," he said.

The pool was going to cost \$50,000 but the bill will be \$80,000 because the marble is so expensive.

I have also bought a lot of white leghorn chickens because eggs are so expensive and anyway they are the smartest kind of chickens, everybody has them.

SUNDAY. Stanley and I have had the most terrible fight, really it is our first big argument and of course it was because he is so jealous. I cannot understand why men get so jealous but I suppose a girl would not like her husband never to be jealous.

We were at the beach and I was wearing a new bathing dress and robe and every one was admiring me and suddenly a society photographer came up and asked me to pose. Well, it was a compliment of course and every one else was posing, that is all the beautiful women were, so I said I would, and while I was posing Stanley came up and knocked the camera down and pushed the photographer in the water.

"You are making an exhibition of yourself," he said to me.

"Well, what do you think you are doing?" I asked.

I was terribly mad because every one had seen Stan push the poor man in the water and it was terrible just as I am beginning to get in Society and everything.

Well, I wish you could have heard what I told



Ewing Galloway

Peggy called Deauville—with its vivid beach—the most fascinating place she had ever seen but her third marriage went to pieces there

of Peggy Joyce

Stanley when we got home, he will not do it again in a hurry. I am positive Mrs. D—— saw him hit the photographer. I wonder what she will think?

So I told Stanley that as he could not behave I had decided to leave him and go to New York, and he was terribly sorry and apologetic and said he was sorry and if I wanted to go to New York he would take me there but for Heavens sake I must not leave him.

Well of course I had not really meant to leave him but now he is not sure of me maybe he will behave better and only be jealous in a proper way.

WEDNESDAY. We are going to Paris!

I am really awfully thrilled. We are leaving here on Monday and going to New York where we will stay a little while so I can get a few fur coats and things I need, and then we will get on the biggest boat we can find and sail for Europe.

Stanley did not want to go to Paris he has been there, but I said every one we knew was going to Paris so of course we must go too.

"But I have to go back to Chicago, what about my business?" said Stanley.

"Well, of course, if you think more of your silly business than you do of me and my happiness why then go to Chicago," I said, "Only do not expect me to come with you, I am going to Paris."

Naturally he would not let me go to Paris alone because of all those Frenchmen, so he says we can go to Paris together and spend a few weeks there.

How can a girl go to Paris with only one pearl necklace, one fur coat and twenty or thirty dresses? It just can't be done! So——

MONDAY. We are in New York at the St. Regis and Stanley is making a rush trip to Chicago to arrange his business so we can go to Paris.

"I will need a few things for the voyage," I told him.

"Well charge them," he said, "but here is a check for \$10,000 in case you need some cash."

Stanley is really very thoughtful sometimes, it is a pity he is so jealous.

WEDNESDAY. I am having a heavenly time buying things. This morning I went in to a well-known jeweler's and thanked them for the necklace which is really perfect and Mr. B—— showed me some more jewels, there was one wonderful diamond necklace and I said I would like to try it so I put it around my neck and really it was wonderful so I bought it. It was \$200,000, which is not much after all as I can always sell it for more in a few years.



Her path was paved with broken hearts and bordered with dreams that failed to come true. For, although people were calling her a remorseless siren, Peggy was tasting some of life's bitterness. At the time of her separation from Stanley Joyce, her blonde head had become the target for a campaign of vilification and scandal

Mr. B—— is a distinguished man and a great jeweler. I wonder how it would feel to be married to a big jeweler like that? I should think it would be wonderful because then a person could wear all the jewels she wanted and they would not cost her anything.

SUNDAY. Stanley is back, he has brought me a diamond wrist-watch and two diamond bracelets, and at first I did not like to tell him about the necklace, but finally I said,

"Stanley, there is a divine diamond necklace that Mr. B—— showed me and it is not very expensive."

"How much did you pay for it?" he said.

"I did not say I had bought it," I answered.

"I know you didn't," he said, "But how much was it?"

"Two hundred thousand," I said, "but Mr. B—— said——"

"That's a lot of money," said Stanley.

So I cried and said well if he didn't love me enough to pay a few dollars for a diamond necklace he could keep his money and I would leave him because that showed we could never be happy together. How can a girl be happy with a husband who denies her everything she wants?

"Peggy I didn't mean it," said Stanley. "You can have the necklace of course, have you been buying anything else?"

"Only a few dresses and

a few coats and things," I said.

"What kind of coats," he asked.

"Well, you cannot expect your wife to go to Paris without a decent coat can you?" I asked him.

"What was it, sable?" he demanded.

"Of course it was sable, at least that one was sable," I said.

"And how much did you pay for that?" he asked.

"I did not pay for it, I charged it," I said. "You see I could not very well help buying the coats because the man where I bought it is S——'s brother-in-law and he has been divine to me."

"Who are his other sisters married to?" said Stanley, but he had to laugh.

"Well" he said, "what did you pay for it?"

"Which one?" I asked.

"My heavens, have you been buying a fur store?" said Stanley.

"Well if a girl can't buy herself a few things when she is going to Paris and married to a millionaire," I said, "what is the use of going to Paris or being married to a millionaire?"

"So finally I told him the sable coat was only \$65,000 and really quite cheap considering, and the chinchilla was a real bargain, only \$30,000 because I bought the chinchilla from Madame F—— and she let me have it cheap because I had

been buying some other things, a few dresses and hats.

It is funny how people think chin-chilla is the most expensive fur when Russian sable is twice as dear; chin-chilla is really only a fur to be worn at night and it is not nearly as durable as sable.

"Say young lady," said Stanley, "Do you know you have only been in New York a week and that you have spent close on a million dollars already?"

"Well you told me to get what I needed and you are a millionaire aren't you?" I retorted.

"Yes but I won't be if you spend a million every week or even every month," said my husband.

So I cried some more and said that it proved he did not really love me because he was always talking about money and really I was not interested in money at all.

"No," he said. "I see you are not."

"I think you are hateful," I said, "and I will never speak to you again."

So then he said he loved me and didn't mean it and he said we are sailing next Saturday on The France, which is one of the biggest ships on the ocean. We are to have the bridal suite.

Stanley is not a bad husband only a little funny about financial matters and he is a dear even if he is jealous.

Illusion? There is more of the newspaper fanfare as Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Joyce leave on this first trip abroad than attends Peggy's every departure.

MONDAY. If ever a person gets thinking men are smarter than God, with their skyscrapers and automobiles and scientific marvels, let her go to sea and she will soon change her mind. If men cannot make a ship steady after all these years they have had to experiment they needn't be so proud.

The sea is terribly rough and I am sick.

Stanley has brought me some champagne and between champagne and aspirin I feel a little better but the stewardess keeps bringing in fruit and sandwiches. I could kill her. All she can say is "we-we." I think French



A simple little sports frock—what cost simplicity?—with the Rue de la Paix written cleverly all over it



is a silly language. Why cannot they talk English like other people? I should think the war would have shown the French how useful English is and the government would have made all Frenchmen learn it.

Stanley told me he could talk French and he does but it doesn't do any good because they can't understand him.

I am sorry I ever came. Stanley isn't a bit sympathetic. I asked him why didn't he go and find the captain and do something instead of standing around like a chump and he only laughed.

"What do you mean, do something?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "you can't tell me the captain has to let the ship rock like this all the time. I should think he could stop it for a minute anyway if he knew his business. I bet an American captain could."

So Stanley said he would go and ask the captain but when he came back it was two hours later and he said he hadn't been able to find the captain but the bartender had told him we would soon be in calmer weather.

TUESDAY. The boat doesn't rock so much but I am still sick because we are in a fog and the fog-horn is just over my head and goes off every two minutes. I don't see why they have to blow it so often especially during the night when people want to sleep.

THURSDAY. We had a masquerade ball last night it was lots of fun and I did not have a masquerade costume so I went as myself in my black lace gown and everybody said I looked wonderful. We had a lot of champagne and I met the captain, he is a solemn little fellow—and doesn't talk very much English.

There are a lot of people on board we know and some divine men I met before I married Stanley, they are wonderful dancers.

Stanley said, "I wonder which one they think is your

husband, certainly they don't think it's me because you only danced with me once."

"Well," I said, "you dance so badly, and anyway a girl can dance with her husband any time."

Well we had a fight and I cried and I have a good mind to go right back home on the next boat.

Or I will get a Paris divorce. I wonder how much they cost? A girl told me all you have to do is ask for a divorce and smile at the judge and he gives it to you. Paris must be a wonderful place to live.

FRIDAY. We are landing tomorrow morning at Havre which is quite near Paris.

I hope Stanley is not going to be impossible all the time in Paris. Life won't be worth living if he is. After all because a girl is married does not mean she mustn't ever talk or dance with another man, as he seems to think.

I merely asked a man on the boat to call on us in Paris and Stanley said, "Yes, do, won't you?" but after the man had left he turned on me and was positively furious.

"I thought we were on our honeymoon," he said. "I don't see why you have to go inviting every man you meet to visit you."

"Why he is an awfully nice fellow and anyway you were there when I invited him," I answered.

"Well if he comes I'll probably throw him out," said Stanley.

"Why don't you shut me up in a castle and keep me there?" I asked. "You don't want a wife you want a slave."

So he got mad and I cried some more and I just know things can't keep on like this.

I shall go mad.

I wonder if all Frenchmen wear beards? The captain on the ship does. I do not like men who wear beards. But I suppose a girl could get used to them, like the wives of the Mormons in Salt Lake City.

SUNDAY. Well here we are in Paris and in our suite at one of the smartest hotels in Paris.

We got in late at night and I was terribly tired but Stanley kept on complaining about every suite they showed us and we went parading about the hotel from floor to floor until I thought I would go crazy. Finally they showed us one corner suite and Stanley was satisfied. He is terrible about such things. If he doesn't get what he wants in a ship or hotel he gets mad and I daren't say a word.

This morning I woke up early and thought there was a parade going by but when I went to the window it was only the taxicab horns tooting.

Paris certainly is the noisiest place that I have ever seen.

Stanley went out early too and when he came back he kissed me and gave me a package, it was a diamond ring.

"I'm sorry I was mad yesterday," he said.

Well I hope he gets mad every day if he is going to buy me a diamond ring every time! It was a very pretty ring and I thought it was nice of him.

We are going to the races this afternoon, every one goes to the races here, it is the smart thing to do.



When Henri L—— saw Peggy Joyce gowned in satin and pearl embroidery, he said, "You walk like a princess!"

MONDAY. The races were lovely only very tiring. Stanley bet a thousand francs on each race for me and when I won he would give me the winnings and I won three times. I like betting on the races if I do not have to bet my own money, it is quite thrilling.

People here do not go to the races to watch the races, they stand about behind the stands and gossip about one another and watch each other's clothes.

Stanley says I was the smartest woman there. They wanted to take my picture but I was afraid Stanley would object like he did at Miami that time so I refused.

We were in Cartier's today about some settings that need to be fixed and in a show case was the loveliest diamond tiara, with at least two hundred diamonds and one great big one.

I showed it to Stanley.

"It wouldn't suit you," he said.

"Well of course I wasn't dreaming about buying it," I said, "but I have always wanted a diamond tiara, everybody in society has one."

"Madame would look magnifique with the tiara," said the salesman who was most distinguished and very polite.

But Stanley said we would be late for lunch so we went to Ciro's.

Ciro's was quite smart with lots of people we knew and also many Italians and Frenchmen.

WEDNESDAY. Stanley got jealous last night just because I danced with a boy I knew at the So Different, which is a smart cafe here run by a woman who is very jolly and social although fat.

We had a terrible fight when we got home and the manager came in this morning and said he was sorry he would have to move us because the people in the next rooms had been complaining they could not sleep.

So we have changed into another suite, which is also a corner, only this time two sides are on the street and the others on a corridor and a concrete [Continued on page 100]



*The plight of a lovely
actress who wasn't
quite sure of the differ-
ence between real and*

Broadway Love



IT IS amazing to an observer of life how many sweet women will fall for a man for whom men have no regard. Their sweetness does not in any way seem to protect them against the wiles of the least dependable of the male sex.

Take that darling, that entirely sweet person, Jenette Holcombe.

I met Jenette Holcombe about seven years ago. She was eighteen then. Seven and eighteen are twenty-five. And twenty-five are fifty. Sounds like a simple sum in arithmetic, doesn't it?

But how the years count if a gray-haired man wants to make a fool of himself! He doesn't always do it publicly. I didn't. I have that to be thankful for. I believe Jenette knew it, but we hid it away. We didn't drag it out and talk about it. We pretended it wasn't there.

I was the gray-haired friend in the background. Not too far back—near enough to give advice if asked for it. Near enough, to suffer secretly, which is enough about me. What happened was Jenette's story, Jenette's and Dick Eaton's. Later, there was Ronald Marchmont. A triangle? A triangle with a gray-haired observer.

I have money. Not that it ever did me much good. Jenette was not that type, and if she had been I should not have felt the way I did about her. I am a corporation lawyer, but because I am a bachelor, I have to have a hobby. Mine is the theater.

That's how I met Jenette Holcombe when she was eighteen, and I was old enough to know better.

I had gone to Brooklyn to see a show that thought it was heading for Broadway. It never got there, but Jenette did. I helped to bring that about.

It was a terrible play, but the beauty of the kid made her stand out like a star on a dark night.

I met her after the show, and drove home realizing that I was a gray-haired lawyer in great danger of making a fool of himself. I also realized that Jenette Holcombe was a beauty and that she could act.

I didn't sleep much that night—a memory of silky, black hair and big gray eyes—a little flower of a face—all these things were stabbing at me. But by morning I told myself I was too old and too gray—and that was that! Not quite all. I was going to do what I could for her.

Next day, I phoned to Sam Wertheim, the producer. Sam always swears that I know something of the theater—that I could have been a producer myself. That flatters me.

"Sam, what about a girl who can act, who is far more beautiful than anything you have ever had under contract, and who has box-office attraction written all over her?"

"There ain't such a person," Sam replied. "If there was, I'd have her."

I told him where Jenette Holcombe was playing, and told him to go and see her.

He didn't want to do it, but Sam thinks I know, so in the end, he dined with me and drove over to Brooklyn in my car.

"Can she act?" I asked him after the second act.

"She might be able to learn," he growled, and I knew that was high praise from Sam.

THAT was the beginning, and the years trailed on. Years when Jenette Holcombe's fame grew and increased. Years of the climb to stardom. Years of hard work, of getting up early and of cutting out gay parties. Years that meant something.

Years, too, of friendship, while Jenette came to rely on me. Only as a friend. An elderly friend. Dear old Warren Hale, who was so wise and good and reliable. Nice old Warren. Nice old dog. Pat him!

Well, the hard work was over. She was more beautiful than ever. At twenty-five her loveliness had matured. She had a certain position on the stage, and I knew she would be seeking her mate. That was all right. But I did want her to be happy.

Then Dick Eaton came along.

Dick was a good-looking fellow, tall, fair and well set-up.



Jenette found Ronald who had said he was playing golf, on the beach with the alluring and dangerous Mrs. Boyd

By THOMAS EDGELOW

Rich, too, with a seat on the Stock Exchange at the age of twenty-eight. I had known him for years. He was the son of a friend of mine and when his father died, the boy came to me from Chicago.

One night he dined with me, and I took him to the theater where Jenette was playing. I had been at the opening night, but I wanted to see the show again.

At the end of the show, Dick turned to me.

"You say you know this girl, Jenette Holcombe?"

"I've known her for years," I admitted.

"Then you've known the girl I'm going to marry," he returned.

"Joking?" I asked him foolishly.

"I'll show you," Dick answered. "Come and introduce me!"

I took him around to Jenette's dressing room. I could see that she liked my young friend instantly, and when he asked her to have supper with him, I decided this was my cue to retire.

"I can't have supper with you," Jenette smiled on him. "My old nurse, who lives with me, would have a fit. But you can come and have supper with me at the apartment. Nannie won't mind that. Will you come, Warren?" she turned to me.

"I will not!" I refused. "I'm tired out, and I'm going home."

The next morning, Jenette telephoned to me at my office.

"I'm hungry, Warren," she said. "Will you take me to lunch?"

I arranged to meet her at the Ritz, but I was hardly prepared for what she had to tell me.

"You know Dick Eaton came home to supper with me last night?" Jenette said, as we sat over our coffee.

"Was Nannie peeved?" I asked.

"She's always peeved every time that any one comes near me who is less than eighty-three," Jenette returned.

I smiled and said nothing. I suppose I did look about eighty-three to Jenette.

"He asked me to marry him," Jenette continued.

"Direct and to the point. Very like Dick," I answered. "And you?"

"I laughed at him, Warren—only, only—"

"Only what?"

"I'm not sure I'm laughing inside."

"Meaning—you love him?"

"Meaning, Warren dear, that I don't. But that I might. What do you think?"

"Why come and ask for advice when you haven't the faintest intention of taking it?"

"But I don't know my own mind," she wailed. "The truth is, Warren, that I think—well, I'm twenty-five."

"A great age," I agreed.

"But I have to marry sometime. The theater's all right, but it isn't everything. And I wish young men wouldn't ask to marry me after they have known me for an hour and twenty-three minutes. He couldn't have been serious."

"He's on the Stock Exchange," I offered.

She wrinkled up her nose.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Richard Eaton is frequently called upon to make up his mind on important matters in a split second."

"Then you think he meant it?"

I pretended to be settling the check, and not to hear what she was saying. I did not want to give advice. She wouldn't listen to it, but she would blame me anyway. The wise man does not advise a girl on the subject of her heart.

"You're being very unhelpful this afternoon," Jenette pouted.

"You'd better see more of the young man. I can say that he is a decent sort," I said and pretended that I had to leave to keep an appointment.

I SAW a good deal of Dick and Jenette in the following months. I saw them together, and I saw them alone. Jenette would lunch with me to tell me that she could never care enough for Dick to marry him. Before dinner she would telephone to me to forget everything she had said at lunch.

Or she would reverse it.

I judged by all this that she was considerably in love with him, and in the depths of my heart I wished her happiness.

Meanwhile, Dick was moody and depressed. He wanted a definite answer, and he was about as convivial as though the bears were making a prolonged raid. He would sit silent in my apartment, and then he would get up and walk up and down the room, explaining to me the exact shade of Jenette's hair!

As if I didn't know it!

"You were young once, you old devil," he would say, with unnecessary and entirely unconscious cruelty, "yet you sit there like a stuffed image, while I am suffering! I tell you I love her!"

"Then why don't you go and tell her so instead of telling it to me?" I would politely suggest.

"I have told her!" Dick would groan. "The darling can't make up her mind."

Time drifted on, and then one spring day, Dick burst into my office.

"What do you mean by dashing in here without sending your name in?"

"Oh, shut up!" he begged me inelegantly. "It's all off!"

"Jenette?"

"Do you think I came in to talk to you about some stock?" he retorted.

"What makes you say this?" I asked.

"There is an impossible person, a priceless cad, by the name of Ronald Marchmont," Dick said, as he pushed some papers aside on my desk and sat down. "It—he is an actor."

"Got a small part in the play Jenette is rehearsing? Is that the one you mean?"

"That's the one! Have you met him?" Dick demanded. "I suppose," he went on morosely, "that they'd fine me twenty-five dollars if I shot that animal out of season, wouldn't they?"

"As a lawyer, I advise you not to," I answered.

I had met Ronald Marchmont, and he had not made a hit with me. He was a spectacular young fellow, with very black hair and an olive complexion. I had understood that Ronald Marchmont's father had been an American, and his mother a Spaniard or a Mexican. He was about twenty-five. By profession—a struggling actor.

"You can't tell me seriously, Dick, that Jenette is giving a man such as Ronald Marchmont a second thought?"

"She's so busy with him that she won't give me a minute," Dick protested. "She had an engagement with me yesterday evening, and then broke it with a feeble excuse—she had to rehearse the one scene that she has with this Marchmont, so she took him up to the apartment and ditched me cold. I think she's crazy about him."



I had worshipped Jenette Holcombe from the first season she hit Broadway, and I hated seeing her involved in the usual triangle

What could I do? When Dick left I telephoned to her, and was told that she was too busy to see me.

Jenette's new show opened on a Wednesday night, and I did not go to her dressing room. It was the first time I had missed for years, though as usual I sent my flowers.

On Sunday morning, Jenette telephoned to me. Would I come over and talk to her?

When I arrived she was in her most charming mood.

"You are angry with me," she said prettily.

"I'm nothing of the kind," I protested, "but I was a little hurt that you had been too busy to see me."

There was a little pause, and then I mentioned that I had seen Dick.

Jenette yawned.

"Why the yawn?" I asked.

"Oh, Dick bores me," she said. "He's always there, if you know what I mean."

"The greatest mistake a young man can make," I said.

At that moment, Ronald Marchmont came in, and by the

expression on Jenette's face I knew that she was intrigued by him. I don't know why it is, but it really seems that the nicer the girl, the more certain she is to be attracted by a sap.

"You promised to walk across the Park with me!" he said.

"I thought you were going to have lunch with me," I put in, hoping to save Jenette from herself.

"Let's all walk across the Park," she compromised.

I was feeling lazy, and I said something about not feeling up to it.

"Well, you drive, and we will walk," Ronald proposed.

So just to annoy him, I walked with them.

IT WAS a gloriously clear day with very little wind, and as we walked across the Park, Ronald kept looking up at the sky.

Suddenly an airplane shot into view, looking like a bird. I called attention to it.

Ronald smiled his glistening smile, and turned eagerly to Jenette, who was looking lovelier that morning than I had ever seen her.

"Watch!" he said. "Your name is written in the sky!"

As he spoke, volleys of beautiful white smoke came from the plane, and in huge cloudlike letters I read in the sky, the word, "Jenette." It was spectacular—dramatic. The fellow was clever, and I granted him an unwilling admiration.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jenette delightedly. "Oh!"

"I swore to myself that you should be the first girl in all the world to see her name written in the sky," Ronald boasted.

I saw that Jenette was thrilled, flattered and pleased.

"Oh, how could you, Ronald!" she protested gleefully. "It must have cost a tremendous amount."

"The aviator is a friend of mine," Ronald dismissed it grandly.

I felt very much in the way so when we reached my side of the Park I pretended to be tired and left them to go to my club. The fellow was clever, and there was no way that I could see of saving Jenette. She was hypnotized by him, and no one could help her.

Dick came around to see me in the evening, and I told him about the name-in-the-sky business. I knew he would hear about it anyway.

"Why didn't I think of it?" he reproached himself. "Rotten form I call it, anyway. Advertising one's love. Disgusting and exactly the sort of thing a cad like Ronald would think of."

"Women will fall for that sort of thing," I said. "Still, I hope you'll lick him, Dick. She's worthy of a better man than Ronald Marchmont."

"Why will women essentially good fall for a fellow like that?" Dick gloomed.

And I had no answer for him. After he had left me I sat alone, hoping against hope that Jenette would not fall for such attractions as Ronald Marchmont had to offer.

I didn't hear from Jenette for ten days, and then, as was her custom, she called me up and we took lunch together.

I knew she had news for me by her excited manner.

"I have promised to marry Ronald," she announced as though it were inevitable. "Yes, I've promised."

Did she repeat because

the promise was the important part. I wondered, as I murmured insincere and conventional congratulations.

"Dick has been unreasonable," she went on, although no one had mentioned Dick unless it was her own conscience. "He said—well, we had a row, but I can't see him again: because of his attitude towards the man I am going to marry."

"I hope you will be very happy," I repeated. "Is Mr. Marchmont in a position to marry fairly soon?"

"Oh, you would say that!" she answered. "Why be horrid, Warren, and spoil what should be the happiest time of my life?"

She was so genuinely distressed, and it seemed that she was making such a mess of her life, that my heart melted. What did it matter what Ronald Marchmont was, so long as he made her happy?

So I changed my tone. "I don't think it important," I said. "Money isn't everything—but you'll have to change your mode of living."

And that didn't please her either!

"Am I not making enough for both of us?" Jenette demanded. "It won't be long before Ronald will be getting a big salary."

After that, I did not see her again until I read a few days later that Jenette Holcombe and Ronald Marchmont had been married at City Hall.

I passed a few bad hours. Why had Jenette done this? Why had the sweetest girl I had ever known fallen for a cad like Ronald? I finally had to let it go that Jenette was a woman and since the beginning of time women have done that sort of thing. Men do the same thing, the other way round! Look at the number of decent men who marry horrible little gold-diggers! Perhaps nature is seeking to preserve a balance.

The same day Dick called me up to say that he was leaving for a prolonged trip to Europe.

Feeling dissatisfied with life, I left New York myself for California on business.

I did not return until the middle of August. One of the first things I did was to telephone Sam Wertheim, who told me that Jenette and Ronald had taken a place on Long Island, so Jenette could motor in to her theater.

"The husband?" I queried. "Is he working?"

Sam Wertheim laughed discordantly over the wire.

"That bird and work ain't a team!" he said. "And why should he work, Warren? Doesn't Jenette pull down a big salary? He did constitute himself Jenette's manager, because he came to me and kicked about the salary I was paying her—twelve hundred a week. I told him I would talk to Jenette, and I guess he got spanked, because when I spoke to her about it, she seemed sort of peeved at Ronald. I think she told him off, because he hasn't been doing much managing lately."

"Can't he get a job?" I asked.

"Jenette's plagued me and I decided to give him a chance," Sam said. "But he would turn up late at rehearsals, and made it evident that he and his art have parted just as long as Jenette is willing to foot the bills."

I went around to Jenette's dressing room that night, and she was glad to see me. Too glad, I [Continued on page 107]



One glance at Ronald and Jenette was in love

Broken Luster

[Continued from page 21]

Greg said presently. "Tell me about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell, Greg."

"When I left Sharon I thought you were going to Boston to study music."

"Yes, I was, but—well, mother had that stroke and I couldn't go. And then Morton West asked me to marry him and the children came along—and then Morton died. That's a life's history in a few words, isn't it, Greg?" She leaned forward.

"Don't let's talk about me. Let's talk about you. I was terribly sorry when Coralie told me why you came back to Sharon—why you had to come back—"

"Coralie exaggerates," he said quickly, defensively.

Just then Coralie came bounding in, bright with health, and they didn't have to worry any more about topics of conversation.

After that, Gregory and his wife and Dorothy West saw quite a lot of one another. Coralie said that Dorothy was the one woman in Sharon whose interests were not limited by the town. And once Coralie said pensively, "Perhaps Dorothy's the girl you should have married, Greg."

"Don't talk like an idiot," Gregory answered angrily.

"I may talk like an idiot but I don't always think like one," Coralie said. "Dorothy has all the homespun virtues that would make you happy."

"Haven't you?"

"Me!" Coralie shook her head derisively and then continued, "But sometimes I wish I did have them. Give me credit for that, Greg!"

JIM ROBINSON had given Gregory a job. That was the wonderful news! Even Coralie couldn't laugh because Greg was so delighted about it.

"Take you on? Of course I'll take you on!" Jim Robinson had said. "Bill Craig is leaving next week just before our Christmas business starts."

"Leaving for where?" asked Gregory.

"New York. Where else? It gets them all, sooner or later—all the best of the young fellows upstate. The best of the girls, too. Just like it got you and Coralie, Greg."

"What do I have to do?"

"Well, for one thing, I'll put you in charge of all the Christmas goods—perfumes, stationery, candy, and such toys as we've got. You see, we put in a lot of specials for Christmas."

"What about after Christmas?"

"Stick if you like. I'll need some one in Bill's place."

Coralie couldn't resist saying, "It seems so silly, Greg, for you to be selling perfumes and toys after having such a good position with a big banking concern in New York."

But Gregory, for once, didn't care what Coralie said. He was having the time of his life. He had the same zest in his new work that a kid has in playing store. He had ideas that confused and astonished Jim Robinson who did business in the same way that his father had done it.

It was Gregory who thought of putting the Christmas tree in the window decorated with a score of twinkling electric lights, green, red and yellow, with the bottom of the window covered with cotton batting sprinkled with silver dust. On the cotton batting reposed the most attractive boxes of perfumery, stationery and candy, each marked "Priced especially for Christmas at \$1.98,"

or whatever the cost of the articles might be.

It was Gregory who strung rows of colored pop-corn over one end of the store and offered a prize of a talking doll for the person who could come closest to guessing how many pieces were in those strings of pop-corn.

It was Gregory who dressed up old Windy Marsh, the garrulous town ne'er-do-well, as Santa Claus and, to Windy's delight, set him to answering questions of every child who wished to ask them, with a souvenir for every child who was brought in.

"But it don't look like a drug store any more," Jim Robinson objected.

"It isn't a drug store any more. It's a Christmas store—until after Christmas," Greg said. "Don't get worried, Jim. All the big stores in New York do this sort of thing at Christmas. If people kid you, tell 'em that—that it's genuine New York stuff."

SHARON had never seen anything like Jim Robinson's Christmas display, nor had Jim ever done such a business as he did that Christmas. Many a farmer's child was



amazed with the toys that Greg had induced his parents to buy that Yuletide. And the eyes of many a farmer's wife grew moist over a bottle of French perfumery or a box of gaudy stationery such as she had never possessed before.

And then Christmas day!

Gregory thought it the finest Christmas he had ever experienced.

Snow had fallen deep by then. Snow lay everywhere, blanketing the streets, thick on the trees, as it should be at Christmas. And in the little white house there was also a Christmas tree. Dorothy and her two children were invited for dinner. Toys for the children. A string of red beads for Bertha. Perfume, powder, all sorts of cosmetics for Dorothy.

"It looks as if you'd stripped Jim Robinson's," said Dorothy. "Oh, Greg, really you shouldn't—"

"They're left-overs. Half-price," said Gregory.

But for Coralie there were long earrings

of greenest jade. Gregory had sent Eldra a check. Eldra had selected the jade for Coralie.

And Coralie, too, said, "Oh, Gregory, you shouldn't!"

She put the earrings on, and, gazing at herself in the mirror, dangled them this way and that. "Oh, Greg, you shouldn't have done it," she repeated and kissed him again.

So Christmas came and went and the excitement was over.

And then, four days after Christmas, Coralie went too.

She hadn't said anything. Not a word. When Gregory came home from the store that day for his lunch, he found her note.

Dear Greg: I had to go. They say downtown it's a miracle we haven't been snowed in yet so that one can't go. The thought of it paralyzes me. But I didn't have the heart to leave before Christmas. Eldra wrote that the woman who got the job at Clayburgh's wasn't satisfactory and that they'd give me a chance if I didn't wait too long. I should have told you face to face, but I didn't have the courage. I had to write it. The train will have left the junction, I hope, before you get this.

After all, dear, this is the sensible thing to do. I'll come back to see you in the spring. Or you can come to see me any time.

I'll always love you. Never doubt that. Coralie.

WINTER then gripped Sharon. Old timers shook their heads and said the mere fact the winter had held off so long made it the more bitter once it got its hold upon man and nature. Old timers, sitting in the barber shop, in the pool parlor, in the lobby of the Hotel Sharon, said that everything equalled up in the long run and if you get it easy for a time, you get it hard for the same length of time.

Gregory wondered if everything did equal up in the long run. Was the happiness he had had past credit for unhappiness now? And how long must the payment continue?

There were letters from Coralie, when the weather let up so that the mails could come through. She had the job. It was tiring, exacting, exhilarating, amusing. She was staying with Eldra at present but was going to find a place of her own. Just a cheap place.

"I'm not going to take a cent from you, dear," she wrote in her firm, round handwriting. "I know you're just about able to get by as it is."

His letters to Coralie:

"I'm feeling better every day. Of course it's very quiet here. Everything seems to be frozen up with the weather. But Jim says if I'll stay he'll make me a partner some day. We're planning a spring festival of some sort. It sounds pagan, doesn't it?"

Meaningless letters. Letters that seemed frozen too. Why couldn't he write Coralie how he missed her? How he longed for her? How at night he lay awake thinking of her? Why couldn't she write him some little word, some little phrase, that would be consolation? Where was the warmth that had once flamed between them? Where was the feeling they once had that made him think that he worked, breathed, lived for her, she for him?

Lady Violet Astor



Here is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Here is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite con-

victions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows, and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!"

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

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You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

DO YOU KNOW WHY... ONE PERMANENT IS GOOD... ANOTHER BAD?



THAT your next permanent may be lovelier and more lasting than you had ever believed possible, consider these two things.

First—the operator, whose skill is of paramount importance.

Second—the pad, which is wrapped about your hair. It can make or mar the permanent. Be sure that the pad used on your hair is clearly marked "Wav-ette." They are used in thousands of the better shops where they have replaced old style methods.

Wav-ette pads require no wetting with fuming, odorous liquids. They insure waves of marvelous beauty and softness, even depth and permanency. There is nothing in Wav-ette to harm hair of any shade, texture, or condition.

Insist that your hairdresser use pads bearing the name "Wav-ette." In any waving machine they are your assurance of the soft, lustrous waves so much to be desired.

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You may send me the leaflet "Facts Every
Woman Should Know About Permanent Waving"

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Use This Wonderful
New Face Cream Every Day
—Keeps Skin Youthful—
Removes Facial Lines!

Lines-out

Does your mirror reveal those fine lines around the eyes, nose and mouth—caused perhaps by laughter or lack of sleep—but often mistaken for the world as a sign of age? Why let them tell the world your youth is slipping by when Lines-Out, miraculous new product, will surely prevent them. Use Lines-Out as you would ordinary cream. Does everything you wish cold cream to do, and in addition banishes fine lines.

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Enclose 10c for packing, and favorite
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Then a minor tragedy occurred to him. Bertha, the sullen, left for her father's farm saying that she would be back in a day or two, but she never did come back.

When Gregory told Dorothy West about it, Dorothy said, "Take your meals here, Greg, and I'll go over to your house while you're down at the store and tidy up for you."

"But, Dorothy, you can't do that with the two children and everything."

"Of course I can. Those children are old enough to look after themselves a bit. And besides, Greg, you'll want to pay me a little money. And you know perfectly well how much that will help."

He scrutinized Dorothy's steadfast eyes. Did she say that because she knew if she said it, he couldn't refuse?

"Just until Coralie gets back," Dorothy said.

"Oh, yes, of course," he agreed quickly.

BUT Coralie didn't get back. Not until quite late in the spring. Not until the robins were hopping over the lawns of Maple Street and the maples themselves showed sticky red buds on their polished gray branches.

By that time, Gregory wasn't suffering from loneliness any more. At least, not as much. He was used to it, and was really enjoying his evening meals at Dorothy's. The kids actually wouldn't go to bed until he had tucked them in. He liked those kids. He'd like to have kids like them himself. Not that he ever could. Not after what the doctor had said.

Coralie had simply sent a telegram that she was coming. He left the store early and went to the junction to meet her.

Coralie was dressed in a salmon-colored suit with a salmon-colored felt hat drawn over her closely cut dark hair and a dark fur piece thrown nonchalantly over her shoulders. She looked like a fashion drawing from a smart magazine. That's what Gregory told her.

"I have to look like that, Greg," she laughed. "That's my job."

"Do you like it?"

"Love it! I really think I'm doing the world a great service turning its Cinderellas into fairy princesses. And how they pay for it, the darlings! Why shouldn't they? You look splendid, Greg!"

"I feel splendid."

"When are you coming down for that examination?"

"Pretty soon now."

The little white house, nestling beneath the hill, seemed glad to see them.

"It is a dear house, isn't it? I'd like to stay here all spring and summer."

"Can't you?"

"How can I? I had the most terrific time getting these few days off."

"How long can you stay?"

"I have to be back at work Monday morning."

The few days passed all too quickly. Coralie was busy. She said the house looked a sight. She had brought some things. New chintz. A red leather arm chair was coming by freight. Tall candlesticks for the mantel. A glazed white bowl to hold flowers. Books and books and books!

"Isn't it great, Greg! These are really the first things I've bought you out of my own money."

"Maybe you bought them because you're

sorry for me," said Gregory rather bitterly.

She turned on him sharply. "It's horrid of you to say that."

But altogether it was a very happy time. Until the last day. Until the day Coralie was leaving.

Then Gregory did something he had promised himself never to do, something that he didn't think it was possible he could do. He asked Coralie to stay. He begged her to stay. He went down on his knees and gripped her knees tightly, crushing the skirt of the fashionable, salmon-colored suit.

"Don't leave me, Coralie. I never meant to do this, but my pride's gone. I miss you so! Stay with me. Please stay!"

Coralie's face was dead white. "Gregory!"

"Then I'll come back with you and take the consequences. I can't, Coralie—I can't get along without you."

"Gregory!"

She pulled herself away from him; he struggled; the table near them toppled over.

Coralie exclaimed, "Gregory, look what you've done!"

Dazed, he struggled to his feet. "What is it?" He looked around to see what had happened.

"The little luster pitcher! It's broken."

"Oh, it can be mended again."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, the value's gone."

He took the pieces of broken pitcher from her and gazed at them stupidly. "Oh!" he said, also stupidly.

But after Coralie had gone and he had returned from the junction alone, he again picked up the pieces of the little pitcher from the table where he had laid them and he threw them viciously into the stove. And he raised his hands over his head and cried, "Oh, God, what a fool I am!"

AUTUMN!

"How about this partnership, Greg?" Jim Robinson asked. "When are we going to talk it over?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I've got to go to New York first."

"For that examination?"

"Yes."

"And depending upon what the doc says, you'll stay?"

"Maybe."

He was planning to take the noon train from the junction. It got him into New York at nine o'clock at night. He hadn't written Coralie that he was coming. He'd surprise her. He wondered, not without misgivings, how she'd take the surprise.

The train crawled through the tunnel into Grand Central station. Gregory hopped into a taxicab, took his bag to the Hotel Astoria, secured a room, and then sped to the address Coralie had given him in her letters. The address belonged to an old house in Gramercy Park, converted into tiny apartments. There was Coralie's name over a bell and a slot for letters but Gregory could get no answer to his insistent ringing. Without doubt Coralie was out. He rang the janitor's bell and presently a frowsy head appeared from below stairs. Yes, Mrs. Turner lived there, the frowsy one admitted, but he didn't know where she was. He guessed she was out. She was out a lot.

Could he use the telephone in the hall? Surely he could use the telephone. Gregory telephoned Eldra Bannister.

After a wait, after several people had

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Lovely skin always stirs the heart, say 39 movie directors...

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The next time you see Renée Adorée or Lois Moran in a close-up, notice how beautifully smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin.



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

RENÉE ADORÉE, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth! It is certainly a lovely soap."

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With the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights and highly sensitized film, skin must be *flawless* if it is to stand the test of the close-up.

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Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... now 10¢



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LOIS MORAN, popular Fox star, uses Lux Toilet Soap in her charming bathroom as well as in her studio dressing room. She says: "Even the finest French soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does."



For the close-up—taken in the glare of the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights—a star's skin must be petal-smooth if she is really to hold her public.



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1. Germ-covered cloths
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*Avoid them in this way:
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DO you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

Absorb cold cream by using Kleenex Cleansing Tissues. Their gentle softness lifts embedded impurities to the surface. They leave the skin smooth, fresh, healthy, clean! And they cost only a few cents a day, though you use three sheets at a time and discard them after one use. Send for a sample package. Try it. You'll be delighted.

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demanded what and whom he wanted, he heard Eldra's voice.

"This is Gregory, Eldra."

"Who?"

"Gregory Turner."

"Gregory! Good heavens! Where did you come from? Where are you?"

"Down at Coralie's place, but Coralie isn't home."

"Coralie's here. We're having a party."

"Can't I speak to Coralie?"

"You can speak to her when you get here."

Another taxicab! A dash uptown.

Gregory, leaving the elevator, found himself precipitated into one of Eldra's famous parties that Coralie said weren't exciting, but that Gregory had always found more than sufficiently exciting.

Coralie left the man with whom she was dancing and rushed into Gregory's arms.

"Darling, when did you get in?"

"Tonight at nine o'clock."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"It was foolish of me. Coralie, can't we go some place where we can talk, be alone?"

"Of course, dear! Wait for just a few minutes. This is the tenth time this man has asked me to dance. Sit over there. I'll be with you right away."

Eldra whirled by, stopped to greet him, whirled on again.

Gregory sat on a divan where no one else was sitting, but soon a large man dropped down beside him. The large man was mopping his head with a handkerchief.

"This dancing certainly gets me," he said.

"Yes," said Gregory.

"My name's Turnbull," the large man continued.

"Turnbull! Oh, you're the Western millionaire?"

"Western millionaire! Where did you get that?"

"Mrs. Turner told me."

"Oh, so you know Mrs. Turner?"

"Yes."

"Say, there's a woman for you!" said Mr. Turnbull. "Don't you think she is a wonder?"

"Yes, I do," said Gregory, turning to face him. "You seem very enthusiastic about her?"

"Enthusiastic! I'm crazy about her!"

Gregory looked at him more closely. Had he been drinking? Yes, he had been.

"The trouble is she's got a husband," Turnbull went on. "Lives in the mountains. You know—T. B., poor guy! And she's loyal to him, damned loyal. Look at her. She's a woman who ought to have everything—clothes, jewelry, Paris—everything! Instead of that she's got to make her own living. Tough, isn't it?"

"Would you marry her if she were free?" asked Gregory.

"Would I? Like a shot!" Turnbull exclaimed. "Who wouldn't?"

Eldra came whirling back. "Dance with me, Greg! How nice it is to see you again."

Gregory danced with Eldra.

Eldra left him standing in the doorway and soon Coralie joined him.

"All right, Greg. Let's go! Wait until I say good night to Eldra."

But Coralie didn't say good night to Eldra. She said good night to Turnbull.

THEY were in a taxicab driving down to Coralie's apartment.

"You haven't seen the doctor yet, Greg?"

"Of course not! How could I?"

"When do you see him?"

"Tomorrow morning at half-past nine."

"If only you don't have to go back to Sharon! You'll let me know at once what he says?"

"Yes, if it's good news."

"But if it isn't?"

"I'll go back to Sharon."

"What's the matter with you tonight? Are you trying deliberately to be cruel?"

"No! I'm trying to be fair?"

They were in the hallway of the old dwelling that housed Coralie's apartment.

"You're coming up, of course, Greg?"

"No."

She looked at him. She looked away. "I don't understand why you went to a hotel instead of coming to me."

"I didn't know whether you'd want me. I didn't know how you'd take this surprise."

"You've changed. Is it because—because of Dorothy?"

"No! Don't say that, Coralie!"

"Then why?"

"The luster's gone. The pitcher's broken."

She looked puzzled for a moment then she said, "Oh! that little luster pitcher! But pitchers can be mended."

"Yes, but the value's gone."

She put her hand on his arm. "Oh, but Greg, human pitchers are broken and mended, broken and mended. Over and over!"

He seized her arms. "Coralie, this is the trouble! This is what's tormenting me. If you were free, would you marry Turnbull? After all, he could give you everything you've ever wanted."

She tore herself from his grasp with a little sob. "But I'm not free, Greg, and I love you!"

"You didn't love me enough to stay with me in Sharon."

"I didn't know it was necessary for me to prove my love that way. I did my best."

"Yes, but your best wasn't enough. I know it now. Well, any time you want your freedom, Coralie, you can have it."

"Greg, tonight you're odious."

But, odious or not, heart-broken or not, he had regained something. He had regained his pride. Once more it was intact.

THE next morning he stood on the steps outside the doctor's office in West Fifty-Eighth Street, and, as he stood there, his head came up and he threw back his shoulders almost aggressively. Cured! Well, almost cured. He could come back to New York if he wished, but he must be careful. He must take things easy, live quietly, get plenty of fresh air. No more late parties.

What a program for Coralie! He thought of her splendid vitality, her beauty, her enchantment. Was it fair to ask it of her? Never, he was irrevocably determined, would he ever again ask anything of Coralie that she didn't want to give.

He consulted his watch and ran down the steps and as he reached the last step Coralie moved out from the area way

"Coralie!" he exclaimed.

"What did the doctor say?" she asked.

"But I said I'd telephone you."

"Only if it were good news. I wanted to know whether the news was good or bad."

"It was good news."

"Oh!" She was, he saw, fighting for self-control. Her face worked and there was a tiny muscle throbbing curiously beside the corner of her lips. Finally, with her face averted, she said, "There's my bag, Greg. Pick it up, will you, and get a taxi?"

"Your bag! What was that for?"

"If it were bad news—if it were, I suppose you'd have rushed back to Sharon. I wanted to be ready to rush back with you!"

"Give up your job and everything?"

"I suppose so. If necessary."

"You've changed, too. What did it?"

"Last night did it," she said.

A taxicab pulled up and Gregory helped Coralie into it and thrust in the bag.

"What shall we do now?" he asked.

"I think we'd better go home," Coralie said. "You know the address."

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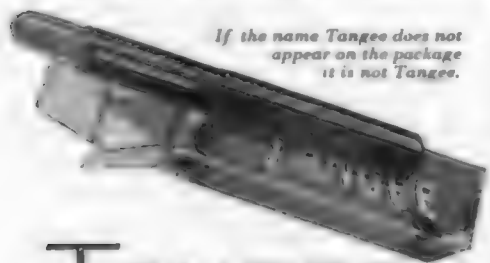


PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts... lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes... and then... the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

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Name

Address

Paris Flowers into Furbelows

[Continued from page 65]

the summer mode, from the silk and satin we are accustomed to, through the range of jersey and summer furs to lingerie. Yes, the very last word I can send you from Paris is the new lingerie scarf, made of organdy in a big bandanna effect, and tied like a fichu. They may be any color but white and flesh are the newest at the moment. Little scarf effects, of patent leather or of fur, tied on with ribbon ends, are another new wrinkle. Some of these aren't much larger than a dinner plate, and the same shape and are draped over one shoulder. Others start out to be that shape but swing out wider and larger and cover half of the back as well as the shoulder. The ties, whether the cape is made of patent leather, fur or heavy silk, are usually of grosgrain ribbon.

But we mustn't lose sight of the apron motif. It does much more than make a scarf for use this summer. Real little aprons are made of the same material as the dress, or a contrast, and are tied on, just like real aprons to make the chic of the frock. Sometimes they are tied on in front, like aprons used to be. They may go only across the front, or on around until they meet in the back. Some are circular, others straight and edged with a bit of val lace. Some are made of one of the popular prints on a plain material, or vice versa. Then they are pleated all around in little knife pleats, or pleated just across the front, with the back plain.

But, though they always remain aprons, don't think they are always used only across the front in the traditional place of aprons. They are just as apt to be tied across the back, over one hip or the other, or sometimes both sides, though this is not so smart.

And the mannequins have been showing us, in all the summer shows, how one can untie them and swing them on to the shoulders for a cape. Or one may have a cape and an apron both.

They are finished in all sorts of cunning ways: rolled edges, hemstitched hem, narrow pleatings, a little ruching, a narrow circular flounce or the little lace border I spoke of. They are a gay, new, airy note. But they are also a suggestion to the girl who wants to freshen up an old frock or change the effect of a new one that lacks distinction. They no longer suggest the kitchen.

COLLARS, cuffs and little vestees and guimpes are back, and back in force. All sorts of cunning lingerie effects. They mean lots of work, I know, for they must be fresh. But if we want to be smart, we must have them. Everything from lace, organdy and crêpe to piqué is being used. The silk ones are the least smart. The lingerie effect is the new note, and the crisp dainty effect the one you want to cultivate.

It really only takes a minute to wash out one of the little thingamajigs, not any longer than silk stockings, and it does mark you

as up to the minute as far as style goes. They are usually white or cream, whichever is more flattering, though yellow is popular and flesh is also seen.

Elsa Schiaparelli, who makes the very nicest sport clothes that come out of Paris, started a new idea the other day. For the vest in a blue dress with a V opening she put in an inch wide organdy vest, one side white and the other side pink. If you could have seen the mad rush for pencils of every fashion writer at the show you would realize just how amusing the effect was. That will probably be the start of many such combinations.



FLOWERS, unless they are of leather or straw, or a combination of the two, or of the

silk that lines your coat, are passé for day time wear. Isn't that good news? For after all they are difficult to keep fresh and colorful enough, goodness knows! The ones I've suggested are still new and gay, but the very last word is the bow to finish the neckline of your frock or blouse. They are made of all sorts of materials. One of the loveliest on a silk blouse is a bow of velvet ribbon, to match or contrast with your suit.

Under the "schoolgirl" collars, which are really the old Peter Pan round collars, made of organdy or silk or starched linen, the newest tie is of taffeta. But instead of letting the two bow ends go out like the ends of a man's bow tie, they are wide, three or four inches, and the

two bows and the ends are all piled on each other, in a sort of accordion effect. You can fringe the ends or point them like you used to your hair ribbons. By the way, that is a better description, they are like a real old hair ribbon bow.

If your frock is dark silk, and needs lightening up, make your bow of organdy, about two inches wide and six or eight long, and pose it jauntily at the side of the neckline, where your boutonniere used to go. Green, red, yellow, or white, or flesh, or, if it is with a flowered dress, pick the darkest tone and match it in organdy.

You'll find that these touches are fun to plan—and to make (for many of them can be made at home). They'll give the new dress a smarter feeling—and they'll do wonders for the old dress! Something that you're nearly ready to discard can be given that French touch quite easily.

Isn't this a handful of new, pleasant, springlike things?

Next month I want to talk to you about your new jewelry, and the things you can carry in your handbag to the office in the morning that will make you "dressed up" enough for the evening without going home.

Let your tooth paste buy you a breakfast set

If you use 12 tubes of tooth paste a year (and you do) Listerine at 25¢ saves you \$3 over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A worthwhile saving, increasing when the family is large.

Spend the money as you please—a breakfast set is only a suggestion.



**Will you try
this dentifrice?
—the most successful
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DOUBTLESS you are using a good dentifrice for which you pay approximately 50¢.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Compare it with any you have ever used. Judge it for its cleansing power. For its mouth-exhilarating after-effects. For its flavor. For its economy. We predict that you will never return to your first choice.

Listerine Tooth Paste came into being less than five years ago. We had labored and studied 10 years to perfect it. We aimed to produce an ideal dentifrice at a common sense price—one worthy to receive the Listerine name.

Now it is an outstanding leader. Never in all history has a dentifrice succeeded so mightily—on merit alone. It has stood the only kind of test that counts—the test in the hands of the people. Millions have rejected costlier dentifrices in favor of it. Like you, they were at first skeptical.

Get a large tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and let it prove its merit to you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



**Listerine
Tooth
Paste
25¢**



Women spend years in fear and doubt

— so unnecessary when correct information is theirs for the asking

EVEN the most modern young women, many of them, are starting married life under a cloud of misunderstanding. Not that they cannot get advice on intimate feminine matters, but the information is so often incorrect. This leads to doubt and fear—the fear of uncertainty.

Yet feminine hygiene is a healthful practice. Women of refinement know that it brings peace of mind and gives the feeling of daintiness and well-being so necessary to their happiness. Why, then, the doubt and reluctance?

Old methods displaced by Zonite

Ask any physician or trained nurse. They approve of feminine hygiene. It is only the old-fashioned methods that they warn against—caustic, poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

How different is Zonite! This great antiseptic does not cause areas of scar-tissue nor deaden sensitive membranes. It is absolutely non-poisonous, yet actually far stronger in germ-killing power than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely allowed on the body! No wonder women everywhere are welcoming Zonite. It solves their most intimate problem and still it is safe in the hands of a child.

Free book has all the facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"—correct information given simply and frankly. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sun-burn or skin irritations. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



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(Please print name)
Name _____
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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 35]

what usually lies back of a very pretty face.

Perhaps she was a martyr to her friends. Perhaps she sacrificed Peter on the altar of her popularity. That is hard to say. Possibly if she had been less vivid to others she would also have lost the hold she still kept on Peter's interest. It is not to be denied that when curiosity is satisfied love perishes. So to hold love it is necessary to be slightly different every day.

There was no gainsaying Corinne's ability in that direction. For Peter she had still, after many months of marriage, all the allure of a new sweetheart. She was too distracting—that was the trouble—too distracting, that is, for the wife of a man who had anything else to do besides be her lover.

Still, the new play came along fairly well. It was better than half finished that April when the United States declared war on Germany. War did not fire Peter's imagination particularly—or perhaps it is better

to say that it fired his imagination too much. Unlike most men, whose minds carried them along the path of glory as far as the front line trench. Peter saw more. He realized poignantly the hospitals, the unburied dead.

Almost in a day the dancers and ukelele teasers who week-ended in the Hughey living room became second lieutenants. Peter was usually the only man not in uniform in his own home. The entertainment pace was stepped up into high. Each time might be the last that the boys could come out, was the excuse.

CORINNE did not suggest that Peter go to Plattsburg and win the right to lounge in his own living room on terms of equality with the guests but Peter sensed that she was a little regretful about it, so, in spite of his unstimulated convictions, he applied for admission to the second camp, went through the embarrassing round of physical examinations, and was turned down—the eyes wouldn't quite do. Corinne was so sorry for him that it made him mad.

Another disappointment just at this time, hard to classify because he had no right to be disappointed, was the discovery that Maude Lavery was also exhilarated by the sight of an O. D. serge, cut with a standing collar instead of roll lapels. Mental brilliance no longer competed with physical fitness for feminine favor. Interesting conversation was not a sufficient counter-irritant against a close fitting harness and a snappy salute.

His aunt, who was strictly a pacifist, told him about Maude Lavery with considerable bitterness.

"She runs around with an officer of the Rainbow Division which is over at Camp Upton now awaiting transportation. I've met

him and if brains and the instincts of gentleness are any qualification, he has no right to command even a rabble of half-wits. He was in a militia regiment or he certainly would never have received a commission."

Peter wondered why Mrs. Carmichael should care very much but he felt somewhat the same way himself. He had thought, perhaps, that the cool, imperturbable Maude would preserve her lovely calm throughout the storm, would be a halcyon spot of refuge in a world of turmoil. Apparently he had expected too much.

"The name of this chap," his aunt was continuing, "is George Herk. He's a captain, I think, rather heavy set and a lot older than she is. Do you by any chance know him?"

Peter laughed a little cynically. "I don't and that's strange, too. He is apparently the only officer of the whole American Army who

has not been a guest in my house. I admit, on second thought, that we do specialize in second lieutenants."

His aunt looked at him sharply. "Is your wife making you unhappy, Peter?" she demanded. "Heavens, no!" Peter assured her hastily.

"Everybody is mad," Mrs. Carmichael asserted, apparently not accepting his denial at full value, "everybody and everything."

CORINNE wanted a place in town that fall.

"As long as you're going to work in the city anyway," she said, "we ought to have an apartment there so that you won't have to spend all your time going back and forth."

Peter was not at all sure that she had voiced the real reason. More likely it

was the unrest of the times and a desire to be near the center of activity. He felt it himself. One was constantly afraid of missing something important.

The argument against the additional expense was met with, "Everyone is making more money nowadays and not less."

"I'm not."

"That's because you're afraid to take a slight business chance. Look at the fortunes being made in steel and ammunition. It isn't too late to get in on one of the new war babies."

"But, dearest, I don't know a thing about such investments."

"Then I'll find out for you. Bobby Vernon—he's that blond lieutenant of cavalry we had out to dinner last night—knows all about it because his father just made nearly five million from a few thousand invested. It looks as if the war would last five years more at least and it would be a crime for you not to do something in connection with it, practically unpatriotic."

Warning In Due Time

By RUTH BENTENMILLER

WITH a head full of poetry instead of sense.

How could I be careful of your hard-earned pence?

With an ear to the wind and a nose to the clover.

How would I know if the soup boiled over?

With a weakness for gypsies—beggars in red—

I'd be likely to give them our last loaf of bread!

With a mind on the moon, and a foot that's free,

How could I remember to be back for tea?

With a head full of poetry—a heart full, too—

How could I love you more than I do?

That was certainly a curious argument but perhaps as good as any. A charming woman does not convince by her logic but by her personality.

SO THE Hughey family bought stock in newly organized munition plants and moved into town. The house at Veriende was kept open, too, for week-end parties consisting mostly of second lieutenants of all branches of the service.

"It's the least we can do," Corinne pointed out. "If we can't serve ourselves we can make the last days of our boys as happy as possible."

Peter did not take part to any considerable extent in the perpetual farewell ceremonies. There wasn't any rôle that a non-petticoated civilian could play, for one thing, and the other was an unacknowledged but none the less real sting of resentment way down in his heart against the fate which forced him to be a spectator to the only really thrilling melodrama of modern times.

It was absurdly childish on Peter's part, yet many a man older than Peter would have admitted to himself that it hurt like the devil not to be "asked to the party."

And it interfered with Peter's kind of work, too. His puppets seemed of no moment whatever against the red background of war. His pen could not be favorably compared to a sword in those days, no matter how one looked at it.

All that, of course, was in the days before Peter himself became the principal figure in a melodrama so lurid that his contemporary fellow members of the American Dramatists League would have rejected the plot as too improbable.

THERE was so much entertaining to do that Corinne and her mother got along quite well together. The older woman was in her element. The situations of the day required only sentiment and not wit from women. Mrs. Renshaw was an overflowing fount of girlish compassion. Corinne relegated all of her second-best dancers and fussers to her mother.

But sometimes they did clash at that. Once the situation between them became protractedly serious. The two women had been at lance points for a week—over nothing at all so far as Peter was aware.

Corinne came to him for relief. "Petermine, will you please take mother off my hands for a day. I love her dearly, and besides you, she is really all I have. But my nerves are slowly giving way under the strain of constant association."

Peter laughed. "What shall I do with her?"

"I don't care—just anything. Invite her to take lunch with you. Later, perhaps you can steer her over to the Palace for the matinée. She loves comedy acrobats."

"All right, boss," Peter conceded cheerfully, "anything you say. But what sort of skullduggery are you going to be up to yourself in the meantime?"

"Nothing nefarious, Petermine, and I'll tell you all about it as soon as it's over."

So Peter almost astonished his mother-in-law to death by inviting her to lunch. She accepted with dazed alacrity.

He took her to the Astor. It was handy to his office and only a block or so from the Palace. The fact that there were more army officers there than in any other hotel in town did not weigh heavily against the convenience of the location.

In Mrs. Renshaw's society Peter felt perfectly secure in leaving one ear half open and allowing the rest of his faculties to wander whither they willed.

Therefore he had time, during the bouillon course to notice the occupants of the nearby tables. They were practically all officers, and women.

One of the women was Maude Lavery.



Even
when
teeth
are
white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the
Health to Pyorrhea

Gums and Surrender

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





SALLY PHIPPS

new Fox Films star applying Boncilla
clasmic pack.

For Beauty do this

Do what the stars do. Beauty is their stock in trade. Hardly one of them appears without applying Boncilla clasmic pack.

Of course, they use make-up. But the first step is a wake-up. They get a clear, clean skin, a natural glow, before adding the artificial.

Do this tonight, or any night when you wish to appear in all your glory. You will amaze you and your friends. If you are young, you will multiply your beauty. If you are older, you will seem to drop ten years.

Apply Boncilla clasmic pack to the face and neck. At once you will feel its stimulating action. You will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it. The dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil—the causes of blackheads and blemishes.

You will feel the blood tingle to the surface, resulting in a rosy glow. You will hardly know yourself.

If you have little lines around the eyes, they will disappear. Wrinkles will be combated. Enlarged pores will be reduced. Sagging muscles will be strengthened. You and your friends will see a delightful revelation.

This is the only way. The whole beauty world employs it. All toilet counters supply Boncilla clasmic pack in tubes or jars—50c to \$3.50. Or the coupon with 10 cents will bring you a complete week's test. Not only clasmic pack, but the two creams and the powder which go with it. A box of four beauty aids. Clip coupon now and get them.

Professional treatments
in smart beauty and
barber shops everywhere

Boncilla

CLASMIC PACK

Quick Beauty Coupon

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Indiana

Send me your four quick aids to beauty.
I enclose a dime.

Name

Address

She sat nearly facing Peter so that the man she was with, an infantry captain, had his back turned. Peter did not notice him anyway. He was even pretending not to look at Maude.

By main force of will-power he confined his attention to his own luncheon table but he couldn't help but see out of the corner of his eye, when the other party had finished and had risen to go. Peter looked at Maude again.

She saw him this time and nodded. Her companion turned to see to whom she had spoken and Peter got his first view of the captain's face.

The two men stared at each other for an unbelieving minute. Peter, especially, was dumb with incredulity. He could not be mistaken and yet how could he believe his eyes?

THE man with Maude Lavery was the one who had knocked him down in the dining room at the Hotel Trefair in Atlantic City, the day that Corinne had come to him on what had turned out to be her wedding journey!

And yet Corinne's father was dead.

Peter's mute astonishment conveyed itself to Mrs. Renshaw and she followed the direction of his eyes.

The captain who was standing undecidedly in his tracks smiled and bowed. Mrs. Renshaw returned the bow, but not the smile.

The captain fumbled her stare for a moment and then in confusion turned and left the room followed by Maude Lavery, whom he appeared to have forgotten.

Mrs. Renshaw looked at Peter. "What's the matter, boy? You act as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have, and I don't see why you don't act the same way."

"I don't understand."

"That man—the one you just spoke to—who is he?"

"That captain? Why, his name is George Herk. He comes from our town. He used to run around with Corinne before—"

"Wait a minute. Does he look anything like Corinne's father—like your husband?"

Mrs. Renshaw laughed. "Not any more than a rabbit. Hilary was handsome, I'll say that for him even if he was shiftless. George Herk is about as good-looking as a mud fence. I never did like him and it nearly used to drive me crazy when Corinne kept going out with him. I couldn't afford to have my girl talked about so I wouldn't allow him to call."

There was more, but that was enough. Peter's stunned sensibilities began to take fire. After the knockout his mind rose slowly to a realization that his world and not he himself had been turned upside down.

There wasn't a spot to stand on, no stable footing from which to view the wreckage. His heart slowly sickened with revulsion as he realized that the foundation upon which he had built his life and his happiness was all rotten.

Corinne had lied about many things, that he knew. They had been mostly unimportant, but they had been untruths none the less. And now he had proof that she had deceived him in a major affair.

Peter tried to think.

This man, this George Herk, had been with her when she came to him, had seemed to think that he had rights and privileges that warranted him in assaulting anyone in whom she was interested.

Then Peter recalled with a pang that this George Herk had come to their house at Veriende, had signalled Corinne to come out and then, according to the testimony of his own remembering eyes, had kissed her.

What else?

Wait a minute! He had it.

Something his aunt had told him about Corinne that had happened when he was

away for the opening of his latest play—something about having seen her in town with a man when she had been supposedly ill in bed.

Peter did not need to remember any more. There was enough now to make him sick for the rest of his life.

There wasn't any other reaction to the blow yet—just numb, numb incredulity.

He turned his frozen mind back to the duties of the day, to his guest who seemed now a more complete stranger than she ever had.

He said yes and no in a couple of places and introduced a polite question, then returned to his own private mental morass.

All of Peter's spiritual and sentimental background was painted over with the proposition that women were fundamentally honest, truthful and virtuous. The fact that men, whom he understood better, were none of those things had not so far served to prepare him for the shock of the discovery which every man must make upon graduation from romanticism to realism.

As soon as he decently could, he left Mrs. Renshaw at the vaudeville theater and, absent-mindedly promising to pick her up there after the matinee, went out on the streets to try to fight through to the light.

But he was buried deep. Part of the soul of him was completely dead and never did struggle from the dream debris that smothered it.

PETER'S first impulse was to destroy the man. He bought a revolver. Knowing nothing of firearms, he selected a .45 automatic which would have frightened him half to death if he had ever heard it discharged.

He knew where to find Captain Herk. His aunt had told him that the officer Maude Lavery was so crazy about was awaiting transportation at Camp Upton.

Peter went there. The trains were crowded with uniforms—uniforms and women. The civilian men sat, like himself, morose and alone.

At the entrance he was stopped by a sentry. No visitors were allowed that day. The soldier was absolutely tired of making that statement. Clustered around in disappointed groups were scores of mothers and friends who had come out for last glimpses of their own. Among these ran fearful rumors to the effect that two or three of the regiments were leaving that very night.

Peter stood around for a while, waiting on the chance that Captain Herk might come through that gate either going out or coming in.

Then he remembered something.

Corinne had wanted to get rid of her mother for that day, had foisted her society onto his own obliging shoulders. Why? Obviously so that she could at one stroke be free from the surveillance of the only two people who would be apt to interfere. The Rainbow Division was apt to sail any moment. Corinne would want to spend one last day with Herk.

What a horrible thought! And to think that he, Peter, the blind husband, had spent his time journeying out to Camp while he might have caught them together in the city. The urge of violence resurged in his breast.

He hurried back to town. He called up his apartment. No, the maid informed him, Mrs. Hughey had not returned yet.

Peter went the rounds of the restaurants, the hotel lobbies. What he expected to find, or exactly what he would have done if he had found anything, he could not have stated.

LATE in the evening he gave up. He knew that they would not be together now. Corinne was canny enough not to stay out after Mrs. Renshaw would be home. She might expect to fool her husband, but not her mother.

Full of unvented hate he went home to confront his wife. There had been powerful emotions in Peter's life before, but they had always been benignant ones. Never before had he been conscious of the desire to destroy.

He let himself into his flat.

Mrs. Renshaw was alone in the living room.

"Why didn't you call for me at—"

"Where's Corinne?" Peter interrupted, putting short her reproach.

"You needn't bite me. You're the one who is causing all the trouble. She has been worrying herself sick over you. Something was wrong with her anyway. I came home and found her in tears. And then when you failed to show up for dinner she got hysterical and went away without eating anything."

"Went where?" savagely. (So she was crying, eh! Sorrow at losing her Captain Herk! Huh!) "Where did she go?"

"She said he would be at the house. She thought she might find you there. Peter, tell me what is the matter between you two?"

Peter ignored the question. "I'll go out there and bring her back," he decided.

THE roadster made the trip in record time. Peter was in no mood to observe rules. He laughed at the idea of obeying a speed cop. What did he care about being arrested for violation of a traffic ordinance? Perhaps by this time tomorrow the authorities would have a real case against him. Or else he would be entirely beyond the reach of the law.

At the jungle entrance to Veriende he stopped from force of habit. The warm welcoming lights in the living room were lit. Peter snarled bitterly at his home. It was all false. The happiness he had fancied as cradled in its serene security was only a husk.

He left the car right there in the driveway and walked the rest of the way. Just as well not to announce his coming by puffing into the garage. Who knew what he would find Corinne up to? He wanted to torture himself with some fresh evidence of her treachery.

He threw open the door. The living room was all set for comfort, for a welcome. A fire was roaring in the fireplace, the floor and table lamps beamed a hospitable greeting. Their cheerful friendliness made Peter sneer.

HE DID not whistle their private homecoming call, as he would have done under other circumstances upon entering the house, as he had always done when he had come home before. Instead he bounded up the stairs on wings of swift vengeance. The sight of the shell of his past happiness had only angered him the more, had added to the explosiveness of a hate too long confined.

His hand was on the grip of the automatic in his pocket as he threw open the door of her boudoir.

Corinne turned—she had been walking the floor—and with a cry threw herself into his arms. Her own eyes were so tear-dimmed that she had not read hate in his.

"Petermine," she sobbed, clinging to him frantically, "I'm glad you're here at last. Hold me close to your foolish, loving heart. I need you so because, oh my dear, I'm afraid and I'm in desperate trouble."

"You certainly are," Peter agreed grimly. Corinne drew away from him, pushed back at arm's length. "Then you've seen the doctor?"

"The doctor?"

"Yes. It was in order to be examined that I asked you to take care of mother this afternoon. I didn't want to worry her or you until I was sure."

"Sure of what?"

"That I am going to have a baby. I am."



Shampooing

done properly . . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

**Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean properly,
Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre,
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing**

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

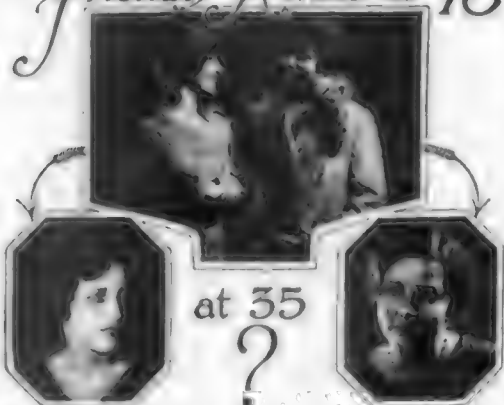


For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Friendly Rivals at 18



NAN and Jean at 18 were chums; cultured, charming girls having had all the advantages indulgent parents in moderately well-to-do circumstances could offer. Each married well, and their popularity continued to make them friendly rivals for leadership in their new set, "the young married crowd".

A few years ago, however, Nan began to drop out of things, declining more and more invitations "because she didn't feel up to it," while Jean seemed as vivid and full of life as ever, despite the coming of her lovely baby.

Why should this difference develop between these two young women, apparently equally well equipped for the game of Life? In this case, the answer is the simple one of

Feminine Hygiene

Jean, when she married, wisely sought and obtained accurate, detailed information on this vital subject from her physician as well as her mother, while Nan just didn't bother; took it for granted she knew enough. Recognizing the necessity for such hygiene; she did not know until too late what harm and suffering can result from careless, haphazard choosing of antiseptics. How different her story had she chosen

Tyree's

Antiseptic
Powder

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Discriminating Women!

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Something inside of Peter reversed gears. The iron resolutions of hate and death suffered a chemical transformation to gelatine. The situation was out of hand once more. He could no more cope with it than a paralyzed man could escape a tornado. There was something pitiful about the primitive terror of his wife that forbade him to add to her distress.

"Man of mine," she was saying, "keep me very close to the soul of you now, so that we'll be able to let each other know that we still care, even if some day I become only a fragrant and beautiful memory to you instead of a foolish care. There's more than half a year of life left anyway. Let's not spoil any of it with a single misunderstanding."

Peter's own defenses crumbled. His will to attack melted as the tears came to his own eyes. How could he punish this child now? What could he do? How could he refuse her demands for his tender sympathy?

"Nonsense," he was saying, an automatic masculine speech that required no directing from the mind. "Women are having children every day, and they don't die."

"Some of us do, Peter," Corinne argued solemnly, "and I don't know what it is or why, but I'm afraid. There's something black and big ahead of me that I don't understand. It's sort of like a dark cloud and when I get close to it I know I've got to step into it alone. That's why I want to love you all I can while I'm here. Peter, give me your hankie—I've cried mine all full."

Peter buried the automatic out in the jungle the next day. You can't kill, from the altar, the sinner who is kneeling before you.

SOMETHING, chivalry perhaps, not only held Peter's hand from vengeance, but made him want to shield her from every outside harm or distress. It was not love surely which actuated him. He felt positive that any such emotion had vanished forever. His feeling toward Corinne was mostly pity that she had made such a hash out of her life—out of their lives.

No matter from what source his forbearance sprung Peter undoubtedly had the impulse to spare his wife unnecessary pain and shock. Part of his immediate program was to shut up his voluble mother-in-law before she told Corinne about the meeting with George Herk. It was essential that Corinne should rest in the fancied security of not having been found out. Peter guessed that if she thought she were discovered she would not hesitate at taking her own life.

So, upon their return to town, Peter's first duty was a private interview with Mrs. Renshaw. He made his request briefly and directly and then put the glue on it.

"You may not understand why I'm asking this, and I certainly cannot tell you, but the day I discover that Corinne knows we saw Captain Herk, on that day I walk out of whatever house we happen to be living in and never come back."

All unwittingly Peter had given Mrs. Renshaw a new and absorbing lease on life. To find out what the trouble was without actually asking anybody or directly disobeying Peter's heavy interdiction became a fascinating game.

The necessity for keeping Corinne in the dark as to how

much he knew also made Peter forego the pleasure of attempting to kill the bland and smirking Captain Herk. Such a course would be attended to by inevitable publicity. Still, there was nothing to prevent Peter from imaginary assassination and he indulged himself in that lunatic pleasure whenever he thought of the man he hated.

IN A few days the necessity for restraining himself physically was done away with because of the fact that Captain Herk's regiment sailed for France. Peter found it out the day after it left and he sent after his enemy a fervent hope that he would never return.

Mixed in with his hatred was relief for Corinne. Now she would no longer have to live on tenterhooks for fear the two men would meet.

Peter became an actor. Never before had he, in any considerable degree, attempted to exhibit emotions which he did not feel. But now he felt that a duty, handed down from Adam, had been imposed upon him. With convincing optimism he herded Corinne across her valley of fear, made her throw off, for part of the time at least, her moods of depression.

This was not so hard to do as he might have supposed. Corinne allowed herself an even gayer social existence than before.

But it cannot be said that Peter made merry to any great extent, nor that, away from Corinne, he pretended to be very happy about everything.

It was one more blow to his work. He scarcely dared shut himself up alone with his play any more. Too many spectres crowded his office, too many conflicting, accusing doubts. A man can't very well move puppets through a maze of manufactured destiny when he is constantly wondering if he is doing the right thing himself.

And yet he plugged on doggedly. There was only one thing Peter knew how to do and that was to write. He might learn something else, but his family was organized on a basis which he could not finance except by the large income he could gain from successful play production. He had made a mistake in beginning married life on such a grand scale. But what man does not want to pour into the lap of his honeymoon partner every luxury that his means will allow?

Courtship, which as everyone knows includes the first volume of married life, sets a pace that many a husband, in his later capacity as business manager of the marriage corporation, finds it difficult to keep up.

Peter tried. But his brain, on the search for an elusive idea, often stumbled over the dollar sign and his fancy, once a carefree rover, spent days in a gloomy jail cell with unpaid bills on the four walls that he could not look away from.

Everybody's business seemed to be prospering excepting Peter's. The show business was good—all except his. His best friends

said, even among themselves, that Peter's genius was too fine, too fragile for the times. Whatever it was, the road companies closed and the New York production of "The Butterfly's Day" was on its last legs.

Peter had a contract for a play to follow "The Butterfly's Day" at the Bostwick Theater—that was the piece he was writing—but his confidence in his ability to finish the thing was at



a muddy low ebb.

Peter met George Milburn at the Lambs one day. At first he did not recognize his former mentor and kindly guide.

George was in uniform—according to the insignia he was a major in the Intelligence Department.

George explained smilingly. "I was with Roosevelt on San Juan Hill and I've put on two or three Civil War dramas. I suppose they thought I was entitled to more rank on that account than some young chap who only knew all about guns and army regulations."

Peter discounted the modest disclaimer. He suspected that the great shaggy head of the director contained as much information about things military as it did about nearly everything else. George wasn't the ideal type of parade soldier. He even stooped a little and there were wrinkles across the chest of his blouse between the top button and the next two. But what Major George Milburn lacked in appearance he made up in force of character.

"I don't expect that I'll have as much to do as I hope I will," Major Milburn was explaining. "I think all this junk goes with a desk job in Washington, but I can't help wishing that I will have to steal a few important papers from the Kaiser himself. Who knows? I'll get my orders tomorrow."

Peter induced him to come home with him to dinner. Corinne knew George from meeting him at the theater, but the veteran producer had always been too busy to accept purely social invitations. Now, for a few days in his life, he was at a loose end, had no particular duties either in the business he had just left or in the official position he was entering.

LATER, in Peter's own room, whither they had retired in order to escape the phonograph dance music, George Milburn diagnosed Peter's gloom.

"You're going through a phase of married life that comes to everybody, Peter. It's slightly exaggerated in your case because of the war. There always comes a time when a wife's charms are everyday common-places to her husband and he forgets to mention them, forgets even to flatter her. It has to be that way. A man who constantly begged his wife to yield her lips to him would make her ill with laughter. But the flattery of other men is music, whether they mean it or not. And what wife doesn't begin to suspect that her husband is a poor, cold fish by comparison with the eloquent bachelors who flirt with her."

"It seems like a senseless irritation," Peter returned.

"Only stupid people can be happily married," Major Milburn told him. "You've got to be blind to aesthetic and mechanical defects, you know, or you can't really enjoy owning a Ford."

"For heaven's sake, if that is the case why don't they pass laws against marriage?"

"Nature attends to it. There comes a time, and peace comes with it, when you realize that the minor heart-breaks heal, the ancient wrongs become not unpleasant scars and your only regret is that you wasted your high youth in discontent. Even those of us who have learned the bitter truth over and over again fall for Nature's hook when they put a new minnow on it." He was silent and ground out the light on his cigar in an ash tray. "Mrs. Renshaw is a very handsome woman, isn't she? I think I'll have to go and get acquainted with her."

Peter had to follow to the living room. Politeness required that. But once there he found himself without occupation. His wife, her mother and the young lady from next door were dancing. The two artillery lieutenants who were left over were gravely discussing the theory of indirect laying as applied to three inch material and he did not



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This month's contest closes April 30th. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges are: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co.

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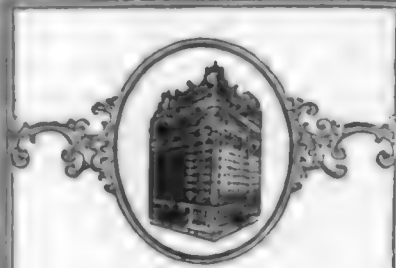
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even understand half the words they used. Peter went back to his room to reassemble his optimistic front.

AFTER all there are only about twenty-five thousand words in a play and even a literary loafer can finish one in the course of time.

So Peter completed his finally and delivered it to Harry Herberts, the manager of the Bostwick Theater, who had already paid a two thousand dollar option on it. It was a great relief to have it off his shoulders. And it sounded better when all together than he had dared to hope. Perhaps the very difficulties under which he had worked had made his product all the better.

The satisfaction of having the darn thing done at last made him contemplate with equanimity the two notes which were due upon the property at Veriende, and also gave him leisure to inquire into his investments.

His inquiries were just under way when the company to which his principal funds were entrusted collapsed with a loud bang. Even under war conditions a crooked and inefficient management can wreck a corporation. Peter was in one of the few that blew up just at that particular period.

Well, there was the new play. Even if the past profits were wiped out at least he wasn't starting all over again from nothing. He told that to the bank which was financing the payments on their country home. They gave him a little more time on the strength of it.

Mr. Herberts' secretary called him up and made an appointment for Peter to see the manager the next day.

"About casting the new play, I suppose?" Peter suggested.

PETER went, of course. One didn't fail at bread and butter appointments.

Herberts was very gracious in his reception. He was really a big man in the managerial field and one of the few who had a broad general education and an experience of social usage.

"About the new play, Peter," he began after their greeting. "I can't produce it this year. It's great stuff but too fragile for a war-keyed public."

Peter allowed it to sink in. There was no unkindness in the manager's tone. On the contrary he obviously hated to break this piece of bad news to the young man whom he himself had made overnight when he took a chance on Peter's first play and produced "The Butterfly's Day."

"Most of the successes at present are war plays or broad comedies. You can write that sort of thing just as well as anyone, Peter. Why don't you try it? I'll take an option on another play right now if you'll write it along the lines I have suggested. We'll shelve this one until after the war and produce it later when things are more normal."

"Of course I know you don't need money because you've made a young fortune in the last two years, but just to keep your hand in you might as well write one of these 'hokum mellerdramers' like 'The Spy of Ypres' and pull down a little extra kale. What do you say?"

"According to our contract," said Peter slowly, "don't you have to produce this play I've just delivered, 'Wings of Lead'?"

"Yes. I either have to produce it or forfeit the two thousand dollars advance royalty

which I gave you as an option. I'm intending to forfeit the money. I wasn't asking you to pay it back or even to let it apply on the next piece. I'll give you another advance on that."

But Peter would not accept the contract or an advance on it. He knew that he could never write the kind of a play Harry Herberts wanted. Herberts knew it, too, and was only offering the counter proposition as a sort of a means of buying Peter off. It was merely a kindly, diplomatic way of letting Peter down. Peter hated him for it for a moment.

Peter left the interview a very sick man. Never had he dreamed that money, or the lack of it, could make so much difference. Formerly, when he had plenty, he had rather scorned those who made it a mainspring of existence.

Even the financial disaster was not the principal cause of his mental nausea. Right then and there he would have agreed to forego all payment whatsoever in order to have "Wings of Lead" running successfully in a Broadway theater. The thought of not being represented at all either on the Rialto or on the road was the most distressing idea of all. Why, people would forget him!

And Peter had never known that he had any personal vanity, that he cared about fame or applause!

New Worlds for Old

All of Peter's world was crumbling to bits at once. Could he—the dreamer—learn to build it up again? Or will the June SMART SET only reveal how hard he tried to wreck it completely?

PETER went home craving sympathy, almost resolved to demand it. He was enough of a boy to want to be mothered over this rough spot in his life. He would tell Corinne the entire situation, ac-

knowledge his failure and sit down with her and face the problem together. That word "together" comforted him a lot. It was in times like these that a wife counted and matrimony justified its existence as an institution.

Corinne and he had grown apart a little lately but that was as much his fault as hers. He could remember the dear delightful times they had spent together during the first months of Veriende. Suddenly Peter wanted to go back there just with his wife—no week-end riot—and thresh things out on his own familiar territory. They could leave Mrs. Renshaw to take care of the flat in the city and have a little blessed quiet in the country—a time zone in which to find and readjust themselves.

The apartment was very quiet when he let himself in. No one answered even when he whistled his private signal for Corinne.

The explanation was in a note on his desk.

"Dear Peter: We've gone out to The House for over Saturday and Sunday. Lieutenant Blackwell is probably sailing for France next week and we want to make his last days in America as pleasant as possible. When you come out stop at Holcomb and Britton's for a case of that Scotch Lieutenant Blackwell likes so much. You'll have more room in the roadster than we've got in the sedan. Besides, I'm broke. Hurry along to your Corinne."

"P. S. I've taken both maids with me because this will be a large party if everybody comes that I've invited, and we're going to need all the help we can get and then some."

"N. B. I love you."

There was that plan shot. No chance to dump his troubles in his wife's lap if she was farewelling Lieutenant Blackwell that week-end. What were Peter's purely financial troubles by comparison with the hap-

piness of a lad who might never come back? Peter rather scorned himself for letting there be any sneer in his mind even as he thought of it. The boys who were leaving were entitled to everything they could get and no one ought to begrudge them their last days of pleasure and comfort.

Still—

The doorbell rang and Peter, recollecting that the servants were gone, answered the call himself.

It was only the mailman, with a letter for himself and one for Corinne.

A second glance at the envelopes disclosed the curious fact that neither of them bore postage stamps.

Peter opened his. It was a notice from the local draft board that his number had been called for examination. He almost laughed. Did he have to go through all that nonsense again.

HE PICKED up the letter for Corinne. What sort of government activity could she be interested in. They weren't drafting the women yet.

There was no "Official Business" frank printed on the envelope. But the words "Officer's Mail" were written where the stamp would ordinarily have been and in the other upper corner was the name of the sender, "Captain George Herk, —th Inf., U. S. A." The cancellation stamp said "Army Post Office, 753, A. E. F."

So, he was writing to her. This letter brought home to him the life situation between himself and his wife that he had so successfully stifled in the past few weeks. A flash of hot anger and resentment coursed through his heart.

Peter had never in his life opened a letter not addressed to himself but he had no hesitation in ripping the envelope from this one.

"Sweetie:" the letter declared. "I am going to forgive you for leaving me flat up there in my room at the hotel that day even though you didn't kiss me good-by."

"Up to now I've been planning how to get even with you for the tricks you've played on me. Once when I was especially sore I thought of going to your poor fish of a husband with the neat little tale of you and me. But I didn't have the heart to do it. Probably the fool has troubles enough of his own. I'll bet you lead him some race if it's anything at all like the one you led me."

"The reason I'm going to forgive you and ease your mind by promising never to bother you any more is because I've just decided that American girls ain't one two three with the French variety. I'm off you frost-bitten dames back home for good. You don't know how to treat a man and anything you get it's because you deserve it. I realize that it is probably not your fault so much as the way you've been trained, but that ain't any reason why a real live man should waste any more of his life being made a fool out of by a bag of phony tricks like yourself when there's an oo-la-la over here just dying to be agreeable."

"So good-by, sweetie. We'll let by-gones be by-gones. If I can ever do anything for you as a friend why just call on me."

"Your daddy (Once)"

Peter let the paper drop to the floor. Here was confirmation indeed of the suspicions he had harbored all along. The fact that he was saying good-by forever did not mitigate the enormity of his past offences.

Peter had a fleeting, recollected vision of George Herk's coarse, greedy face. The idea that it had ever been in juxtaposition to his wife's made him very ill. Also the phrase in the letter "leaving me flat up there in my room at the hotel." And George's sneering references to himself as a "poor fish" and a "fool."

"One thing my daughter must be told"

Says a mother of today about this phase of feminine hygiene



No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

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NEW YORK SOUTHAMPTON PALM BEACH

The Beauty Within Your Hands

[Continued from page 59]

begin early in life to develop some bad habits. We fidget with our hands. We pick up things we don't really mean to hold—a stray book or pencil on a table, a kerchief, a trinket that happens to be within our reach. One of the wisest women I know, a woman who, though she is no longer young, is radiantly beautiful, said, "I've learned never to make a useless movement with my hands. Nothing so disturbs the sense of poise and the rhythm of one's whole body as jerky, meaningless movements of the hands. If I'm tempted to toy with anything, I just drop my hands into my lap, or let them lie quietly on the arms of the chair. It makes me feel more self-possessed all over."

On the other side of the picture is a dancer of my acquaintance. She has, for years, been famous for her marvelous use of hands and arms in dancing. Yet, in private life, she seems to forget all this. Her hands are never very beautifully manicured, and she doesn't apply the principles of grace and smoothness of line to the daily use of her hands. That is why, when you see her in her own home, she gives the impression of having a scattered, fidgety mind. And that is one reason why many people, who come to admire her, leave with a vague impression of disappointment. They don't quite know why, but she has spoiled their whole enjoyment of her personality.

HANDS go everywhere with us. In school or business they are constantly at work. Over a desk, a drawing-board, a typewriter, or a piano, hands are on exhibition. And all the jewelry in the world won't conceal from the onlooker their defects. I don't know anything more unpleasant than uncared-for hands that try to set off one or two lovely rings, or a charming bracelet. Instead of enhancing the loveliness of decoration, neglected hands only call attention to themselves by contrast.

The two primary aids to hand beauty are, of course, good pure soap and water. Then the nails should, first of all, be clean and unblemished. White spots on the nails are usually caused by bruises. Some nails bruise more easily than others. There isn't much you can do to cover the spots; you just have to wait till they grow out. The little pale pink moon at the base of the nail should be definitely marked. With some types of hands this is more difficult than with others.

The color of the nail itself ought to be a delicate, blush pink, not the blood red color of extreme types of liquid polish. No girl with taste and breeding ever goes to extremes in the care of her hands. The tips of the nails should not be too long. In fact, they

are most attractive when they just reach over the fingertips. If you wear them a bit longer, don't file them down to points. They not only break off, but they look so sharp and clawlike that they are frightening to the beholder. The nail tip ought to be white and slightly opaque. Good nail bleaches will do this, but they should not be used too plentifully because they sometimes tend to harden the cuticle just under the nail tip. A good plan is to run your orange stick, tipped with cotton and dipped into a manicuring cream or oil, under the nail tip while you cleanse it. This prevents that hardening of the fingertip.

THE cuticle around the nail itself should be kept soft and pliable with creams and oils and neatly shaped with cuticle liquid. Tiny bits of cuticle that cling to the nail are easily loosened by the cuticle liquid. This preparation, too, helps to remove stains from the nails and fingers, so it may be used under the nail tip as often as necessary.

As for polish—this is a matter of individual taste. Liquid polish is a smooth, shining, varnishlike preparation which does not injure the nail if used properly. It should not be allowed to get on the cuticle itself. The best liquid polish is one which looks most natural and has the color of the healthy nail itself.

Dry polishes of various kinds: powder, cake, paste—are all good if used right. Follow the directions that come with them to get the best effects. And, if you use liquid polish, it's best to buff the nails first with your buffer. This gives you a smooth surface for the polish and wipes off any tiny bits of cream or oil you may have inadvertently left on the nail.

If cold spring weather has roughened your hands, begin to repair the damage immediately. A hand cream should be part of your regular beauty aid supply. When you are able, use a cream with a good deal of oil or grease in it; at night an old pair of cotton gloves worn over the hands will protect the bedclothes. Before you go out, rub over the hands a cream that tends to vanish, leaving them protected and somewhat softened. For evening wear liquid powder rubbed in thoroughly will make them temporarily whiter. But, if you expect to get tanned this summer, you need not worry about your hands being tanned, too. If they have an even, tawny coat of healthy sunburn and the skin is kept smooth and fine they will look lovely, day or night.

Let your hands tell the world the very nicest things about yourself. Let them proclaim the fact that taste, good breeding, poise and perfect grooming are the only true background for beauty.

Mary Lee's Beauty Answers

I HAVE been having my hair marceled for years, but now it is getting dry. I have some natural wave of my own, but do not seem to know how to arrange it without the aid of a marcel. It is very short and thick and never seems to grow long. Can you help me? Gladys M.

GLADYS: Water waves would help your hair condition as much as anything of which I know. With a natural wave, you shouldn't become addicted to marcel. For nothing is so beautiful as a real wave and the marcel will kill it completely unless you are very careful. Your first water waves should be put in by an expert operator, but after a little while you can, perhaps, learn to set them yourself with the aid of water-wave combs. Do not worry over attaining length

of hair. Short curly hair can be arranged so charmingly. Wield your hair-brush and consult your mirror. Experiment with hair-dressing styles until you find just the one that suits your type, and can bring your individual beauty to its highest realization.

Blonde or Brunette?

I AM a girl who is completely lost when it comes to that fascinating study, make-up. Nothing seems to suit my type. Will you please help me?

I am a blonde-brunette, an in-between with gray eyes. My skin is medium light and my brows and lashes a little darker than my light brown hair. My cheeks, when I am excited, are a light red and my lips a little

darker. My face is oval-shaped. I have my hair cut in a Lorelei Lee bob and parted on the right side. It is very straight and oily. Will you please analyze my type and tell me what make-up to use? Inza Sever.

INZA: A girl of your type, who can be blonde or brunette according to her mood, is very lucky. All you have to do is to decide what colors you want to wear, colors for dresses and hats, that is, match your make-up and be very individualistic. I do wish more girls would realize that rouge, powder and lipstick can be made to do amazing things for beauty. Once find the proper foundation color for your make-up and the rest is limited merely by your creative sense.

To get the right powder tint for your skin, try out the powder on the flesh of the inner arm, just below the elbow. Here every one's skin retains its truest tones. You, Inza, probably need a light rachel powder. There are several good ones on the market. Buy the weight you like best and then try the color of the powder out on your skin. If it is a little too yellow, mix a tiny amount of flesh-colored powder with it. If it is too dark, mix it with white. Your rouge, for ordinary daytime use, should be as close to the natural color of your lips as possible. It should be a shade lighter for evening. But since you are an "in-between-er" do remember the influence of the dress shade you are wearing. Use warmer rouge tones when you are emphasizing your brunette look. The way you are wearing your hair sounds charming.

For Beautifying Eyebrows and Lashes

I HAVE a most terrible time with my brows and lashes. First of all I am a blonde and my lashes and brows have no natural color. They seem to fade away completely into my skin. Then they are much too thin and ragged looking. Is there anything I can do to make them grow? And please give me your advice regarding the use of make-up on the lashes. Is it in good taste and harmless? Lucy Trevor.

LUCY: Make-up, when carefully applied, is in perfectly good taste and no feature responds to clever make-up with greater beauty than the eye. You are a decided blonde, so do not make the mistake of many girls and use black on your brows and lashes. Brown is the color for your use, the lightest brown you can secure. Sometimes gold lashes and brows are startling and different, but generally speaking, to darken their tone a bit is wiser. I believe this to be true in your case, Lucy. Next, remember, that brows and lashes do need attention and care. Get a small eyebrow brush and use it night and morning. This will promote the natural gloss of the brows and train them into shape. A little yellow vaseline rubbed in before brushing will make them grow. Be very careful, however, not to get the vaseline in the eyes. If the lashes are very slow in the growing, the following is a good tonic to use: Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of rosemary, fifteen drops; oil of lavender, fifteen drops. Mix thoroughly. After washing your face at night, brush your brows with your eyebrow brush lightly dipped in this tonic.

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The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

[Continued from page 77]

wall so when we get mad next time there will not be any complaints.

Stanley was terribly mad, he says he is going to have a companion for me as chap-erone. So I said that would be fine because then he would not have to be with me all the time and he said, "Well that proves you do not love me," and I was mad and said, "Of course I don't love you, you are too jealous."

So I cried and he did not speak to me any more last night but he went out early this morning, I hope he buys another diamond ring.

FRIDAY. The diamond tiara came this morning and it is lovely, only very heavy and quite hard to wear as I have to keep my head up all the time.

Everybody is going to Deauville so we are going there too tonight and I will wear my diamond tiara in the Casino, which is where they gamble.

Deauville—the diamond rock on which so many American romances have split! Cards, champagne, the feverish atmosphere of gilded halls of chance. How Peggy loved it!

SATURDAY. Deauville is the most fascinating place I have ever seen; nearly every one I know in New York seems to be here, which isn't so good because men will keep raising their hats or talking to me and some of them even say "hello Peggy," which makes Stanley mad.

I told him today that I could not help it if men admired me.

"I have often wondered about it myself," I told him. It is perfectly true, total strangers will call up on the telephone and some of the Frenchmen and South Americans here make all sorts of silly excuses to talk to me.

Today at Ciro's a sleek dark boy, very good-looking but rather young, came up to the table where Stanley and I were sitting and he bowed and said, "Excuse me, but this is Mrs. Joyce isn't it?"

"What do you want?" growled Stanley before I could open my mouth. I never believe in snubbing people; unless they are really offensive, and this boy was quite polite and had the nicest eyes. I mean, if people are polite to you why be rude to them?

Well the boy was a little bit worried over Joyce's manner but he said, "I believe we have met before, and I wanted to ask whether you and Mr. Joyce would join us at a dinner I am giving in the Casino tonight."

"Where did you meet Mrs. Joyce before?" asked Stanley, and he was getting red. I knew he was mad so I did not say anything, but I smiled at the boy because I could see he was fearfully embarrassed.

"Why, in—New York," he said. "At the—Colony."

Well it was quite possible because I often lunched at the Colony and met loads of people but I think if I had met this boy I would have remembered him, he was so handsome.

"Thank you, but we are engaged this evening," said Stanley. I could have killed him.

But at the races I was talking to Fanny W— and the boy came by and stopped and raised his hat and Fanny said, "Why, here's Bobbie A— do you know Mrs. Joyce?" And he was terribly shy, so I said, "Yes, we met before in New York, didn't we?"

"No," he said, "we didn't. I have never been to New York but I have wanted to meet you ever since I saw you in Paris last week."

That is the sort of thing that goes on all

the time and it is quite exciting and of course I could not get mad when he was so polite, besides we had been properly introduced by Fanny.

Fanny is so astounding, she did not look a day over twenty-five and she must be over sixty. She tells everyone how lovely it is to be a grandmother.

I wish I was going to Mr. A—'s party tonight. He is an Argentine and very rich. Fanny says. We went over to the polo field for tea after the races and he was playing, he is a wonderful rider and made two goals.

SUNDAY. It was simply marvelous last night at the Casino, and that boy I met at the races was trying to get my eye because he wanted to dance with me, but I did not dare invite him over because Joyce would have been mad. Really I would not care if Stanley was a good dancer but when a husband is not a good dancer he should let his wife dance with other men occasionally.

I was wearing my tiara and some of my other jewels including the new pearl necklace and people kept staring at me. A funny old man, very distinguished-looking and with a long drooping blond mustache stopped by the table and bowed and Stanley introduced him. It was Marquis — They say he was very handsome once. He has a very penetrating stare with his blue eyes and it makes you feel a little uncomfortable but he is very polite and kissed my hand and said, "Madame is the loveliest lady in the room." When he had gone Joyce laughed and said "he says that to every woman," but I do not believe it, he looked as if he meant it when he said it to me. I think it was horrid of Stanley.

I was introduced to a lot of other people. There was Erskine G—, he is very young and full of fun and thinks he is a devil with the women. He danced a lot with that woman they are calling the "best dressed woman in the world." Well, they may call her that and she seems quite nice but nobody ever heard of her in New York.

The M— sisters were there, both wearing very long skirts made of lace, but they looked very smart. There was an ex-King at a table near us, with his wife, but he looks more like a delicatessen merchant than a king. He was sitting with another fat man that Joyce said was the diamond king of England. I wonder how it would feel to be married to a diamond king?

I think it would be nicer to be married to a diamond king than a real king because anyway if there was a revolution or anything the real king might lose everything even his life, but a diamond king would still have his diamonds.

We went into the gambling rooms after dinner, it was quite exciting as we had to produce our passports and papers to get in. There must have been about forty tables and several thousand people playing or drinking at the long bar. Stanley did not want to play and, of course, I do not approve of gambling for myself so we went to the bar and we met some more people we knew and had some champagne.

The bartender's name is Fred; he is quite a character in Deauville and knows every one by their first names.

While at the bar I was introduced to Mr. L—, who is one of the owners of the Casino and the Normandy Hotel where we are staying. He is a rather sad looking man but has charming manners and he was exquisitely dressed. It seems that young G— is his private secretary.

Mr. L— has asked us to dinner but Stanley did not accept, he said he would let him know later. Really Stanley is impos-

sible sometimes. They say L— is frightfully rich and that he gives a pearl necklace to a different woman every six months. He is a very nice man.

WEDNESDAY. Everything has been so exciting that I have not had time to write in my Diary for several days and I would not be writing in it now except that a very important thing has happened.

I am so mad I can hardly see straight and I am through with Joyce.

This is what happened—

We went to the casino restaurant and I wore the tiara and M— was dancing with Leonora H—. Well, I knew Leonora and M— too and they came over and were introduced, but Stanley did not ask them to sit down which I thought was peculiar. Later on after they had danced M— came over and bowed and asked me to dance and I was just getting up when Joyce said "Sit down!" and sort of pushed me so that I sat down hard and the tiara slipped off my head and came down on my nose, cutting it quite badly.

Well of course I got up perfectly furious and left the restaurant with my handkerchief to my face and Joyce followed protesting he hadn't meant it but I would not answer him at all, just kept right on going until I reached the hotel which fortunately is just across the street from the Casino.

When I got to our suite I went to my bedroom and Joyce followed me in still talking. "Get out!" I said.

But he did not go and I guess I lost control of myself anyway I just flew at him and he must be a sight today, he has not left his room yet and his valet says he will not go out for a week.

Well all I can say is I am glad. I am sorry I lost my temper but after all he deserved it. My nose is all scratched from the tiara and looks terrible, but I am not going to stay in when there is so much to do.

Mr. A— called up and asked if I could join his party to lunch and I think I shall go. What if Joyce does find out? I should worry what he says, he has already acted as bad as he can and besides I am going to get a divorce.

If there is one thing I cannot stand in a man it is jealousy.

I suppose Stanley will come along with another jewel and try to get me to make up. Well all I can say is, it will take more than a diamond bracelet this time.

Jewels—money—champagne—every luxury—a millionaire husband—Deauville in the height of the season—yet, a wistful note will creep in!

THURSDAY. This is a wonderful place and I am having a splendid time, but somehow this morning I wish I was out of it all in some quiet place where I could rest.

Sometimes a small home and a husband with a job and maybe children looks pretty good to me.

Money and luxuries don't bring happiness but they do bring worries. I find myself growing irritable and nervous. I worry about my appearance—life seems one long round of trying on new dresses and hats. I sometimes change my clothes seven times a day. In this place you've got to be smart—or drop out. There is no other reason for being here. Thank God I don't have to worry about my diet like so many women I know. I guess I'm one of those girls who will never grow fat. Henri L—told me last night that I was his ideal woman—tall, blonde, slender and erect. He says I can wear clothes better than any woman he knows. "I would like to design your clothes," he said. They say he designs the clothes for every woman he is interested in and they are always very smart. He was with a girl named Jacqueline last night, she wore a magnificent pearl necklace L— gave her. She is beautiful, but L— told me that I



These photographs show the straight hair—the Marvelous Marcel Molds in place—and the glorious transformation of lovely waves put in Miss Sidway's hair.



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So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new.

In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or searing your hair.

There has never been a waver like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

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This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: It locks in! By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in, MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly. It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

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the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons. Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

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a bookkeeping charge on this figure, so we ask you to deposit with the postman the sum of \$2.97, plus a few cents, postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Get yours now and be first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves these molders fashion. Fill in and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate this minute.

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was more beautiful than she because I held myself better. "You walk like a princess should walk," he said.

Well, when a woman has good looks she might as well make the most of them. A girl should study herself before she tries to study men or other girls. She should experiment with herself. Sometimes I try twenty hats with one gown before I select the right one. I know the way my hair suits the shape of my head and the hairdresser always does it that way. I've had to learn how to walk, and talk, and gesture with my hands. A girl isn't just born with an ability to do everything right. It is easy to be born beautiful but it isn't easy to keep beautiful or have the elegance that should go with beauty. That must be studied carefully.

There's one thing, though. I don't spend hours making up my face. Why women use so much rouge and so many creams and powders is more than I know. They only make your face flabby and spoil the complexion. A little cold cream now and then after a cold or windy day, a dab of powder occasionally, and lip rouge, is all I ever have to use.

I don't know whether I did a wise thing in marrying Stanley. We don't really love each other like a husband and wife should. It's not much more than a strong infatuation on his part. Of course he has given me money and a social standing, but after all I have some talent and I might have been a big star on the stage if I had kept on. I wonder if I would have been happier on Broadway than I am here now in Deauville?

I wonder if I shall ever go back to Broadway and the theater? Probably I shall. I don't think I was born to be happy as a society woman. I knew that even way back in Washington when I was married to Sherby. But it was different then, too. I hadn't given up a career then.

TUESDAY. We returned to Paris yesterday, by car. There is a wonderful road through Normandy but it was raining.

Joyce is acting strangely. Ever since that affair in the Casino he hasn't been the same. He still says he loves me, but there is something different in his attitude.

Today I told him that Henri had invited us to his house Saturday night for dinner and a ball afterward and I expected him to flare up and say we would not go, because he does not like Henri, but he didn't say anything.

WEDNESDAY. Stanley told me today that he has received cables from Chicago telling him he must return for a few weeks on some big business.

"That's it, you promise me three months' honeymoon in Europe and as soon as we get here and you see I am enjoying myself you want to take me back," I said.

"Why, there is no reason you should come back with me," he said. "You can stay and I'll be right back in a few weeks."

I could not believe my ears.

"You will let me stay here all alone?" I asked.

"Why not? You think I don't trust you, but I do, and I will prove it. I will leave you here in Paris with just a woman companion who can interpret for you and help you shop and so forth, and you can write me every week about what a good time you are

having. And I'll be back as soon as I can."

Well, it was so unlike him that I could only stand and gape at him.

"It certainly is strange to me that you can go away and leave me alone when only a few days ago you could not bear for me even to dance with another man," I said.

And it was strange. I could not believe Stan had stopped loving me.

"Well, you cured me of that," he said, and laughed.

So it is settled, he is to sail on Friday and it seems he has already got me a woman companion and he is going to have her come so I can see whether I like her.

It will be heavenly being in Paris alone and able to go out and have a good time without being afraid of my husband all the

time, but I cannot understand his attitude.

I know Stanley, and this is not natural.

Has he stopped loving me?

What is his object?

I wish I knew.

Peggy soon found out! Already her woman's intuition, coupled with her knowledge of her husband, had warned her something

was afoot, but she little dreamed that that "something" would make her for many months the most miserable—and the most talked-about woman in America. Let the diary tell of her first awakening.

FRIDAY. Something extraordinary has happened. I had a letter from Stanley today from New York. It was very short and did not say much except that he would not be able to return to Paris for several weeks and perhaps two months. He said if I loved him I would have returned, which is unjust seeing that he left me here himself and kept wiring and writing that he was returning.

His letter was not full of love and adjectives like most of his other letters and he did not close it with his usual "Your most loving husband Stan," but just "aff'ly yours."

I was just wondering whether he had met another girl when the maid brought me a card, it was a calling-card of an American newspaper correspondent.

I could not think what he wanted so I told him to come up.

The reporter was very nice and asked me if I could tell him anything about my divorce.

"Why, my divorce is over and done with months ago and I am married again to Mr. Joyce," I said.

"Well of course I knew that," he said, "but I mean your divorce from Mr. Joyce."

"You must be crazy," I said, "I am not divorcing Mr. Joyce."

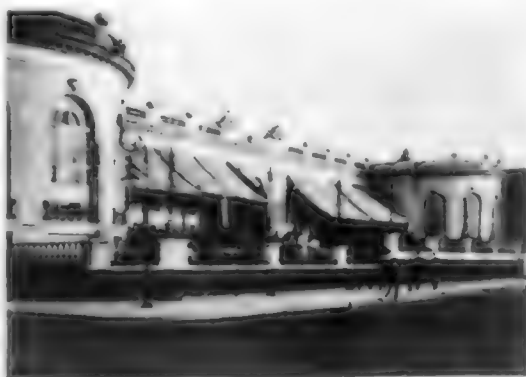
"There must be some mistake then, Mrs. Joyce," he said, "and I apologize, but I got this cable this morning from my office in New York and I had to ask you about it."

"Let me see the cable," I said.

He handed it to me and it said: HAVE TIP STANLEY JOYCE MILLIONAIRE LUMBERMAN CHICAGO SUING WIFE FORMERLY PEGGY HOPKINS NEW YORK BEAUTY FOR DIVORCE STOP PEGGY NOW HOTEL DU RHIN PARIS GET STATEMENT.

Well, of course I was frightfully worried but I did not say anything, just laughed.

"I only got a letter from Mr. Joyce this morning," I said, "saying that he has been detained but will be back to join me here in



Courtesy of Ewing Galloway

The Casino at Deauville—the diamond rock upon which so many romances split

a few weeks. You can read it if you like."

But he bowed and thanked me and said anything I said was Okay with him and he would send a cable that I denied the divorce.

He was very polite and smiling. Why is it nearly all newspapermen are nice? Is it because they know so much more about life than other people and know it is no use being grouchy?

SATURDAY. It is all true.

That man has played a trick on me. He deliberately left me here in Paris so he could file suit for a divorce in Chicago.

MONDAY. I cabled over about the jewels I left in the safe-deposit box in New York and my lawyer says Joyce has taken them.

Well of course he had a key to the box and a right to open it and the jewels were given to me by him but I think it was a low trick to take them back like that without even telling me about it. Thank heavens I have most of my jewelry over here.

I am so mad I am ill and have had to have a doctor.

WEDNESDAY. I asked Henri if I should return to the United States and he said, "Well if you want to fight the case I suppose you must."

"Of course I want to fight the case," I said. "Well it won't come up for a long while yet," he said. "I was thinking of motoring to Rome tomorrow. Why don't you come with me? The trip will do you good and Rome is wonderful."

"All roads lead to Rome," said my companion, and laughed that silly snigger she has. I hate that woman. I am beginning to think she was just put here by Joyce as a spy. I bet she has been sending him information about every move I make. Henri thinks so too.

I am going to fire her.

THURSDAY. We are leaving this afternoon for Rome but I am not going with Henri.

I told him that I had to be very careful now that Joyce is suing for divorce and I probably had detectives on my trail, so he said, "Well, I have several cars. You can go in one of them with your companion and maid and I will follow in another, I promise I won't get nearer than five hundred yards."

There certainly cannot be any harm in that, so I have consented.

SATURDAY. We are at Avignon, which is a queer old place with a stream running down the street and water-wheels turning which do all the work in the house and provide the power.

There is only one hotel, the hotel de l'Europe, but Henri is at the other end of the corridor. Anyway I fired the companion and my maid is French.

It was funny how Henri kept his word about the automobiles. All through the trip I could see him exactly 500 yards behind, never any closer or further, except of course for meals which we had at funny country inns that Henri knew.

He is an extraordinary man. His cars are Farmans with bodies designed by himself. The back seats pull out and when the cushions are lifted there is a complete bed beneath, with pillows, sheets, blankets and even hot-water bottles. He calls them his "couchettes," and uses them for long night journeys, with two chauffeurs. And when he goes to a restaurant he has never been to before he will not eat until he has been in the kitchen and been shown the food and told the cook how to cook it. He does not eat much or drink anything except a glass of wine now and then but he certainly knows more about food and wines than any man I have ever met.

He is always very polite and respectful and never says anything stronger than "Peggy, you are the most beautiful of

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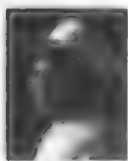
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women, any man must be insane to want to lose you."

NAPLES. Henri has asked me to marry him after the Joyce divorce and I have not said no, only asked to think it over.

I like him very much and he is very good to me but I do not know whether I would like him as a husband.

ON BOARD AQUITANIA. Well, I am on my way back to find out all about the divorce. Henri and I motored up from Rome and he saw me off at Cherbourg.

Still liking and respecting Henri but warring in her mind as to whether she wants to marry him, Peggy returns to the United States, where her beautiful blonde head speedily becomes the target for such a campaign of villification as has seldom been the lot of a woman to submit to. The Joyce lawyers were ferocious. "She only married him for his money. She was with other men before even his back was turned." These and other accusations burst like shrapnel about her and gave her no chance to defend herself.

TUESDAY. My lawyers had a conference today and I was asked to see them and one of them said:

"I think it would be better if you were entirely frank with us, Mrs. Joyce. Are any of your husband's charges untrue?"

"If you mean the lies I have been reading in the papers that his lawyers put out, they are all untrue," I said. I was furious.

"How do you explain your husband's actions?" he asked.

"Joyce is of a very suspicious and intensely jealous nature. He suspected in Paris that I did not love him any longer and he accused me of loving a good time more than I loved him. It was true because he had developed into such a jealous man that I could not even speak to another man without a fight. It was his own fault. So he determined to test me and went away leaving a woman spy with me, and she jumped to conclusions at what she saw."

They seemed satisfied with that. They say Joyce hasn't a chance of getting his divorce but that I have a good chance of getting one from him on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, so they are filing a counter suit.

FRIDAY. The papers are terrible, and the worst of it all is I cannot say or do anything. The lawyers absolutely forbid me to speak to a reporter or even to see one, though they are after me night and day. I cannot go anywhere without a dozen reporters and photographers getting after me.

They have said the most outrageous things and have made me ill. I cannot understand how Joyce can let them when only a few months ago he could not allow an hour to go by without raving about how much he loved me. Why if the things his lawyers say about me were true I would be the wickedest woman in the world. There is one thing, nobody who knows me will believe a word. I am finding out my true friends now.

Tommy H— telephoned this morning and he was too sweet for words. "I want you to know that none of our crowd believes a word of all this, Peggy," he said, "and we're good and sore about it." He asked if there was anything he could do to help me. Now there's a boy I have only known casually—just been to dinners and dances with him, and he is worth more than a lot of men I thought were really my friends. Tommy is a happy man and he deserves to be happy because he is a fine boy. There isn't many like him. Sonny— is another.

A gap ensues in the Diary of about five months, during which Peggy Joyce mounted the steps of her calvary. More

than 4,000 columns were written in American newspapers of the divorce proceedings, practically all emanating from the Joyce side. Unscrupulous affidavits were procured purporting to show that men had killed themselves for Peggy's love, that other men had ruined themselves for her, that the slight blonde girl whom Joyce had stormed, taken away from the stage and a career, and married, was nothing more than a glorified "gold-digger." Yet it was significant that through it all those of her friends who really knew and understood her—men friends like Hitchcock and Whitney—stoutly refused to believe a word. Peggy was, at the utmost, unwise, a trifle reckless, a high-spirited child of her century. Nothing in her Diary reveals truth in a single one of Joyce's accusations.

And finally they had to admit that they couldn't prove a single act of Peggy's that would give Joyce his divorce. The case was settled—out of court. And Joyce paid.

THURSDAY. It is over! We have won! I am so happy. The divorce has been granted and he has made a settlement on me which makes me independent for life. At last I am free! At last I can talk!

This terrible time has made me hate America for a while. I stifle here. It is hateful to know that everywhere I go I am recognized as "the notorious Peggy Joyce"—and all because of a campaign of lies, although I cannot believe he sanctioned them himself.

The Diary does not mention the exact terms of the divorce settlement, which were, however, understood to have involved nearly \$2,000,000. By the settlement Peggy was given title to a town house in New York, her automobiles, and her jewels. The way was now free for her to return to her stage career, if she wished. But the terrible months of divorce wrangling had undermined her health, so, again—

FRIDAY. I sail tonight on the Olympic. It is to be a secret sailing as the very idea of seeing reporters again is hateful to me. But I suppose they will find out.

A week elapses on the high seas. But Peggy is too busy enjoying her first taste of freedom to worry about writing in her Diary.

SUNDAY. Paris again! But this time I'm free, alone, and so that I won't have any stupid memories I'm staying at the Ritz—on the "Cambon side" as they call it.

I had determined not to give any interviews out when I arrived, and of course one reporter—the same one who interviewed me before—met me at Cherbourg—was down in my cabin before I left it for the tender. But he didn't ask me anything, except if there was anything he could do, which I thought was rather strange, but on the train he said we were in for a long night without sleep—it is disgraceful that they do not put sleepers on the boat trains—and why not have a glass of champagne with him in the dining car?

Well, I did, and we talked of a lot of things, and still he never asked me any questions, so I got curious and said:

"Aren't you going to interview me?" Of course I wouldn't have given him an interview anyway.

"Oh," he said, "that's all right. I've sent it."

"Sent what?" I said. "I haven't told you anything."

"Well, it's like this," he said, "your boat was signaled to arrive so late that I figured I couldn't get the interview in time to hit my morning editions in New York. So I wrote the interview with you on the train going down and filed it at the cable office on the pier before I went out to the ship."

Did you ever hear of such nerve!

But he showed me a copy of the cable and really it was quite clever and just what I might have said. It started, "Poor man for me next time said Peggy Joyce." He just called up a few moments ago to say his office in New York had cabled him congratulations.

I am going to the Riviera in a few days. Pierre is coming up to fetch me, he has just wired. Everybody I know is in Cannes.

This is the first mention in the Diary of a man Peggy had met when in Paris previously, and had also known in New York. Pierre M—, the son of a wealthy banker, was young and handsome, and evidently an ardent admirer of Peggy's

TUESDAY. Went out last night with B—, who took me to Leo T—'s apartment. He is a pianist, a protégé of Mrs. W—'s I believe. He has a tiny flat near the Bois de Boulogne so filled with paintings and sculpture that there is hardly any room to sit down.

FRIDAY. Pierre has arrived and we are motoring to Cannes tomorrow, but as usual I will not go alone with him. I am taking a Rolls-Royce with my maid and he is following in a Hispano.

Henri L— is at Cannes and has telegraphed me to come. He is one of the owners of the Casino there, like at Deauville. I wonder what woman he is interested in now? I wonder if he will still like me?

Pierre is good looking and rich. I like him as a good friend and he knows it. We have lots of fun together.

But Henri is different. He is older, and oh, so sophisticated. It seems to me that he must know everything. He can design clothes better than a couturier and knows more about food than a chef. He has money invested in paying enterprises all over the world, railroads and oil wells and newspapers and champagne and even a porcelain factory.

He is the only man in the world who can make me feel like a little girl. And he is so kind and courteous always. They say he is the richest man in France and can make and break prime ministers. And he has always been famous for never being seen except with the reigning beauty of the day, which is quite complimentary to me.

Peggy goes to Biarritz and Cannes, and spends the season there, her name meanwhile being much coupled with that of L—. Then she returns to Paris and, suddenly—

WEDNESDAY. Mother is ill. I have just had a cable I shall leave on the first boat.

Dear Mother—thoughts of her fill me with such mixed memories. The little home in Norfolk—the high school, and the girls who didn't like me because they said I stole their beaux. Steal them! Could I help it if the boys liked me better than them? Then—that day when I ran away. The little satchel that was all my baggage—a night-dress and a toothbrush and a change of underwear!

Salt Lake City, riding a bicycle. Denver, and that terrible tragedy that changed my whole life. For it was a tragedy, I realize that now. But for what happened in Denver I might be a happy wife today.

But would I? Am I the sort ever to be a good wife to a man? Yes—I think so—if the man will give in to me.

It's time to be honest. I come first with me always. It's the way I'm made. Can I help it?

Since I've been a little girl I've been flattered and petted and given my own way by men. I can confess it to my Diary, though I wouldn't tell any one—I know at least a dozen men who would marry me tomorrow if I said the word. Several would



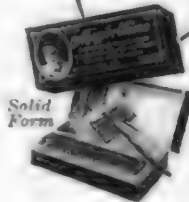
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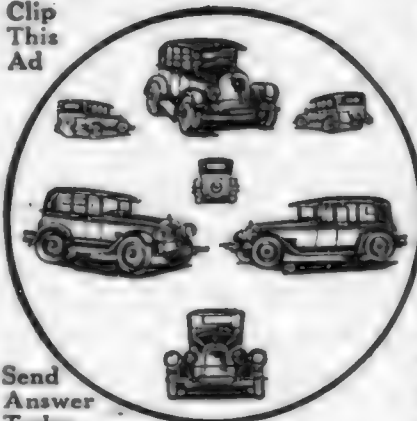
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jump on the next boat. And ten of the dozen are wealthy.

But what does that make ME? Why do I always appeal to rich men and not to poor ones? They say it's because I am beautiful and wear clothes and jewels well—better than most women born rich.

A man likes to be with a woman people look at and admire and whisper about. It is a kind of vanity with him. He likes to parade me, to have his friends say, "He gave her those jewels—he must be wonderful if she fell for him."

Well, as I said before, what does that make me? A puppet for the vanity of millionaires? And if it does? I have a good time, don't I? I have all the money I want and all the jewels I want and all the luxuries I want and all the love I want.

But is that all I want. Am I happy?

I'm being honest now. I may as well go on. Happiness means peace. And with all that I have I am not at peace. I worry. I fret. I am irritable.

"Imperious" was the word Fernand Vanderm used.

Imperiousness means extreme selfishness and vanity. Well, I suppose I am vain. And selfish. Yet I help out plenty of people in trouble. Am I all wrong? I can't believe it. But does one ever really know oneself.

Thus did Peggy Joyce give her soul away in a piece of introspective writing—nearly incredible in view of her earlier style. Such editing as this Diary has been subject to has been confined to eliminating inconsequentials and duplications. The actual phraseology is as Peggy wrote it. Peggy returns to the United States, where her "Memoirs" have been published in the Sunday Section of a New York newspaper. They were, needless to say, not written by her but by a syndicate writer employed for the purpose. Only in flashes did they sometimes give the reader a glimpse at the real Peggy Joyce which this Diary reveals.

WEDNESDAY. Mother is better. I have bought her a house and arranged so that she will not feel want any more. Poor mother! She is bewildered at me, and I cannot blame her.

SUNDAY. Since I returned it has been one succession of dinner and supper parties. Contracts have been literally thrown at me. I have my choice between the Pictures at \$10,000 a week, a long engagement in vaudeville at \$7,500 per week, or being starred in a musical play.

I am undecided. I do not need the money, of course, and the thought of plunging into work again is not so pleasant as it might be.

I have had a number of cables from France. Henri has not actually asked me to marry him since that time in Naples, but—well I feel that he would do so if I gave him the slightest encouragement.

I am a little bit frightened at becoming the wife of a Frenchman. Henri is perhaps the most wonderful man I have ever met, but he is jealous and self-centered, and I will never again go through with a man what I went through with Stanley Joyce.

I hear Stanley is to marry again. I hope he will be very happy. I can't forget that he was very good to me once.

FRIDAY. I am sailing tonight on the Aquitania for Paris with Kathleen. She is an awfully nice girl, and I do need somebody I

can confide in and who will be a real friend.

SUNDAY. I am in Paris after a short visit in London. I met Billy E—the Chilean that I knew when I was in the Follies. He has followed me here.

FRIDAY. Life is difficult. I have repeatedly told Billy I cannot go out with him, because I know he is married and I will not come between a husband and wife that way. But he still persists. He 'phones me a dozen times a day and sends me flowers and presents.

Henri laughed at one of his notes. "Don't see him and he'll get over it," he said.

SUNDAY. I know now I love Billy more than I ever loved any one but I will never let him know. It would only bring unhappiness to every one and I'm trying to avoid that if possible.

I really don't know what to do about Billy. Everyday he follows Henri and me to every place we go. Just now in Maurice's he asked me to dance with him and I did and he said, "Will you leave I—for good now and come to me?"

"Of course not, Billy," I said, "don't be silly. I can't leave a man when I have gone out to dinner with him and he has given no excuse."

"If you loved me you would," said Billy.

He seems so difficult sometimes. I laughed it off. I am writing now at four o'clock in the morning. Why are men so difficult?

A sinister gap in the Diary of one day. Then—the deluge. An entry of only thirteen words spells tragedy:

FRIDAY. Billy has shot himself. I am so ill. I am sailing home tomorrow.

TUESDAY. I could not get Kathleen's passport visaed so am leaving on the next boat. This is a terrible time. The newspapers are simply bombarding me. What can I tell them?

Henri has been wonderful to me. Also Jack D—, who is here in the hotel and who came back by express from Berlin when he heard of my trouble. They are two splendid friends.

Kathleen and I sail on the Olympic.

ON BOARD THE OLYMPIC. I am so ill I cannot eat or sleep. The only man I ever really loved is dead, and by his own hand. I can hardly realize this dreadful thing. I feel as if I can never smile again. Oh why did he have to do it? What is there about love that makes a man insane? And those terrible newspapers—how I hate them! Why should they blame me because a man goes out of his mind? How am I responsible? If Billy had had no responsibilities I would have gone to him gladly, freely, because I loved him. But he was not free. He was married. So I refused to go with him—and he goes home and shoots himself. And the newspapers say it is my fault! I think I will go insane too.

A year passes. The Diary is forgotten. Peggy is trying to forget. For months she lives in seclusion, seeing scarcely anyone. Then, one day, her name leaps to the front page again with the announcement of her engagement to Count Moerner of Sweden.

The Long, Long Trail

Peggy's search for happiness leads across the Atlantic several times more, once again through a divorce court and even to Hollywood. Back in New York, she makes an entry in her diary that is full of promise. Is happiness awaiting her at last? Read the concluding instalment of her diary in June SMART SET.

Broadway Love

[Continued from page 81]

thought. It seemed to me as though she wanted some old friend on whom she could rely.

"Come home with me tonight," she begged. And I agreed.

WE RODE in silence until we had left Manhattan behind us, and then I realized that Jenette was weeping.

"Want to tell me about it?" I asked.

"Oh, Warren, I've made a fool of myself," she confided. "I ought never to have married Ronald. Dick said that a thousand years ago a man was known by the way he bore arms—by his physical courage and bravery. That was what constituted power. And today, Dick said, a man expresses power through money and the capability of making it. If he doesn't work, and lets his wife support him, she cannot respect him any more than a woman of the Dark Ages would have respected a man who did not fight. That's what Dick said, Warren, and he was right!"

"You mean that Ronald is sitting back on you?" I asked.

She nodded. "And it isn't the money; you know me better than that. It's because he doesn't try! He is content to let me support him, and you can't love if you don't respect."

I was furious.

"Why don't you divorce him?" I asked.

"Not as long as he is faithful to me," she told me. "Call me old-fashioned—but as long as he is faithful, I will have to carry on."

I was smiling when I got out of the car—smiling, because I knew what I would do. I had no scruples in dealing with Mr. Marchmont! I was going to interfere with Fate. I was willing to do anything when it came to a question of making Jenette happy.

So I was quietly courteous to Mr. Ronald Marchmont that night, and Jenette didn't have the faintest idea of what was in my mind.

I MOTORED back with her the following day, and that night I had a long talk with Sam Wertheim.

"It's quite a scheme," he grinned, when I had outlined what I had in my mind. "But it will cost quite a bit of money."

"I have money," I said, "but my name must never appear in it. Will you, or won't you, put on the play for me?"

"I'd do it anyway for Jenette's sake," Sam assured me. "As for the money, I'll put that up, too."

In the end we agreed to go fifty-fifty, though Sam was to do the stage-management.

"And there isn't much time," I warned him. "It has to be worked fast, because it's getting near the end of the summer."

Two week-ends later, I accepted Jenette's invitation to motor out with her after the show on Saturday night for the week-end.

That Sunday was warm, and the three of us had breakfast about eleven.

"Let's all go swimming," Jenette suggested.

"I can't," Ronald said carelessly. "I'm sorry, but I've arranged to play golf."

I saw that Jenette thought it rather strange. Ronald had never been keen on any kind of strenuous exercise—particularly in the heat.

"Of course, you must do as you like," Jenette said.

"She and I loafed the morning away, and late in the afternoon, I suggested that we should go and call on a Mrs. Boyd.

"She has moved into that elaborate place

down the road," I explained. "I know her slightly; she seems to have oodles of money, and I am under a social obligation to her."

"Oh, yes, she called on me," Jenette said, "and I suppose I ought to return the visit."

I agreed, and we started out. When we arrived, a servant informed us that we would find Mrs. Boyd on the beach.

We did!

Phyllis Boyd, a flamboyant beauty with red-gold hair and velvety brown eyes, was lying under a huge beach umbrella. She was dressed in a one-piece bathing suit of black silk, which established the fact that she had a noticeably good figure. Nor was she alone, for Ronald was lying beside her.

They both seemed confused when they saw us.

"I was so hot after golf," Ronald tried to explain, "and Mrs. Boyd was good enough to offer me the hospitality of her beach."

I was certain that Jenette knew he lied, and that he had spent the whole day with Phyllis Boyd.

We stayed for half an hour, chatting politely, and Ronald came away with us.

I PLEADED a business engagement early on Monday, and did not see Jenette until late at night the following Friday. Then she telephoned to me from her New York apartment, and asked me to come over.

"Does your firm handle divorces?" she asked me.

"No," I said, "but I can advise you where to go. Suppose you sit down and tell me about it, and stop looking so like a tigress."

"It won't take long to explain what Ronald is!" she flashed at me. "I knew it before, and tonight—well! You see, I had arranged to stay in town tonight, because I was going to a party. Then this evening, I changed my mind, and determined that Long Island would be cooler. I drove home, and Ronald was not expecting me. I looked through the open windows of the living room—and there I found Ronald and Phyllis Boyd. He had not heard me drive up—and, Warren—it was horrible!"

For a moment I felt guilty, but not for long. I was not going to tell her that Sam Wertheim and I had planted Phyllis Boyd in the character of a rich widow in that Long Island house.

"It had to come!" Jenette exclaimed. "I hope for Ronald's sake that Mrs. Boyd is rich enough to save him from work."

I plunged into legal matters with such success that proceedings were started almost at once. Much to Jenette's surprise! Phyllis Boyd aided us in getting all the proof we wanted.

THAT was some time ago.

Last night I had a visitor—Dick Eaton. He came rushing into my place and seized both my hands.

"She's going to marry me now that she's free from that hound," he announced. "Warren, you old horse, try and remember what it felt like when you were young! Show a little enthusiasm."

Somehow or other I managed the enthusiasm, but after he left I sat before my open fire and dreamed of the future. I believed that this time Jenette had chosen wisely.

My mind traveled farther into the future, and I saw myself older and grayer, and there was a little warmth for me as Dick's and Jenette's children climbed on my knee and asked for a story.

In my dream I told them many stories, but the one that they didn't hear was the one I have told you.

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Your Own Room

By

ETHEL LEWIS

Who Tells You How to Make It Livable

THE room that is yours—whether it's a hall bedroom in a boarding house, a room under the parental roof-tree, or the one-room apartment of the independent young business woman—is different from ordinary rooms. It is the place that can, and does, and should reflect you as you are. There you can have the pictures that you like best, the colors that seem most restful and suitable to you. If it isn't a room where you love to be—a place for work or rest or play—there is something wrong—something must be changed. First of all it must be livable. That includes so many things: comfort for mind as well as body, arrangement that is beautiful as well as efficient, and the proper placement of those all-important accessories which are such a vital part of our daily life.

Comfort for the mind usually means colors that you like best. If you've always yearned for a peach-colored wall, or one of hyacinth blue, your own room is the place to have it, and at no great expense—for there's paper or paint in almost any tone you desire. Perhaps you long to have a veritable flower garden wall, because all of the family rooms are dull and neutral in color. That's possible, too. Or combine the two ideas and make your curtains of the brightest, gayest chinz you can get to harmonize with your colorful wall.

There are great opportunities for lovely color in your curtains, whether you have hand-blocked English linen or calico, glazed chintz or crisp organdie, or a new percale that is ultra-modern in design. Possibly you can repeat that curtain material as upholstery on a small chair, or as a bedspread, or even as cushions on the day bed. Anyway

be sure to have color and more color—colors that you enjoy—for that makes your room livable.

Then there's the rug to consider. Do you want it to sink into the background, or do you want it to be a prominent part of your color scheme? Either way there are many kinds and qualities of rugs to suit every pocketbook, and in the colors that you like. Just be careful that the tone of the rug harmonizes with the wall and the curtains, and that it is a color you really want to live with.

ARRANGEMENT is important, too—though often our best efforts are baffled by strange cut-off corners, too narrow wall spaces and too many doors. Even so there is always one way that is best. Place the bed so that it doesn't face the windows, if possible, and leave space near it for a small table or chest. Get one that is large enough to hold a lamp and a book or two, or a photograph and a vase for flowers, if you like.

Near the windows there will be room for at least one comfortable chair into which you will be glad to drop after a day's work. There must be a lamp there, too, so placed that it will throw a good light down on your book or your sewing, and at the same time will provide a softly diffused, becoming glow throughout the room. You may have to curb your love for colors when it comes to lamp shades, for brilliant colors seldom provide, becoming lights. Use the soft, light neutral tones and keep the bright colors for the decorative binding or trimmings.

The dressing-table also needs a good light,



Ethel A. Reeve, Decorator

This room lends itself well to the atmosphere demanded for a combination living and sleeping room. The sofa cushions on the day bed match the curtains at the window



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Pale peach walls and a bright, glazed chintz at the windows make this very feminine room seem always cheerful

both by day and by night, so you must consider carefully where it is to go. And you should have a desk, or a secretary, or a table—every girl needs a place where she can write. A small desk like that in the photograph at the top of this page is large enough for most of us, and yet it is inexpensive and fits in nicely with the other simple, painted furniture. Possibly you can make your reading lamp do double duty and light the desk as well as the comfortable chair by the window.

IF you haven't a desk, a table serves almost as well, and then you can use one of those smart decorative portfolios for all the writing equipment. A straight chair for the desk and possibly a chiffonier or a large chest for storage space complete the essentials. Other chairs and tables add to the livable quality and seem necessary if you are making your room do double duty.

After all, that's the really important thing to determine first—how do you use your room? Must it serve instead of a regular living room? Must it combine all of those impersonal necessities with the pleasant luxuries of a livable bedroom? If so, it is better to omit the frills and furbelows and adopt a tailored and dignified aspect. Use a day bed with suitable cover and cushions, for that will seem more like the living room couch than a regular bed.

Instead of a draped dressing-table use a fine old chest, and if you can find another spot for them, don't display your toilet accessories. You may be able to convert a closet into a real dressing room, if it is large enough to hold a chiffonier or a small table and a mirror. Or, if there are not too many other people to be considered, you can arrange a delightful dressing-table in one corner of the bathroom. In the combination room you must have more than one comfortable chair, and a small table or two for the little extras which add the living room air.

On the other hand a gracefully draped

dressing-table, with a beautiful mirror above it, may be the one thing your room needs to make it complete. You know they are not difficult to make and drape if your fingers are deft and sure. A pair of tall glass or silver candlestick lamps with dainty frilly shades will provide the necessary light and add a smart decorative note as well.

If your room is to be just bedroom and private sitting room you can make it charming with ruffled curtains and dainty bedspread. Even the comfortable chair or chaise longue can be decorated with a frill, and the cushions to tuck in at your back can be as frivolous and luxurious as you choose. But in either type of room you must have comfort, for without comfort it will not be livable.

The small room can be just as livable as the large one, but each in its own way. You can make a hall bedroom look quite spacious by the careful selection of wall color and the daintiness and sheer-ness of the curtains. There must be no large nor clumsy furniture, no dark nor oppressive colors.

EACH inch of space must be carefully utilized so that there will be no suggestion of over-crowding. It is really quite as much fun to decorate a tiny room successfully as it is to do a large one, where you have lots of wall space.

When you have finished with the background and the curtains and have seen that the furniture is properly arranged and the lamps correctly distributed, then is the time to consider the little accessories: books, photographs and pictures—whatever you like best and want most.

The little hanging cupboard is a decorative spot of color and can hold any of the delightful odds and ends we love to pick up here and there, but don't clutter your room, though. Keep only the things which you feel you cannot get along without. Discard and do over and plan anew until you are sure that *your own room* is really livable.



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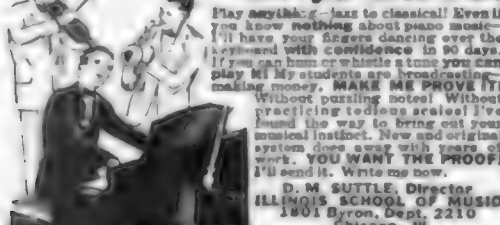
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What Mona Lisa Could Tell The Girl of Today

[Continued from page 53]

seeing, experiencing, ever since he was a little boy. Therefore it is human, even though it comprises the best of all these things, the loveliest of them all.

Since it is human, it can be achieved.

IT IS a strange thing that men, while they wish to be and must be master, protector, lord, in their love life, also wish to look up to a woman. They want to be stronger, wiser, more courageous, more important, but they also have a deep yearning that the woman should be—they know not exactly how—better than they are. They want her to excel in goodness alone.

That is why all religions have somewhere in them a woman. It is the nature of man to desire to feel that spiritually, in some sweet way, the woman is above him. He may not know this, he may not be able to explain it, but it is always true.

He doesn't want to interfere with his comfort. He doesn't want it forced upon him. He doesn't want it to make a prude or a kill joy out of her. That is why it is a little difficult to define. But right there lies what we may call the woman's art.

The woman's art is to make her man feel that there is within her something innocent and quiet, something reverent and lovely.

Just as every day examples. He wants to feel that when they see a sunrise in the Sierras, or a sunset upon the lake, she sees something in it just a little more beautiful, just a little more heavenly than he can see. He wants to feel that she has within her a divine tenderness for the wounded or hurt things of life. He wants her to express, though it's once a year, some poetic, exquisite thought which he would perhaps never have thought of. He would like to find her—among a thousand and one other things—a guardian angel. To believe that in the depths of despair she has some contact with a strength beyond the human which will send him forth hopeful and renewed.

Thus often a woman grows greatly in trying to grow into a man's ideal of her. That ideal is far above her, and as she tries to fit herself into it she grows until she can reach it and in the end she becomes that ideal.

That is why, when a woman falls below a man's ideal of her, it is not only his love that is wounded, but all the belief life has left him in higher, finer things. All his highest aspirations, all his impulses for betterment, all the trust he has in decency and honor and purity, all his self-respect, are knifed to the heart.

Men are incurably romantic. They always want to make a woman over to fit into their own standards. And the wise woman who really desires to bring happiness to herself and the man she loves and who loves her, allows herself to be molded. Some one has said that woman attacks by sudden and strange surrenders. And George Jean Nathan has written somewhere, "Woman's greatest victory is achieved by complete surrender."

This surrender is a surrender of self. It was the surrender of self which made Mona

Lisa a mirror for the mind of Leonardo da Vinci.

All men are creatures of mood, some much more than others. And moods are intangible things, as unexplainable by the person they sway as any one else.

The thing most women fail to realize is that these moods are impersonal. The average woman, sensitive and always inclined to be narrowly personal, takes each mood as a reflection upon herself. If a man is quiet and slightly depressed, she takes it as a criticism of her. If he is nervous and irritable, she resents his taking it out on her. If he is absent-minded and absorbed, she feels that she is neglected and so forth.

As a matter of fact, nine times out of ten she has nothing whatsoever to do with his mood. It arises from within, or it is caused by some contact without in his business. It takes a very clever woman to "sit still" through these moods. But if she can she reaps the reward of his infinite gratitude and affection for her un-

derstanding; she becomes more and more necessary to him because of that understanding.

MONA LISA understood perfectly how to fit herself into every mood, unobtrusively and beautifully. Leonardo thought, pretended, perhaps actually believed that he arranged the day's activities in the studio for her benefit. She knew better. She knew he arranged them to suit his own mood of the moment. Perhaps today it would be the merry and laugh-provoking jugglers. Perhaps tomorrow, the soft wail of sad music. Another time, a new and beautifully designed fountain. But whatever she found when she arrived, instantly she was in that tone. She picked up and reflected the color of the thing he had arranged.

Every woman can do this, if she will go slowly, use her brain, and, above all, silence her vanity. For it is vanity and vanity alone that causes most women to tear to tatters the lovely veils of imagination which men have constructed about them.

They insist upon clashing with the dream woman. They insist upon projecting their own ideas. If there is one thing above all others in the world that is absolutely certain to destroy every atom of beauty and illusion about a woman for a man it is to find her argumentative and combative. No fault, however gross it may loom, can be as disillusioning as the habit of contradiction.

MAN wants his dream woman always to possess peace and quiet. Agreement is more powerful than the most brilliant thesis ever projected by human tongue. The bliss of support is more beautiful to the average man than a debate which would have silenced Bryan himself. Sometimes there is a spice of variety in having to convince a woman. It adds to the flavor and value of the ultimate agreement. Sometimes, too, a man likes understanding without agreement. That is, he likes a woman to laugh at him a little for some peculiarity, some prejudice which is

Would You Be—

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particularly his own, and reveal that she understands it perfectly though she doesn't agree with it.

All these things are the things which prove a woman's adaptability—and every psychologist knows that woman has been given this quality in much greater degree than man. What can she find which it will be more worth while to adapt herself to than a man's dream woman?

Men, talking together, will often express an ideal in terms something like this:

"If I could find a girl that had Mary's mind, and Jane's looks, and Dotty's sense of humor, and was as good a pal as Betty, I'd be all set."

The girl who realizes that a man may admire different girls for different traits without being at all in love with any of them, who can control her jealousy, will find a great deal of valuable information in watching this phase of things, or listening to his comments and remarks about other girls.

All these things will give the girl an insight into that composite ideal which her man has been constructing and soon she will be producing all the traits which went to make it a complete whole.

IN Dmitri Merejkowski's "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" the author quotes a little tale which the painter used often to tell to Mona Lisa as she sat quietly in the well-known pose. It was his favorite of all the tales and therefore hers. And since it is short and exceedingly beautiful and embodies much of the Mona Lisa secret, it is worth quoting here. It is called "The Realm of Venus."

"The seafarers who live on the coasts of Cilicia tell of him who is destined to drown, that for a moment, during the most tremendous storms, he is permitted to behold the island of Cyprus, realm of the Goddess of Love. Around boil whirlwinds and whirlpools, and the voices of the waters, and great in number are the navigators who, attracted by the splendor of the island, have lost ships upon its rocks. Many a gallant bark has there been dashed to pieces, many sunk for ever in the deep! Yonder on the coast lie piteous hulks, overgrown with seaweed, half buried by sand. Of one of these the prow is exposed; of another, the stern. So many are they that there it looks like the Resurrection Day, when the sea shall give up its dead.

"But over the isle itself is a curtain of eternal azure, and the sun shines on flowery hills. And the stillness of the air is such, that when the priest swings the censer on the temple steps, the flame ascends to heaven, straight and unwavering as the white columns and the giant cypresses mirrored in an untroubled lake lying inland, far from the shore. Only the streams that flow from that lake, and cascades leaping from one basin to another, trouble the solitude with their pleasant sound. Those drowning far at sea hear for a moment that soft murmur, and see the still lake of sweet waters, and the wind carries to them the perfume of rose and myrtle. Ever the more terrible the outer tempest, the profounder the calm in the island realm of the Cyprian."

The realm of Venus, the Goddess of Love. How many the wrecks, indeed, upon her shores! How many who are destined to drown are lured there by their inner knowledge, their brief permitted glimpse of that ideal love—the quiet and beautiful lake that lies inland and reflects all beauty. Thus in every human heart abides a belief in the beauty and perfection and happiness of love. And it is in seeking that dream, in trying to find that lovely lake, that the seeker for love becomes caught by the tempests and the whirlpools and the wreckage that seem to be all about the edges of the realm of love.

What are these whirlpools but ignorance and vanity and selfishness and all the myriad things that keep men and women from entering into that perfection of love which is the highest human happiness? What are the

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ships dashed to pieces but those love affairs which have floundered because the pilot—the woman—has failed to understand, or has been unwilling to learn her course? What are the storms that rage and threaten and separate the voyagers towards the beautiful island from their desired end but the storms of human emotions uncontrolled—jealousy and stupidity and greed for aggrandisement of self?

Yet within, once the course is charted, the storms and wrecks avoided, lies the untroubled lake beneath the eternal blue in the sunshine amid flowery hills.

ISN'T it worth an effort to reach that lake? Isn't it worth studying to become an efficient mariner? Isn't it worth dodging the whirlpools and learning how to weather the storm if in the end one may live in such a spot—may have the perfect love which belongs by right to every one?

Perhaps Leonardo and Mona Lisa had

found it. Who knows? Perhaps that is her secret.

But remember, the stuff of which dreams are made must be beautiful of itself. The woman who knows how to sit still behind a dream, who knows how to wear the clothes woven by man's imagination, must little by little learn to fulfill that dream, to match that imagination or the dream will fade.

She must not be dumb. She must be adaptable. She must not just be quiet, she must be plastic. She must remember that the guardian angel is only one of her many rôles. She must not be stationary, but shifting to match the moods of the man who finds her approximate to his dream woman.

Above all, she must study the power of suggestion, and study it thoroughly, so that she can, without destroying the dream, without projecting herself through the canvas, ever and ever heighten the illusion, feed the divine spark, until love becomes a glowing reality instead of a dream.

The Unknown Soldier

[Continued from page 73]

"Halt, who goes there?" he challenged.

The sharpness of his military voice shattered the cathedral silences like a shot. Aunt Mary gasped, and clutched her bunch of roses more tightly.

"It's—it's only me—Aunt Mary—" faltered the little old lady, suddenly afraid for the first time in her life.

The soldier on post was baffled by the answer. He had never been given such a reply to a challenge in all his four hitches that had furnished action in China, the Philippines, Chateau-Thierry, beyond Verdun, and in the red, tangled Argonne. But, the thin, timid voice that had made it reassured him.

"I've come with some flowers for—for his tomb. I meant to do it this afternoon. But you see, I fainted when I saw Him passing by. I just want to stay a minute—"

"I'm sorry, ma'am. My orders are to pass nobody on my post—not even a general," he said, but not roughly.

Aunt Mary thought if she could go a little closer to the big soldier with his gun she could tell him something that would make him let her pass. She walked bravely forward.

SOMEHOW the guard's importance dwindled as he made out the fact that she wore a gold star. It wasn't at all military, and he could be court-martialed for it. But, he couldn't bar Aunt Mary's path with his shiny rifle any more than he could have barred his own mother if she had suddenly risen out of her grave and begged permission to heap flowers on the Unknown Soldier's tomb.

"What made you come like this, ma'am?" he asked fencing for time to think.

"You're sure you won't tell anybody else?" countered Aunt Mary, looking around as if fearful the dark silences had ears. The guard promised.

"You see, my boy Bill never came back from France. The last letter was from Chateau-Thierry." She paused over the name, as if it suggested everything on earth to her. "They don't know where they laid him. . . Maybe it's only a mother's dream, but I can't keep from believing—" she seemed to be choking.

The soldier felt as if he, too, were choking. "I'm sure it's my Bill in there. Something tells me it's my boy. Oh! They've all put flowers on him all day. Can't I too? You'll let me, won't you?" Aunt Mary pleaded.

Deep down in the private's heart something was going on in the way of a battle, such as he had never fought before. It was

duty making a last stand before the plea of a mother who only wanted to put flowers on a tomb that she believed held her soldier boy.

"Yes'm go ahead, before the sergeant comes," he gulped at last. Maybe a court-martial would come of it all. But, it would be easier to stand trial, and take punishment than to go on soldiering with the memory of having refused Aunt Mary always gnawing in his heart.

THE SERGEANT came a few moments after Aunt Mary passed. He seemed to know, as sergeants do, that something had gone wrong on the post.

"I heard you challenge. You've passed somebody, Carter. You know what that means. There'll be hell to pay." The non-commissioned officer's voice was like musketry.

He was the Army. Hard boiled. Hard fibred. Orders were orders. Nothing else mattered.

"Lemme explain, Sarge," begged the guard.

"Get him off your post—"

"It ain't a him. It's only a little old woman who thinks it's her son—for Lord's sake, Sarge, listen! It's her prayin' at the tomb—"

The sergeant could not help but hear Aunt Mary's voice. It drifted to him from the shadows enveloping the mausoleum, a sweet and saintly sound.

"Oh, Bill," they heard her saying, "I prayed God for this moment when I read they were bringing you back. I knew you'd want your own mother's flowers with all the rest. I used to fret about your lying out there in France without flowers and a name. But, I won't fret any more, Bill. I'll know you're here, safe in your country's heart. Oh, son, I'll never forget the way they took you by this morning. I'll never forget the beautiful music and the—"

Aunt Mary's voice unexpectedly trailed away as if it had been borne up through the night into those sapphire courtyards where Bill listened—A broken sort of sound followed her words.

Under cover of her soft sobbing the private made an indescribable noise in his throat. Then he stole a glance at the statuesque sergeant, hoping the sergeant wouldn't do anything to startle—

"Er—Carter," whispered the sergeant in a husky undertone.

"Yes, Sarge," returned Carter under his breath, his hopes suddenly rising.

"Hold her up when she comes by—I'm goin' to detail a man to see that she gets home O. K."

Do You Believe in Love?

[Continued from page 27]

Apparently Jimmy had gone down to Long Island and had sat in her grandfather's garden, because he did not wire her, but wrote her from there almost the first long letter of his life, which warned her against marriage on any basis whatsoever.

He had taken his medical degree that June and he was working in a hospital but he had an idea he would like to go somewhere on some medical survey or mission, clean out of the country. Girls were sillier than ever, he said, and love was all conversation. As for him, he would consider himself lucky if he could manage to stay single until the day of his death.

CYNTHIA did not remember when anything Jimmy had said or wired had made her so maddeningly furious, so she made a special trip down to Long Island and called on Jimmy's aunt with the tale of how marvelously right her engagement was. But Jimmy's great-aunt was not very responsive about marriage, probably because she had had so much of it in her immediate family, and the garden was cold, and Cynthia was irritated that Jimmy hadn't stayed on the chance of her coming down. So she went back to New York and wired Oliver.

It was not exactly true that she was hard and fast engaged to him, chiefly because they had not discussed marriage as yet, but she was quite certain in her own mind—especially when Oliver came to New York so promptly and charmingly. He looked really quite marvelous to walk into restaurants and theaters with. Her mother was always all of a twitter with emotion over him, the way she got about prospective bridegrooms, her own or otherwise.

IN DECEMBER, after Jimmy had called to tell her he was sailing for Europe for some typhus epidemic or other, in some queer place, Cynthia really got engaged to Oliver.

He had come to tea, and they had had a chance for a really intimate talk, and Cynthia had asked him if he believed in love and he did not. At least, he was charming about it and started to say things about Cynthia's being so lovely but Cynthia stopped him. She said she supposed love was all right if you liked it, but she didn't, and it would please her very much if he really thought that way about it too, but was being too polite to come right out and say it. Oliver admitted, with his dark eyes glowing, that he did really think of love that way, but that he had learned to his cost that he couldn't say anything of the sort to girls because they immediately wanted to start teaching him that their love was different.

Cynthia was radiant in the firelight, and said in her softest little voice that she understood perfectly how he felt, and that it made her very happy to have her intelligence so complimented, and did he believe that an intelligent marriage was possible without all this foolishness about love? It turned out that he did, very enthusiastically, and before another moment or two they were sitting very pleasantly—but not sentimentally—closer, discussing their approaching marriage.

It was really the inevitable thing, Oliver felt, and considering how long Cynthia had been planning it, it seemed so to her too. They discussed waiting until next fall to be married, and the house they would build in Long Island, with plenty of room for a polo field and stables and ponies and dogs for the children, and they discussed going

to Europe in the spring to see Oliver's mother, the Comtesse de Quelquechose and get Cynthia's trousseau.

Then Cynthia's mother came in, all furs and a gust of Soupirs de Ciel, and she wept reminiscently over Cynthia and generously over Oliver, while the two of them exchanged good-humored, tolerant glances over the head of the undisciplined older generation.

THE announcements came out, and Cynthia's mother gave a charming party for them, and the whirl of being Oliver Charnley's fiancée began. Several, strange, beautiful women congratulated Cynthia mysteriously in the cloak rooms of the best dances, and Oliver's square diamond was the most heavenly drop of white flame on her hand. It was all extremely gratifying and satisfactory, and it only went to prove how right life was when one approached it intelligently.

In the spring Cynthia and her mother went to Paris to take a house, for even if Grandfather Morrison called Edward Ortiz a tame cat, there was no denying that he was able to keep on making portentous millions in Cuban sugar. They found exactly the right place near the Parc Monceau, for Cynthia's mother was perfectly aware that if they were to be allied by marriage to the Boulevard St. Germaine it would not do to be too smart.

Oliver came over on the next boat, and Paris did its divine best for them with spring airs and hawthorne pink and chestnut blossoms. Oliver's mother, the Comtesse de Quelquechose, called on Cynthia's mother, in due Royalist dignity, in the tiniest little coupé in the world drawn by the fattest and sleekest horse, and Mrs. Ortiz and Cynthia returned the call in state. There were family dinners in both houses and quantities of parental blessings. And Cynthia began to buy the most marvelous trousseau that had ever been planned about the Place Vendôme.

Oliver was too charming. He went with her to some of the special showings, and had opinions about back drapery and materials that were very sound. He took her to tea afterward and kissed her hand lingeringly at all the right moments.

Cynthia bought sport clothes in everything from chiffon to tweed, in peppermint green and almond green and citron green, in cinnamon brown and maize and nutmeg, in ashes of roses and burgundy and shell pink, in oyster and smoke and clotted cream; little pleated skirts and little straight tunics with tricky collars, that made her look like a Dresden china Diana afraid of an arrow. She bought clouds of underclothes, the tone and texture of the skin of pears, crusted minutely with embroidery and tiny bows. She bought wicked slippers and perfumed gloves and enchanting little hats that covered all her head smoothly, exposing occasionally the charms of her ears or a whole eyebrow or the tip of her lovely nose.

But, of course, more than anything else, she went a little delirious buying evening things. There were candy pink tulles, frosted lightly with silver stars, and lacquer red velvets, and gold tissues like crinkly gold leaf that turned her hair to pure light, and wily black satins and little dancing chiffons like a whole springtime of petals in hyacinth and plum blossom and chrysoprase and apricot and buttercup yellow and pistache.

Cynthia's rooms were one crisp billow of new tissue paper, with more boxes always arriving and being brought up by her new



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maid, more reverently than if they had been new born twins on a pillow. Of course many of the new dresses had to be worn then and there, what with luncheons in the Boulevard St. Germaine and the races and tea in the Bois and all sorts of dinners and dancings afterward at the smart American night clubs. Cynthia spent her days in a flush of delight, whisking excitedly into one new thing after another, knowing that delicious secret that every woman knows about new things, that in them she is all different and new and radiant and very lightly enchanted.

She had just come back from a really momentous experience with the wedding dress, that was slowly to attain perfection in fragile white velvet and tiny, tiny pearls. Oliver had brought her home in his huge black and silver car that made her feel exactly as if she had been riding in an enormous float in a pageant, and had left her because he had to go on somewhere and would not see her until evening.

She ran into the drawing-room to see whom her mother had for tea and there was Jimmy! Her hands were full of yellow mimosa, and she was awfully glad that she had on that little coat and dress and hat the color of almond milk that made her feel so fragile. She dropped all her mimosa in reaching both hands to his big grasp, and exclaiming over him, and in being too happy to see him for words, because really she was terribly fond of dear, dear old Jimmy. They stood two or three minutes beaming at each other.

When she recovered a little she managed to sit down and give him his tea with lots of sugar and quantities of cake, and consider how big and grown up and competent he looked, with his nice blunt familiar face and his crinkly black eyes and his black hair getting more rumpled every minute. He was thin and he looked a little tired but awfully happy, and he had helped lick the typhus epidemic and had two days in Paris before going back to the Balkans and some perfectly fascinating assorted diseases.

And so she was going to be married in the fall, and he supposed she had forgotten all about their childish agreement about not believing in love. Of course maybe that was pretty infantile, and anyway he did hope that she would be awfully, awfully happy.

It was nearly dinner time before Cynthia finished telling Jimmy how consistently and emphatically she still did not believe in love, and how perfectly easy it was to get along without it. There was a wholeheartedness in Jimmy's agreement that she found warming. She had forgotten a little how utterly Jimmyish Jimmy was. Of course his carelessness and humanness made the idea of Oliver seem even more perfect than ever because that sort of thing would never do in a husband. But it was certainly dear and delightful in a friend.

JIMMY thought he ought to spend almost all his extra time in Paris—when he was not buying medical supplies and insect powders for the outfit—in visiting hospitals, so he took Cynthia out to Neuilly with him to see a man who was doing perfectly marvelous things with jaw bones. Coming back they stopped for tea at one of the inconspicuous little places in the Bois, and drove slowly homeward later, with the late spring sunlight stretching in great radiant shafts, between the high trees, across the wide green lawns. It was then that Cynthia caught sight of Oliver Charnley, driving with one of the strange beautiful women who had congratulated her mysteriously in cloak rooms, after their engagement.

This one was easily the most beautiful of them all, tall and marvelously dark, with great dark eyes and a profile of pale marble. She had on the most enormous pair of pink pearl earrings Cynthia had ever seen. Cynthia

could never in the world have worn them. That was why, at first, when their taxi drew nearer to the other car, she had stared. But in the next moment she was aware of the most extraordinary sort of emotional tension between Oliver and the beautiful woman, although they did not seem to be saying anything. Oliver's eyes were queer, staring straight before him. She had never seen him look so emotional. And as their taxi passed Cynthia glanced back and saw that while the beautiful woman's face was set like marble, and her hands quiet in her lap, there was upon her lips and in her eyes something like dreadful pain.

Then they were left behind, and Cynthia listened to Jimmy's familiar voice with something strange in her own heart, something sharp and unexpected. Because if that beautiful woman thought she were in love with Oliver and even imagined love could be so real a pain, then was love—

But love was all nonsense, she told herself sharply. If the other women were silly enough to keep on running after Oliver after he had announced his engagement, she must expect that. Cynthia had no intention of thinking of it again. Undoubtedly Oliver in the past had had his silly moments. All men had them. Except blessed old Jimmy here. It was awfully comfortable, just sitting beside him and relaxing.

But she was completely startled and disturbed, the next day, when she saw Jimmy off for Trieste and the Balkans, to experience, at the moment when she saw his black head going away from her down the platform, the most awful pang. It was like a pain in the lungs only it wasn't the lungs after all because it was a sort of shiver and a very strong desire to burst into loud, unbecoming, little girl sobs. It was very ridiculous and unexpected and she spoke to herself severely about it.

Back in her own room she really tried to cry into a hand towel and found that she could not, so she had a hot bath and put on a new vanilla satin, and went to dinner with Oliver and his mother.

Oliver actually seemed more attentive and more interesting than ever. He said he had been to tea that day with an old flame of his, Millicent Sayre, the wife of the portrait painter, and she'd asked him to bring Cynthia to her next Sunday afternoon. Oliver was emphatic about the charms of the vanilla satin. So that was all right.

VERY shortly after that it was summer, and too late to stay in Paris except for occasional trips to the dressmaker, so Cynthia went to San Sebastian with her mother and Oliver's mother and used the new bathing things and turned a warm brown in the hot Spanish sun, as if she had been lightly baked in milk. It made white satin marvelously becoming for evenings.

Then there had been a motor trip through the cooler parts of Spain, and a few weeks with her mother in Montecatini in Italy, where her mother took the waters and Cynthia went to bed early and was very healthfully dull.

After that she joined a late August house party in a palace at Venice, with a lot of amusing new bathing things for the Lido. Oliver was there, and a lot of sunburned people whom she had known all over Europe—French, American, British, Italian and Russian—not to mention the perfectly luscious Swedish prince who was silly, but very pleasantly attentive.

Cynthia had such a good time she almost forgot to breathe. For after all, as she and Oliver agreed, next winter they would settle down and be married people and this was their last fling with these gay but rakish ones, because after all, you can't keep up a pace like that with a family.

Oliver was never so handsome—a dark mahogany, in bright henna bathing trunks.

Cynthia felt supremely self-satisfied with her own good sense.

She was still in Venice in September, light amber and golden on the beautiful faded old stones, when Jimmy's astonishing letter came. He was working hard and finding a lot of interesting things, in some little hill place in Albania and he was thinking of getting married. After all, a man was pretty much alone and there was an awfully sensible girl, a nurse, big and rosy and dark, with whom he figured he could be pretty comfortable. Wouldn't it be funny, after all they had said when they were children, if it should turn out that they would both be getting married that October? It would be the first time since they were little that neither of them would see her grandfather's garden then.

THE things that happened to Cynthia immediately after that were simply incredible. She put some clothes into a small bag, a plain dress and some riding trousers, left a note for her hostess and one for Oliver, and walked out of the marvelous Venetian palace by a back path from the water garden and went straight to that American institution, off the Piazza, that knows more about everything than any three men on earth.

There she demanded maps of Albania and steamer routes and time tables and assorted information. After that she trudged, still carrying her own bag, to an inconspicuous pension in an alley, that the clerk told her about and sat down to wait in a stuffy room, with the bronze sound of the great bells in her ears and the feet of gondoliers' children scuffling below her window, until the steamer that went down to Durazzo on the Albanian coast should be in.

It was all one warm golden autumnal haze in her head, thinking about Jimmy, all down the bare Dalmatian coast. Sometimes she would wake up with a start and see exactly what she was doing and be perfectly furious with herself but especially with Jimmy, for spoiling everything for her like this. Sometimes she was in such terror that Jimmy would get married before she could get there to talk to him about it that her hands went cold in her lap.

SHE was landed in a small boat at that curious Mohammedan-Mediterranean town Durazzo and presently in a worn automobile to Tirana and the American consul. And presently, although it seemed an age after that, because there it was October in a day or two, she was riding a funny little horse with a rope bridle, up a mountain slope, with a couple of moustachio'd desperadoes with woolly black jackets and rifles and mild brown eyes. The American consul had assured her that they were the most reliable and domesticated

gendarmes in those hills that are always safe for women.

The mountains were yellow and scarlet and brown in the clear blue air and the little horses' feet went softly with a pleasant little jiggly trot among huge cut boulders that had been once the Roman laid stones of the Illyian way, and Cynthia's veins were filled with something headier than mere blood, a sort of liquid delight. But some of the time she was frightened to death at the thought of coming suddenly upon Jimmy's astonished sensible gaze.

They slipped and scrambled up the sheer rocks of mountain sides and sometimes it rained on them until the water ran out at their heels and the path was only a mountain torrent. Sometimes they had to splash across small yellow roaring rivers and once they came to a broad yellow stream, sliding swiftly and wickedly dimpled and they had to stop and shoot off rifles considerably and shout earpiercing remarks to the far other side.

Two six foot Albanians in white fezzes, naked to the waist, emerged slowly out of the yellow water and showed her gendarmes the fording place. They took her bridle, one on each side, and led her horse into the boiling cold yellow. The water sucked and swirled about, nevertheless the horse swam it desperately, his head held firmly by the strong lean hands at his mouth.

After about half an hour of slow crawling forward they burst out of the water with a tremendous whooping and scrambling and pushed her dripping horse up a sheer incline of granite until his rattling hooves caught dirt safely at the top.

The twilight filled the deep valley beyond with soft purple and presently, riding softly, a flock of sheep and funny

black legged kids came scrambling down upon them from the heights and a wild eyed boy piping on a sweet brown wooden whistle. It was so lovely and queer and timeless Cynthia could have cried a little with sheer tremulous happiness.

The dark came up the mountains behind them as they followed into the valley and the sweet high air was chill. Just after it got pitch dark there was another river to cross. The two gendarmes dismounted, one taking their horses' bridles and one hers, and one after one they plunged into the roaring shivery blackness that proved to be icy cold water. She clung hard and stared at the dark shape that was her gendarme's head and shoulders. Once she felt her horse lose his footing and start swimming frantically. But the hand was still strong on the bridle and they fought the black water, inch by inch, till the horses scrambled among the stones of the bank.

Then, it began raining again—as if they could possibly be any wetter. They rode and they rode, down smoother inclines and

FRECKLES



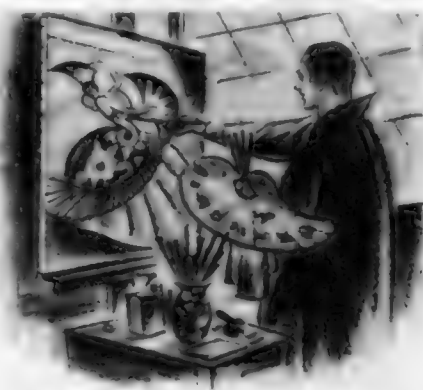
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Cynthia was so cold and wet and stiff that she hardly felt anything more at all. And still deep within her was a little warm glow whenever she thought that tomorrow she would see Jimmy.

She was just beginning to think they were going on forever like this, when they stopped abruptly at a dark mass like another hill, in which a great door opened to show firelight beyond and they rode directly into the floor of the khan.

Half the place was a low platform covered with mats where the huge fire roared without a chimney. Her gendarme helped her out of her saddle and took her boots off on the edge of the platform and she squashed over to the fire in her soaking things and stood rubbing her hands and blinking and shivering a little with reaction.

Over on the other side of the khan the horses and some goats munched dried leaves. Around the fire black eyed men, in white wool trousers with elaborate black braidings, sat on their heels and made courteous greetings to her as she met their eyes. Farther in the shadows a man lay, huddled in a blanket, groaning softly now and then.

Cynthia took off her sodden coat and sat down cross legged by the fire, warming her wet stocking feet, and her two gendarmes came and sat on each side of her, grinning at her cheerfully and warming their hands.

One of the other men, who had been making coffee in the embers in a little copper pot, poured them three tiny cups of scalding, inky coffee with a slow ceremonious gesture. It scalded Cynthia all the way down, and she sat and steamed in the firelight, warmed and blissful to her heart's bone. She was starved. But happy. Wildly happy. She had not had such fun for years.

SHE dozed a little presently so that she had no idea how much later it was when there came a tremendous baying of dogs outside and shooting of rifles. She was growing accustomed to this Albanian method of greeting and welcome. All the men went to open the great barnlike doors. A man on horseback rode in, towering up among the shadows. There was a great to-do of greeting and holding his stirrup. A perfect musical comedy entrance except for the mud, Cynthia was thinking, when the man came striding up to the fire in muddy corduroy riding trousers and stocking feet. It was Jimmy!

She sat huddled and staring up at him while her heart slowly congealed within her. He frightened her, he looked so tall and grim and absorbed. She shaded her face with her hand and stayed as still as death. If he had once glanced down at her she would have felt it like a blow. Out of the corner of her eye she could see his big right foot, in a worn stocking. It was astonishing how tinglingly she felt about that foot. And to think she had been in swimming with it, all her life, and felt nothing about it at all.

Jimmy was saying something, miles above her in the firelight. A woman came in to pour water over his hands from a huge copper jug into a basin, and water was set to boil over the fire. All around him the lean dark Albanian faces were silent and respectful. He walked over and knelt beside the man on the floor. One of the men brought Jimmy's bag. The man on the floor cried out sharply once.

"Dammit," Jimmy said suddenly, getting up and coming back to the light with a little can in his hand. "It means ether and there isn't a soul who—"

Cynthia got to her feet at his elbow. Her hair was drying in wild curls. Her shirt sleeves were rolled up. Her muddy riding trousers were incredibly wrinkled. There was a hole in the toe of one stocking. She met the shock of his eyes as if they had been ice-water. "I guess I can give ether,"

she said. "Remember the time I held Beans."

"My—sacred—aunt's shirt!" Jimmy said, with his eyes bulging. "My good gracious—gee—whillikers—gosh—"

"I know it," Cynthia said. "I didn't mean to surprise you." It was extraordinary how calm she was, in spite of the little nets of chain lightning running under her skin. "I just—I just wanted to see you, Jimmy. But I think I can give ether."

HE was grinning at her queerly, as if he couldn't quite control the muscles of his lips, but he gave her the opened can and a roll of cotton without a word. "All right," he said and spoke to the Albanians. Three men filled iron baskets with twigs and lighted them and held them high up around the man on the floor while Jimmy and Cynthia crouched at his head.

"What happened to him?" she asked, when Jimmy's sure hands were cutting bloody clothes away. For all his absorption he answered, "Shot and rolled off his horse down a cliff. One of the finest men I've ever known. Go steady with that ether now, and watch his breathing and his pulse."

It took half an hour. Cynthia never looked beyond the man's chin, although in a haze, she realized Jimmy's hands were marvels of accuracy. Once one of the men holding the blazing baskets flopped silently to the floor in a faint, and one of Cynthia's gendarmes stooped and picked up the basket and held it steadily again. The ether reek made a vagueness all around her.

"All right," Jimmy said softly, from about a mile away and flipped the blanket over a mass of bandages. He stood up and threw some things into the fire and washed his hands. Cynthia tried to uncrook her stiffened knees and presently staggered upright. "Jimmy," she said, emerging slowly out of the dizziness, "are you married yet?"

He had one arm around her and they were sitting on the floor before the fire. "What difference would it make if I were?" he said. "What in the name of everything are you doing here anyway?"

"I came to see you," she said. "I got your last letter, and I simply had to tell you that I couldn't stand the idea of your getting married. Are you really engaged?"

He waited gravely while the Albanians put two cups of coffee and a bowl of heavenly smelling chicken soup on a little wooden table between them.

"Don't grab and don't eat fast," Jimmy warned. "They have table manners in Albania. But what has my being married got to do with you?"

It was at that moment that Cynthia began to cry. She opened her mouth and wailed like a mad and hungry little girl.

"Cynthia, stop that at once," Jimmy said in a terrible voice that frightened her wits out of her. Then he came around the table and wiped her face with a clean handkerchief. And then he shook her.

"Are you trying to tell me, you little nut, that you've fallen in love with me?" he said.

She sniffled and tried to put her head on his shoulder, from which he sternly held her off and finally said in a long wailing quaver. "Oh, Jimmy, ye-ye-yes."

"It's about time," he said fervently, hugging her so hard she could not tell whether it was his heart beating, or hers. "Now do you believe in it?" he demanded.

"No, I don't," she said. "It's all silly foolishness and I ought to know. I have run away from an almost-perfect husband and a miraculous trousseau and a complete set of well-laid plans for the intelligent life. And I don't think I ever can think I'm really serious."

"That's enough from you, Mrs. Dr. Townsend," Jimmy said grimly. "You will."

So he kissed her and it was like nothing on earth.

Angel Face

[Continued from page 57]

whistling very softly through her teeth.

"I ought to thank you, Miss Somers," John began finally. "I—"

"Oh, what's the use?" She broke into a short, mirthless laugh. "You know perfectly well that you're furious. If I'd been a man, it would have been all in the day's work. We'd have laughed about it a little, but just because I happen to be a woman, your poisonous conceit makes you think you have to make an oration so's not to show how mad you are. Oh, well—"

"I am not mad," retorted John with chill politeness. "But, since you raise the question, weren't you a little precipitate?"

"No doubt," she assented. "Your pride would have floated you."

John stalked on by her side in outraged dignity.

As they came up the steps, George took his pipe from his lips to observe sternly, "You look like a raspberry-ice man. Get upstairs and into a hot bath. I'll wangle you a drink."

Sane masculine advice, of course, is not coddling. John went.

George turned to grin at his cousin. "Well, what's the sad news? You look sunk."

"Sunk?" Miss Somers laughed without amusement. "I'm damned to the nethermost depths. Georgie, I grabbed him by the hair."

"Hell's bells!" George looked thoughtful. "Well, you would. Cramp?"

"Cramp," nodded his cousin and sat dejectedly on the edge of a chair. "Oh, dear, and I've tried to be so tactful!"

"Yeah?" said George. "From what I've seen of your methods, woman, you've been about as tactful as a German submarine."

"Ye gods!" cried Miss Somers indignantly. "Did I ask him to go swimming? Haven't I left him strictly alone, as per instructions? I haven't even glanced at his precious hair. Well, I'm through. Hereafter, look out for paint."

EMILY JOYCE sang and played for them that evening in the softly lighted hall. John thoroughly approved of Miss Joyce's repertoire. It seemed to be made up of exactly the songs a well-brought-up young girl should play and sing—Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "Who Is Sylvia?" bits from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse." Indeed, John approved of everything about Emily Joyce. He had always been sure that, when he was privileged to meet such a girl, he would be drawn to her as inevitably as the planets to the sun.

Yet here he was, at a time when she should have been the center of his attention, unable to keep his mind on her at all, because of the irritating behavior of a girl whom all his finer feelings condemned. For some perverse reason of her own, Miss Somers seemed to find the occasion secretly diverting. She was lounging in the depths of the big chair directly across the flickering hearth with that air of grave amusement that John found so annoying.

"Do play 'The Maiden's Prayer,' dear," she suggested once with a specious air of friendly helpfulness. "I think that's just too sweet." And later, "Surely you aren't going to leave out that Amy-Finden thing, Emily—you know—the one about the lady with an inferiority complex. Mr. Converse will be sure to love that." She breathed in a rich contralto, "Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels—even less am I—even less am I." Touching sentiment, isn't it, Mr. Converse?

"Don't you sing?" asked John, ignoring her flippancy.

"Oh, dear me, no," she yawned. "I have



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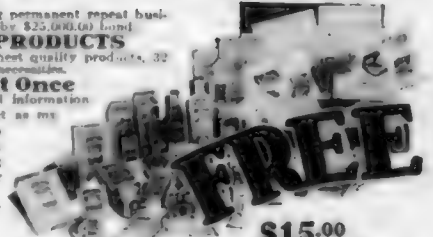
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"no parlor tricks. I'm strictly utilitarian."
"She sings exceptionally well," put in Mr. Somers indignantly.

"As a press agent, you're a wow, Dad dear," said his daughter sweetly. "But as a disinterested critic, you wouldn't get far."

John was sure he saw Roberta shake her head ever so slightly at her father, who sat back with an amused flash of the eyes. Well, she didn't have to sing for him, fumed John. See if he cared.

With her sure genius for doing the irritat-
ing thing, she was wearing red—a gown of
glowing crimson, with filmy, flowing sleeves
that rippled back like furred wings of flame
from her bare arms. The leap of the fire
touched the fabric, from time to time, into
a living glory of color which accentuated
the darkness of her eyes in the warm pallor
of her face, so that she drew and held the
eye disturbingly.

John squared about, determined to give
his entire mind to the music. But he found
himself as tinglingly conscious of Roberta
Somers as if he had suddenly acquired eyes
in the back of his head.

THAT night John found himself, for some
unaccountable reason, unable to sleep.
Finally, he got up, put on his bath robe,
and looked vainly about for a book. Re-
membering the rack of magazines in the
lower hall, he opened his door and stepped
out upon the dimly lighted balcony that led
to the stairs. He had not gone a dozen
steps when he stopped, halted in his tracks
by the sound of a voice, low and impera-
tive, coming from the pit of blackness below
stairs.

"But you agreed to that. I'm doing the
best I can, and I advise you not to push a
good thing too far."

It was the low, singularly clear voice of
Roberta Somers. Suddenly John remem-
bered the telephone stood at the foot of the
stairs.

"Quite alone, of course," the voice went
on. "You'd better make it later; the ser-
vants are often around until twelve. Very
well, you may depend on me."

John heard a click and a little shivering
sigh. Roberta Somers stepped into the
circle of light at the foot of the stairs, saw
him coming towards her, and froze into
breathless immobility.

"Please, don't be frightened," said John.
"I only wanted something to read."

"I'm not frightened," she said impatiently.
But John saw that her eyes were wide and
very dark with trouble.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" he asked.
"Oh, dear, no." Her laugh trickled icily.
"I just remembered something I had for-
gotten to tell a friend."

"Lucky, weren't you, to find him up at
three in the morning?"

"Perhaps," she said. "Shall I help you
find a book? You'll like this." She picked
up a volume from a table. "The legal nose,
I've observed, can't resist a mystery, how-
ever improbable."

Subtly, John reflected as he flushed, was
hardly to be expected of a Roberta Somers.
"I won't promise that you'll read yourself
to sleep, though. These are really ab-
sorbing."

JOHN did not read himself to sleep. It
was most annoying, but each time he
lapsed into semi-drowsiness, a face would
leap out at him as if conjured by a flash of
lightning—a pale young face, with frightened
dark eyes.

"I'm doing the best I can," the face would
plead. "We can't go on this way indefinitely,
you know."

Then, just on the verge of oblivion, John
was as rigidly awake as if some chamber
of his mind had been suddenly flooded with
a brilliant, torturing light. This time it was
the face of a man that had risen—a sallow

face, at once ingratiating and insolent, with
slimy eyes. John remembered where he had
seen that face before. It had been at a
fashionable night club. The man had been
pointed out to him by Rich Burns as hav-
ing successfully blackmailed one of the older
Burns' clients before she had summoned
sense enough to take her lawyers into her
confidence. Robert Somers' daughter and a
blackmailer!

JOHN tossed until the sky was gray. The
obvious course for him was to tell George
or Robert Somers what he knew—but what,
exactly, did he know? If he went to
Robert Somers with his absurdly inade-
quate brief, the old man would annihilate
him with that caustic gentleness for which
his court-room performances were notable.
On the whole, wouldn't it be wiser to wait?
He had all day tomorrow. Yes—distaste-
ful as the task would be—he had better
manage to keep his eyes on Miss Somers
tomorrow. She would be unpleasant about
it, no doubt. But one simply couldn't have
a scandal in the firm.

It was one thing, however, to decide to
keep your eye on Miss Somers, and quite
another to do it. As a matter of fact, he
did not see her at breakfast, nor all morn-
ing. Mr. Somers, it seemed, was indisposed,
and Roberta was reading to him.

"Slight heart flutter," George reported.
"A half day in bed, and he'll be all right
if nothing turns up to worry him. The
devil of it is I've got to run back to the hos-
pital tonight. But I'm betting on Bob.
There was sure one hard-boiled head nurse
spoiled when Uncle Robert made a lady
of her."

Well, that counted out George and Robert
Somers—if anything popped that night.
John was annoyed beyond measure by the
sense of responsibility he was beginning to
feel for the impossible Miss Somers' affairs.
He'd have to throw the fear of God into
her himself.

While George and Emily Joyce easily de-
feated him in three straight sets of tennis, he
rehearsed a neat little scene in which he re-
duced Roberta Somers to abject submission
by the fire and logic of his polemic against
trafficking with blackmailers. When, at the
climax of a masterly summary, John wildly
served three balls into the lake, George
threw down his racket.

"Say, what do you think this is—a trans-
atlantic flight?" he asked. "Come on,
Emmy, I won't be party to this massacre."

MR. SOMERS, looking frail and tired, was
on the porch when they went in, but
Miss Somers was nowhere visible. John, fum-
ing over his enforced inactivity, began to
entertain black doubts. Suppose she had
changed her plans and slipped away to meet
that man during the afternoon? He should
have watched the telephone, of course. He
wandered restlessly about, touching up his
brief, enlarging a point here, reinforcing an
argument there.

It was not until late afternoon that, going
to Mr. Somers' study for a book, he came
abruptly upon Roberta. As he entered, she
moved away from a table drawer with
furtive haste, and dropped something gleam-
ing into a small red bag she carried.

At sight of her, John felt a relief that
made him look absurdly like a friendly,
glowingly happy little boy. Miss Somers
smiled, too, in a startled, friendly way. For
a moment John could almost have liked her.
Only for a moment, however, for as if she
regretted her lapse into cordiality, Miss
Somers' eyes narrowed with a malicious
amusement, and she murmured something
that sounded like, "Beauty sleep shot to ruin
and still the skin you love to touch!" Aloud,
she said, "Well, how did the 'Strange case
of Mr. Burdoyne' appeal to the legal mind?"

"Great," he said quickly, "but it raised
an interesting point I'd like to talk over

with you—the matter of the blackmail case in the second story." Rather neat that! Watching narrowly, John thought he saw the little muscles about Roberta Somers' eyes twitch ever so slightly. "People are mostly very damp about this blackmail business," he hurried on. "It's laughable how really intelligent people will blow up when—" blushing furiously John stopped midway of his peroration.

Miss Somers was not listening. That wicked left eyebrow of hers had shot up, and she was smiling, much as she might have smiled at an amusing and delightful child; how was John to know that he looked, in his earnestness, more like a tousle-haired eager little boy than like a promising young barrister who had ranked third in his class? To complete his discomfiture, Miss Somers' glance was fixed pensively upon the top of his head. Automatically his hand shot to his hair.

"Oh, now you've spoiled it," said Miss Somers. "Why, in heaven's name, do you want it always to look as if it had been ironed?"

At that moment George came in and began rummaging energetically in a drawer. As Roberta moved towards the door, he exclaimed, "That's funny. My little automatic was here yesterday. I promised to take it back to Joe Brent for some fool show he's in." He stared blankly into the drawer of the table.

It was the same drawer that had occupied Roberta Somers' attention a moment before.

John's eye shot to her face. For an instant she returned his gaze speculatively. Then she turned to George. "I gave it to Benson to clean," she said. "Sorry, Georgie, but he's gone to town for the night, and I haven't a notion where to look."

It was to be tonight, then—with Benson, the one man servant out of the way, George gone and Mr. Somers not to be worried on any account. And the fool girl was carrying a gun!

"Well, young lady," was John's mental comment, "that definitely signs me up, I guess."

WHEN Emily went upstairs early, John was sure it was in obedience to a signal from her hostess. Emily, of course, knew about the business, and had been bullied into giving the cue for an early bedtime in order to leave a clear field for Miss Somers' activities.

In his own room, John grimly changed to flannels and tennis shoes. When he had finished, his watch indicated eleven-thirty. He snapped off the lights and cautiously opened his door a crack. The transoms of the other rooms about the balcony were dark. He drew a chair to the door, and sat down. His position commanded a view of the opposite stairway, by which Roberta Somers must pass from her room to the lower part of the house.

It was a wearing game. In spite of his excitement, John found his eyes growing heavy. The illumined face of his watch registered twelve fifty-three when he started abruptly awake with a consciousness of movement somewhere near. Furious with himself, he sprang up. The door was closed. A tug at the knob puzzled him. Then he understood. The door was locked on the outside! John swore; then he laughed and looked about him with mounting excitement. Brilliant moonlight pouring through the

windows trailed a leafy arabesque across the floor. John laughed again. Did the girl take him for a cripple? The tough branches of the Virginia Creeper offered a firm foothold.

IN TWO minutes John was standing on the veranda. Some one was moving inside the house. Through the window he watched an electric torch cut a white path through the darkened hall. Then he moved until he stood, a little breathless, but very determined, directly outside the door.

It was reassuring to find from what superior height he looked down into Roberta Somers' startled eyes, and to watch her hand flutter to her throat and cling when she saw him. Suddenly John realized that, underneath, she was, after all, only a girl—only a very small and very frightened girl. She was wearing the same filmy, flame-colored frock she had worn the night before, but now, John realized, she was not wearing her string of pearls, and her fingers were bare of rings. The small scarlet bag he had seen before hung under the folds of her winglike sleeves.

"Haven't you bitten off more than you can chew, Miss Somers?" he said. "Why not let some one else in on this?"

It was a moment before she seemed to breathe or move. Then, with a shrug, she sauntered to a chair at the edge of the porch and sat down, her head relaxed against the

back of the large wicker chair.

John moved until he stood over her, leaning against the stone pillar of the veranda, his arms folded. He thought he must look very stern and masterful and mature that way. But really, under the tender, betraying light of the moon, he looked very young and very troubled. Almost as if Miss Somers were thinking that very thing, she smiled, a little, secret, quivering smile. John saw the smile and his blood boiled.

"Just how much do you know about this Engle?" he snapped.

For a moment she sat rigid. Then she turned to face him.

"So you were snooping?" she shot at him furiously.

Good! She wasn't smiling now. John found himself at once strangely excited and strangely calm. It was the mood that came upon him before a race for which he had trained long and well.

"If that's the way you like it," he said pleasantly. "And now I'm going to give you the low-down on that crook."

"Yesterday," said Miss Somers—and her tone was deadly—"you said something about being too precipitate. That goes for you. And now that you've spoken your piece—"

"Miss Somers," John said, "you saved my life yesterday—"

"Good Lord, what a vindictive disposition you have!" she flashed, laughing a little wildly. "All right, I apologize. It was a stupid mistake."

"Well, you did yourself a good turn, anyhow," went on John blandly. "You're going to need me tonight. If you pay that rotter one cent, you've started something you can't finish. I don't know what he's got on you, but whatever—"

"Hasn't it occurred to you, Mr Converse," Miss Somers asked, "that if I needed legal advice, my father's right here in the house?"

"That," said John, "is exactly what I was about to suggest."



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She stared at him for a moment with a strange mixture of impatience and derision before she burst out, "Heaven grant me patience! Do you really suppose it's as simple as that?"

"The more of a mess it is," said John steadily, "that surer I am that I can't let you meet that man alone."

The girl glanced at the jeweled watch on her wrist, and there was something almost like a panic in her eyes as she stood up. "I've listened to you," she said through her teeth. "I'm sure I don't know why. Now you listen. I'm going, and I'm going alone. And you get out of my way," she blazed in sudden fury, for John was blocking the stairs below.

"It's interesting to figure just how you're going to manage it," smiled John. "I happen to be here, you know."

Suddenly she was smiling, too, wickedly, mockingly, into his eyes. Standing there on the steps above him, she leaned swiftly over, and, placing her hands on either side of his face, she kissed him on the forehead, and again on the top of his head of golden hair.

"Run along. Angel Face, and sell your papers," she said. As a diabolic after-thought, she flicked her fingers—twice—through his sacred locks. Then, placing her hand on the porch railing, she fluttered, like an escaping bird, into the darkness below the porch steps.

hind the house, an automobile horn sounded mellowly, three times, and again three times, and then there was only the thin, elfin piping of frogs off in the marsh.

Before John could move, Emily Joyce stumbled through the door from the living room and almost fell into his arms. She was paper white, and she was shivering as if in a violent chill. John caught her arm and shook her, standing over her with flaming eyes, very like an avenging young archangel.

"You know something about this!" he threw at her. "Where was she going? I'll put a stop to this—"

"No—oh, no!" cried Emily in a shrill whisper. She put her hand to her mouth like a terrified child. "She's got to get them! If George found out—about my letters, I—don't you understand? That was why she went—so that George needn't know."

"You mean," said John after a long moment, "that it wasn't—that she's doing it for you?"

"Why—" Emily drew back, staring at him in dismay—"you were talking to her. I thought you—"

"Where has she gone?" John demanded.
 "The rustic gate, just off the main road."
 Miss Joyce caught desperately at John's arm.
 "You—you won't tell—"

Then it was that John spoke as, two days ago, he would have conceived it impossible for a gentleman to speak to a sweet, gentle girl like Miss Joyce.

"Hell, no!" roared John, and wrenching away from her clinging fingers, he dashed down the steps and around the house like a streak.

THE gate was a minute's run from the house. John's tennis shoes made no sound on the soft turf. He came up unobserved.

A car was standing a few paces down the road, its engine running smoothly. It was a nondescript car of common make—it would be, of course, for its purpose—the rear license plate deliberately obscured with fresh mud. John remembered that there were ten miles of little traveled road between

this and the next town, with an infinity of concealing by-roads and turns.

A man was moving toward the car as John came up. Suddenly Roberta Somers, who had been looking at something by the light of her flash, called out and moved towards him.

"You've made a mistake," she cried
"There are two missing."

THE man turned at the door of his car with an unpleasant laugh.

"Well," he wanted to know impudently, "how much do you expect for your money? I gave you your chance."

"You promised—if you remember—to turn the letters over to me for two thousand."

"You're right, girlie, I said 'the letters.' I didn't say how many letters."

"It was quite definite, I think," Roberta Somers' voice snapped contemptuously. "I suppose you have the others with you?"

The man turned, and now approached. He was eyeing her narrowly. The moonlight was brilliant there in the white highway. John, biding his time in the shadow

of the wall, could see the glitter of his evil eyes.

"Well, now, I might find them, if it was worth my while."

"Let's see them."
The man took a thin packet from an inner pocket, and flipped the envelope tantalizingly under the light of her flash.

"All right." Her tone was businesslike.

"How much?"

"Oh, say another thousand — among friends."

"I can't get that much without answering questions. I told you that before. However, I prefer to clean this business up to-night. I have a bracelet here which will bring you twice that much if you know how to handle it—as I've no doubt you do."

The man took the gleaming thing which she brought out from the recesses of her bag, and eyed it narrowly, seeming to consider. John crouched, tense as a steel spring, behind the wall.

"Too risky," Engle decided. "Take this, and have a fresh cop hopping my car to identify it between here and Bristow. I ain't trusting too much to anyone's promise—not even yours, girlie. Well, I'll give you two more days." He was turning away, his back to the wall. "Drop me a line when you're ready to talk, and I'll—"

"Oh, no you don't," shouted John, and sprang from the low wall just as the man's hand shot to his coat pocket. He landed like a cat on Engle's back.

Engle's yelp of surprise was almost comical. He stumbled forward, the gun spinning in the dust at the side of the road. But he was at once lithe and large—thirty pounds heavier than John. He would have had John pinioned and helpless but that, in the fraction of a second granted him, John's free arm shot out in a blow that temporarily blinded his victim with the blood that spurted from a badly cut eye.

It was then that Roberta Somers first became vocal.

"Golly, what a wallop!" she shouted, and in her cry was such welcome, such relief, such exulting confidence, that John thrilled as if a whole grandstand had acclaimed him.

John had never fought except in the benevolent atmosphere of the university gymnasium, with a fatherly referee at his shoulder, ready to stop the fray at the first indication that it might become a trifle too blood-thirsty. Never before had he fought with loathing in his heart. Never in his

life had he fought with such fierce joy. Here was one thing the cock-sure Miss Somers could not do for herself.

There was one precarious moment when a figure burst from the encircling gloom of the woods behind them, sobbing and crying out, "Stop them! Oh, stop them, Bob. Some one may come! Then every one will know!" Then it was that, half turning in startled annoyance, John caught a blow that sent him reeling and sick, almost to the ground.

"Shut up, Emily Joyce!" cried Roberta Somers briefly and savagely. "Shut up and go home!"

Emily Joyce went.

"Oh, boy what a left!" caroled Roberta Somers softly as John recovered and drove viciously again at the bleeding, venomous face above him.

THROUGH what followed, John was warmly conscious of a small, demoniacally dancing figure that circled the combat, encouraging, warning, advising—but with never an accent of doubt. Once when the man, Engle, stooped, she cried out sharply, "Angel, watch the gun!" As John kicked the weapon into the bushes and she sprang to retrieve it, he had a sudden sense of fighting shoulder to shoulder with a gallant comrade.

When it was over, and they stood—the letters in Roberta Somers' bag—watching the dazed Engle drag himself painfully towards his car, John turned.

He thought he said, "Gosh, what a cheer leader you would have made!" Then everything went black, and there happened the most humiliating event of John's life. Quietly and unequivocally he slipped to the ground in a dead faint. For some time he knew nothing of what was happening.

HE CAME to with a mighty sound of wheels in his head and the consciousness that some one was dabbling at his hot, bruised face with something cold and wet. The sensation was not unpleasant. But his second discovery was appalling. Some one was stroking the top of his head and sobbing very softly, close to his ear and his head was resting in some one's lap.

As soon as the wheels in his head permitted him to open his eyes, John made a third discovery that held him speechless with amazement. The lap was Roberta Somers' lap.

"You do want to kill me, don't you?" said Miss Somers in a thin, strained little voice. She laughed a little wildly. "Oh, well, I don't care. I've wanted to kiss you ever since I first saw you, but George said that you were—"

"What does that bonehead George know about what I want?" demanded John loudly and contemptuously—which was manifestly unfair to George when one considers that it was only at this moment that John had the first intimation of what it was he wanted himself—He was being babied—shamefully, flagrantly babied—and he didn't seem to mind at all—Quite to the contrary, he clung feverishly to Miss Somers' skirt when she stirred uneasily and would have risen.

"Please—" he began. Then, without further words, John Converse made the ultimate surrender. He laid his lips against the hand that held the wet handkerchief, and fumblingly, for he was still a bit shaky, he placed the other on the top of his aching head.

For an instant the girl sat very still, and if John's face had not been buried against her arm, he would have seen her eyes and her whole face glow with a lovely, quivering light that was just like a lambent flame.

"Please," said John again. "It's funny—isn't it?—but I never wanted any one to before."



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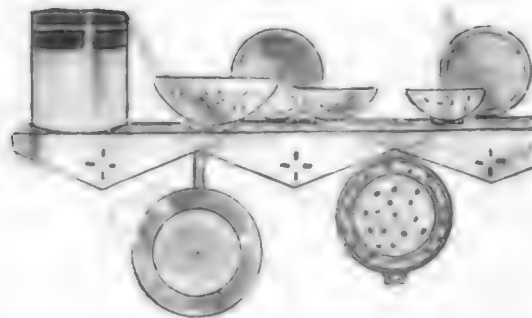
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When the Busy

A Dinner for Four



Drawings by

TONIGHT the two busy girls who share the little apartment beneath my own are entertaining dinner guests. They will be home at six o'clock after shopping at the grocer's just around the corner.

They are surprising creatures, these two co-tenants of the second floor front. Smart in dress with all that incredible smartness of the modern American girl. They go to business, both of these young women, all trim and captivatingly severe in tailor-mades. They often rush home from the office and come forth again transformed by evening wraps and gilt slippers, slim legs flashing in sheer silk, all ready to dine and dance and captivate—as frivolous as if business were something never heard of in their young lives.

But tonight they will be hostesses, and I dare say their guests will be that favored pair of young men who have been escorting them so faithfully all winter. There's danger ahead for these unwitting young bachelors, graver danger than ever lurked in the rhythm of a dance orchestra or the flash of a careless smile over supper-club tables.

Tonight they will see another side of their adored ones, another facet of that astonishingly many-sided person—the modern American business girl. These young men will be subjected to the devastating effect of woman in the home, the irresistible lure of domesticity.

The girls who are hurrying home at this late hour are not, like their sisters, the old-fashioned hostesses, in a flurry of excitement about the intricate business of a perfect little dinner for four. They have learned, with the adaptability of their kind, that the true American girl can be just as charmingly domestic as her grandmother, as delightful a cook as her mother, without spending long hours in the kitchen over a hot range. Their dinner table will be perfectly appointed with the gay china and colored linen so necessary to smart dining; the glow of candles will spread a golden blessing over the feast and most indispensable of all, a perfect dinner will be served, a dinner a man can enjoy—all with a minimum of worry and labor.

AN HOUR should be ample time for making everything ready. If the modern girl will adopt time-saving methods and take advantage of many excellent prepared foods, she should be able to prepare a dinner for four in that time and have enough left over for the necessary special toilette which will delight the eye while her perfect food pleases other senses.

If you are one of America's great army of working

women and are facing the problem of serving a little dinner for four, let me suggest a menu and a method of preparation which will enable you to do it with all the ease and charm every girl would like to have as part of her background.

YOU should do your shopping first of all. If you choose you may purchase the day before everything listed below except the rolls and cream.

When you get home dress carefully and cover your dress with a smock.

Then set the table, making it as gay as possible. A table that is colorful and festive is at least one half the charm of a perfect dinner.

A table I have in mind, that fairly breathed of spring, was laid with a pale green cloth. The center held vivid yellow tulips in a low crystal bowl. These were flanked by amber candlesticks holding pale yellow candles. The goblets were of a darker shade of green than the cloth. But whatever linen, china and glass you own I am sure you can use the artistic bent, which every girl possesses, to make your table lovely.

If your table is small, a tea wagon or a small table set beside you is convenient to use for extra dishes that would otherwise crowd your dining table.

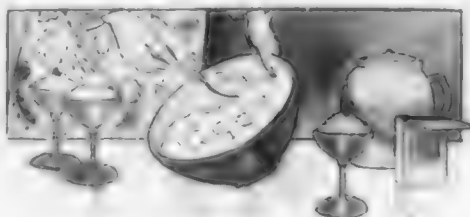
And now for the dinner. May it be a huge success!

Dinner Menu

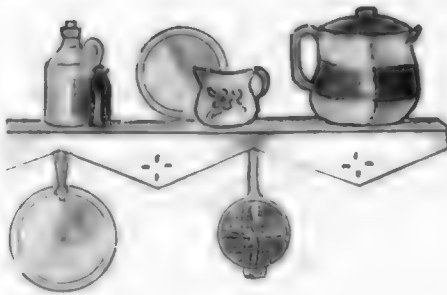
Sardine and Chili Sauce Canapés
Broiled Steak
Mushrooms and Peas
Saratoga Chips
Currant Jelly Finger Rolls
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Pineapple Delight
Assorted Sweet Wafers
Coffee

To prepare this dinner you should shop for the following:

Can of sardines, small bottle of chili sauce, box of saltines, 2 pounds of sirloin steak, package of potato chips, can of mushrooms, small can of peas, glass of currant jelly, dozen finger rolls, lemon, ½ pound of butter, head of lettuce, small jar of Russian dressing, jar of preserved pineapple, 6 marshmallows, ½ pint of cream, small



Woman Cooks



By **MABEL
CLAIRE**

Ann Brockman

bottle of maraschino cherries, box of assorted sweet wafers, coffee.

The dinner should take thirty minutes to prepare. If you are unused to cooking allow yourself more time. Perhaps you had better anyway for there is a last important rite to perform that I will tell you of later.

There are but two dishes to be cooked: the steak and the mushrooms and peas. If the dishes are prepared in the order given they will all be ready at the time for serving.

First make the dessert.

Pineapple Delight

Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ of a measuring cup of preserved pineapple with 6 marshmallows cut into bits, and add the juice of 1 lemon. Beat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of heavy cream until stiff and mix with the pineapple and marshmallow mixture. Pile into sherbet glasses. Decorate each with a cherry. Place in the refrigerator to chill.

Light the gas oven for the mushrooms and peas.

Baked Mushrooms and Peas

Put 1 tablespoon of butter into a baking dish. Heat it in the oven. When the butter is melted remove the pan from the oven and put into it 1 tablespoon of flour. Stir in the mushrooms and peas. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, dust with pepper and pour over all 1 cup of hot water. Bake 20 minutes.

WASH the lettuce. Dry it and cut into quarters. Place each quarter on a salad plate and cover with Russian dressing. BUTTER 8 crackers. Heat in the oven. Spread with sardines moistened with Chili sauce. Serve 2 on each plate.

HEAT the Saratoga chips. Heat the rolls. Put the finishing touches on the table.

MAKE the coffee. Use 1 rounding tablespoon for each cup of water. If you have an electric percolator you may make the coffee at the table.

TEN minutes before the steak is wanted begin to broil it. Sear it quickly on each side. Turn it every three minutes. It should cook rapidly under the open gas flame.

REMOVE your smock. Take a last minute glance into the mirror. Add the last touches to your frock and hair. Powder

your nose. For remember that half the charm of a perfect little dinner is the beauty and serenity of the woman who prepared it. It is the art which conceals art.

FOR a supper after an evening of entertaining the following menu is a delicious one:

Creamed Crab with Cheese
Watercress
Sweet Pickles
Hot Buttered Rolls
Celery
French Pastry
Coffee

Creamed Crab with Cheese
MELT 1 tablespoon of butter over hot water



in the top of a double boiler. Stir 1 tablespoon of flour into this until smooth. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk and 1 package of snappy cheese broken into pieces. Cook over the hot water, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes until the cheese is melted. Then add 1 large can of crab meat. Beat into this 2 eggs. Cook for a moment.

ARRANGE individual plates in the kitchenette for the guests. On each plate serve a helping of the crab. Decorate the plate with lemon slices dusted with paprika, sprigs of watercress, sweet pickles and celery. Add a roll that has been split, buttered and heated.

Editor's Note:

Perhaps you have occasion to plan a dinner for four—or for fourteen. Or even a supper party for forty! Perhaps you'd like recipes for cake or for candy, or menus for luncheons. Perhaps you just want some good straight advice on the subject of cooking. If so, a letter enclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to Mabel Claire, in care of SMART SER, will be answered promptly and we can guarantee that Miss Claire will give you the information you desire.

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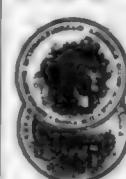
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Sobo

[Continued from page 47]

said Sobo, with more emphasis than necessary.

Shortly after one o'clock that summer afternoon there were five people sitting alertly about the enormous, imitation mahogany desk of Malcolm Meade, attorney-at-law. These five were the lawyer himself, his stenographer, his client and one Mr. Emory Patterson with his lawyer, a Mr. Amos Sears. Mr. Sears was a short, thick-set man with a pugilistic cast to his countenance—certainly no ornament, in the literal sense, to the legal profession. His client, Mr. Patterson, was a bird of a different feather. Sobo Dart, meeting his glance, had at once turned shy eyes down to a dictation pad, upon which she had previously drawn a series of little cats with improbable tails.

Sobo Dart immediately recalled a number of people called Patterson whom she had seen, interviewed and heard about. But this Patterson was not of these. Yet she was convinced that she had seen him before. She'd seen those slanting almost Oriental eyes, those thin, bloodless lips, those very white, gesticulating hands.

Oh, yes! One night a couple of winters ago in a little dinner-and-dance place on Columbus Avenue. Sadie, the proprietress, had been confidential that night. She'd pointed out this sleek-faced man as a rum-runner. "We're safe," she had said, "as long as the cops know that that baby is coming to the place. He's rolling in it—rolling." But at about that moment Adam Trotter had decided that the table-cloth was not as immaculate as the gleaming damask one reads about in novels . . . and he had added plaintively, he felt like pretending to be somebody in a novel that night. Consequently they had left Sadie's place to Sadie, the gentleman who frightened policemen, and various other people.

Sobo Dart, drawing more little cats with improbable tails, remembered all this, and kept her diffident eyes from the glance of Mr. Emory Patterson. It was unlikely, she thought, that he would remember her. He his memory even half as reliable as her own, he would scarcely connect a sleek-haired girl in a restaurant on Columbus Avenue with a shy-eyed stenographer in an office on California Street. And it would not matter even if he did. It was only luck that she had been able to recall the gentleman's propensity for throwing fear and respect into the hearts of certain Irishmen of valor.

PRETENDING to be indifferent, even pretending to be quite mentally absent, Sobo followed the conversation very carefully. It occurred to her, after the first five minutes, that in all probability Mr. Patterson, having amassed his capital, had given up the contraband liquor business for safer trading ventures. And she admitted to herself honestly, that as far as the legal office of Malcolm Meade was concerned, it didn't greatly matter in what fashion Mr. Patterson had turned over his pennies before he came desirous of transacting business with Mr. Meade's client. Still, it was helpful to know that he was the sort of person who could make a place like Sadie's "safe."

A great part of young Thurnau's wealth, it developed, was invested in California redwoods. And one vast tract of this land, so valuable in itself, was practically inaccessible. It was hemmed in by other properties, and a good fifty miles from the nearest railroad.

This timberland had been a source of constant irritation to young Thurnau's father,

who had never been able to endure the idea of selling it for a fraction of its worth and who had not been able, on the other hand, to endure the idea of paying taxes on it.

It had only ceased to be the topic of innumerable bitter and unprofitable conversations during those seven years which had elapsed between old Thurnau's death and young Thurnau's twenty-first birthday. And now, unaccountably, it was the curious object of Mr. Emory Patterson's desire.

HE LEANED forward over-eagerly to discuss it, obeying a glance from his attorney to relax again and to casually survey the brilliant polish of an almond-shaped finger nail. "But—pardon me," said young Malcolm Meade importantly, "what I can't understand is why you should be interested in this property. Obviously it is impossible to transport the timber. Mr. Thurnau's father, who knew the worth of every redwood in California, would have made a fortune out of that land years ago, if there had been any fortune to be made out of it. And the conditions haven't altered."

"Not in the least," Mr. Patterson agreed blandly.

Young Meade frowned. And his client frowned. Sobo Dart took a firm grip on each side of her chair. It was almost impossible to act like a stenographer while these two puzzled, important, incredibly naive youngsters made pitiful fools of themselves.

But Mr. Patterson was continuing, in a manner that was pleasant and informal.

"You see, gentlemen, during the last fifteen or twenty years I have made any number of fortunate investments. A fool for luck, they say, and I guess they're right, ha, ha! But I've come to the time now when I can sit back, when I don't have to worry about money any more."

"Oh, yes," thought Sobo viciously. "And you don't have to worry about your dinner either, or your tie that exactly matches your lavender socks. But you do, Mr. Patterson, you certainly do!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Emory Patterson, "you may not have a yen for the great outdoors yourselves, but if you have you'll get me right away. My idea is to get a little shack rigged up for myself in the middle of God's greatest wonderland, and to go up there with my dog every summer of my life—maybe with an old friend—maybe old Sears here. He's as keen about getting some real air in his lungs as I am. But there it is, gentlemen! We don't need lawyers around us to make us understand just an ordinary he-man notion like that one, eh?" Sobo thought, "If you ever had a dog, Mr. Emory Patterson, I think it was a Pomeranian."

Malcolm Meade said, "Well, you amaze me, Mr. Patterson! Naturally my client and I had thought you had some idea of converting this tract into dollars and cents on your own account. It convinces me again of the importance of a little give-and-take, a little informality between men of business and their attorneys."

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mr. Patterson. "There's a lot too much red tape in the business world. And I can assure you it's been a positive pleasure to meet gentlemen who are able to think quick and to act quick—a positive pleasure!"

"I think," interposed Mr. Patterson's attorney, "that we ought to have little or no difficulty in drawing up a contract in regard to this matter this very day."

"My client and I had better talk it over

a bit more, perhaps," suggested Malcolm Meade. "I'm confident that a day or two will make no difference to any of us. You will let me telephone you, Mr. Patterson?"

Mr. Patterson was also confident that a satisfactory arrangement would be reached within the week. Mr. Sears was not so amiable but he was equally confident.

NOR was their trust misplaced. Sobo Dart, despairingly aware of this, did her best, in her quiet little way, to undermine the enthusiasm and the ignorance and the naiveté of her employer and of her employer's friend.

"I saw this man," she ventured finally, "in a cheap little Bohemian restaurant on Columbus Avenue a couple of years ago. And the woman who ran the place told me he was a rum-runner and a slick one, too. I'm not mistaken. It was this same Mr. Emory Patterson."

"I can't understand," returned Malcolm Meade coldly, "how a woman who runs a cheap restaurant could know anything about a responsible business man of considerable wealth. It would be ridiculous. And I may say, Miss Dart, that it is quite understandable that a man of the world should visit such a resort, quite understandable, you know."

Sobo thought, "I wonder why I swallow all this. I wonder if I'm in love with this child's yellow hair and his blue eyes and his dumb way of blundering around the office. I just wonder. Maybe I am. But I wouldn't have much fun being married to him."

Sobo said, "Well, of course, Mr. Meade. I just thought I'd—"

He smiled very pleasantly. "And now if you'll just take this short letter, Miss Dart?"

She took the short letter, typed it, and, the siren hooting five o'clock, she neatly jacketed her typewriter.

THAT night, over quantities of coffee, she discussed the world of finance with Adam Trotter, a most unlikely person with whom to discuss anything so uninteresting.

"If I may do a bit of probing and prying, Adam—isn't part of the money your family left you invested in California redwoods?"

"Yes, but don't let's talk about redwoods. It invariably makes me most uncomfortable." "Why?"

"Because I never do anything about them in spite of my banker who makes little yipping noises. I just let 'em grow. They make me feel like a horrible little crawling thing. No, don't let's talk about them."

"But we must. I've got to find out what people do when they have valuable timber land that's inaccessible."

"Well, I suppose they either put their faith in the wisdom of the Almighty—or in the wisdom of railroad men. So they tell me. Personally, I dislike talking about felling redwoods. I'm afraid of being overheard."

"Of course," agreed Sobo patiently. "But is there any way of finding out the secret dreams in the little hearts of railroad men?"

"Not ordinarily. But I'll take you to see my banker if you like. I'll make him talk to you."

And he did, amazingly enough. He sat in an enormous and austere furnished office, his plump face beaming with good nature, and by the force of his presence in the bank which took care of his money, he cajoled the president of that bank into quasi-confidential discourse.

Sobo Dart left the banker's office slightly wiser than she had been when she entered it. There was difficulty, later, of course, in explaining her absence to Malcolm Meade. He was very courteous about it, but he was displeased, as a man of growing affairs might well have been.

"I'll have to confess something, Mr. Meade," Sobo said desperately. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm impertinent, but I've been working a bit on this case of yours—that is, I've found out that the A & R Railroad is planning several extensions of its lines within the next two years. I don't know, of course, the exact plans, but I do know that these extensions have something to do with the timber-land in the state."

He looked annoyed.

"It is just possible," she went on, "that this Patterson may have had some tip about a projected railroad terminus that would be of advantage to Mr. Thurnau. It's just possible. And, of course, none of us believed that outburst about the great outdoors and Mr. Patterson's little dog!"

Malcolm Meade smiled, attempting very creditably to conceal the fact that he was furious.

"Thank you, Miss Dart. Your interest in my clients is always admirable even if some-

times—may I say—a little unnecessary. In this case, of course, there was no fear of my rushing into a deal with Patterson. I am planning . . . ah . . . to go into the matter of railroad interests thoroughly before I advise Mr. Thurnau to take any step whatsoever in regard to his timber-land. But all this

would have gone, of course, without saying."

This actually meant, as Sobo Dart was well aware, that all Mr. Thurnau's timber-land would have gone without saying, but Malcolm Meade, being very serious-minded and very young, would naturally succeed in convincing himself that he had had an eye on the railroad situation all along. And this, Sobo reflected, was quite human and quite lovable of Mr. Meade. It would have been absurd to hope for a sense of humor in anybody who was so earnest.

AS A matter of fact she was very well pleased with herself. In the mail that day was a sizable check from Richard Thurnau and a letter, which introduced a new client to Malcolm Meade, attorney-at-law.

"It occurred to me," said Sobo Dart, neatly pasting a stamp on an envelope and turning good-humoredly to her employer, "that, what with the merry old Yuletide being so near and everything, you might consider giving me a little raise, Mr. Meade. It's just a bit difficult, you see, to manage on twenty dollars a week. Do you think—well, say twenty-five, would be too much?"

Malcolm Meade glanced at her amiably.

"It's this way, Miss Dart," he said. "This world is just a question of supply and demand. A demand for certain services and a supply of those services, all fair and square. And I should be the first to give you a salary raise if, frankly, I thought you deserved it, Miss Dart. But as it is I consider the twenty-dollar salary quite fair. Twenty dollars for twenty dollars' worth of services. You think that out in your little head and see if you don't agree."

There was a silence. Then Sobo spoke.

"It doesn't really matter very much," she told him, very gently. "You see, I am planning to be married in the spring, and to spend the next two years in France."

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Life Isn't So Bad

(Continued from page 41)

"Certainly, my girl. Did you think you had plumbed the depths—or I'd rather say, scaled the heights. I think—of human fortitude?"

"I feel small, of no account. This country makes me feel there's so much I don't know."

"And so there is. You will feel smaller yet, I hope." And thoughtfully, staring down the everlasting straight track they were racing over, "Ciro's Club, your roof garden in Hardwick Street, my house in Mayfair—that's not the world, you know. Such things hardly begin to intrude upon the real world."

He disconcerted her with the things he said, unlike Tudor Charles, who had very different ideas about the real world. Tudor Charles' ideas were easier, more comfortable.

And they drew, by and by, into the bright, flowery station of Albuquerque. It was like entering another life than the life of that grim desert, those harsh plains, those stern rocks that some unimaginable catastrophe of Nature had hurled, and piled together pell mell. In the station of Albuquerque squatted the Indians with their wares, to sell to the passengers.

Esta was sitting in her compartment with Tudor when they drew into Albuquerque. She exclaimed with rapture and met only his smiling, bored gaze.

"Surely you don't want to buy that junk?" said he, languid with heat.

It was his way of saying that he had no cash to spare, nor had she. But there was Kelly March in the doorway, saying gently, as he observed them:

"I remember when I first passed this way—just having scraped up the cash for a lower berth, and bringing most of my food in my grip, for they do charge on these trains! Yes, I remember when I first passed this way, I wanted one of those striped blankets awfully. They looked such fun. But I hadn't a spare dollar. However, much water under the bridge since then—Miss Gerald, do you want to come out and have a walk, and let me buy you a native memento of your first long trip?"

She returned, in ten minutes, to her compartment, in which Tudor still sat.

"A blanket, my dear!" said he. "What for? Aren't you hot enough?"

And, regarding the gaudy thing with disdainful good humor, he added, "Of course you couldn't very well refuse. Hard luck on you. Funny, isn't it, how these self-made merchants love to remind one of their squalid past?"

Esta cried suddenly, "It may be just that he hates shams."

THERE was that amazing entry into California just at sunset. The track curved like a huge snake, through wooded mountains. The colors became warm and rich; the earth was lush and bore plentifully. Her face pressed against her window. Esta saw, around the next curve, the giant engine of the vast train, rushing tirelessly on. And they rushed, between these hills and woods, straight westward into such a sunset as she had never seen before.

And next morning when Esta awoke, she found the train stilled and seeming quite tired and relieved, in this new atmosphere of rich peace, in the flowery station of Pasadena.

And now she must begin to collect her things hurriedly into Ma's dressing case, for soon—she was warned—they would be in Los Angeles. She anticipated keenly, now, news from home.

"News from home!" and there was the

beginning of an absurd lump in her throat. How was Ma faring? How did that brave one bear herself in these days of adversity for herself, and prosperity for her darling?

The first address of any permanence that Esta had been authorized to give Ma had been the Hotel Ambassador.

There would be letters at the Hotel Ambassador, surely, letters preceding her own arrival by only a day or two.

The car stopped before the Hotel Ambassador. The scent of the flowers was in the courtyard. Kelly, behind her, looked over her shoulder at her enchanted face.

"You will like California, Miss Gerald."

"I could."

"I said you will."

"You may say it," she thought, "but I sha'n't have this car you have probably hired by telegram for your stay, to drive about in. I sha'n't have the money that I expect one will want to spend in a place like this. I sha'n't have the clothes I want to wear."

The long rail journey had been hard on clothes. Unprepared for the inescapable grime and dust, she hadn't supplied herself with some dark cool frock that didn't matter. Kelly March, who knew so much of poverty, also forgot so much too.

TUDOR CHARLES understood, as he understood everything. Only yesterday he had grumbled to her, "There should be a special clothes allowance for smart secretaries if they've got to stand this dust."

They went through the arcade of shops into the interior of the hotel. It was vast and bewildering.

"Ask for our letters, Charles, if you will," said March.

He scrutinized Esta. "You'll get some from home, no doubt."

"Oh, yes."

But her heart knew pangs of anxiety until Tudor Charles was back, with a huge sheaf of correspondence.

"About a hundred for you, sir, and several telephone calls."

"Righto. We'll attend to them when we get upstairs."

"One for Miss Gerald somewhere among them, too."

They went up in the elevator to a huge, airy suite of several rooms. On the sitting-room table were visiting cards, and an extravagant basket or two of flowers.

But where was her letter? Oh! her letter! Her eyes were fastened on the pile of correspondence in Tudor Charles' hands.

The page who had brought them up, still waited discreetly in the entrance.

"Give Miss Gerald her letter, Charles. Where is it?"

They found it. She had it in her hand, which trembled. A sob rushed to her throat and was choked down. She hadn't known till that moment that she was homesick.

The letter had a Paris postmark!

Why should Ma be in Paris? And fears assailed her for the stability of that home, that refuge, in Hardwick Street. A dear refuge, a dear home, she thought amid all the luxury around her. Had Ma taken a holiday? But even so . . . Paris! Why? How? . . . And March was addressing the page: "Show this lady to her room. You have the keys? Miss Gerald, when you are refreshed and so on, please come back here as soon as possible."

"Yes, Mr. March."

"An hour will do for you?"

"Oh, yes."

She was shut in her own room, with her scanty looking baggage—which looked scantier here—and her letter. Why was Ma in

Paris? Why wasn't she keeping the hearth in Hardwick Street?

Esta sank on a couch and was reading with quickening heart, all that Ma wrote so gloriously:

ROBERT was home. A rich man. "It has all been wonderful. Oh, darling, you should see my clothes! I almost pass for a beauty—a thing I've never before done in my life. We've been to . . ." a long descriptive list, comprising fairy-tale names like Versailles and Fontainebleau, and Louvre and Casino de Paris, and Poirer, and Lanvin, and Madeleine. "Bobs has to go back to Australia in October, but he's going to establish me in comfort first, wherever I like. I would like to say Australia, darling—he's got a lovely home, but I don't want to be an intrusive mother. I'll suggest paying a visit by and by. But for the present, where shall I decide to live? I don't want London again yet. It's so lovely being a cosmopolitan, and so absurd being a beauty. And such fun, darling!"

"I think I'd like a little *appartement* somewhere near the Place Vendôme. You could come to me there. Or perhaps I'll wait till I see something of Italy. Bobs is taking me to Rome and Venice in August or September—Darling, I went to Longchamps, dressed in white—not dead white; what they call 'off-white.' You've no idea how good white is for elderly people (only I'm not elderly now) if it's by the right dressmaker! Bobs said I was the smartest woman present; at Madeleine's (the dressmaker—you know, sweet) they said I had a unique simplicity. Isn't it all fun?"

"And you, darling—that you should be having fun too is almost too splendid to believe. Isn't it almost incredible—how we scraped together your outfit by pooling our clothes, and you taking practically the lot—because you *had* to!—and suddenly, that night, the knock at the door, and my opening it, and Bobs coming in?"

A great deal of letter; pages and pages, crammed with news and descriptions of people and places and of Bobs; and only the postscript, dashed in as an afterthought entirely, explaining the extent of Bob's wealth.

"P. S. Bobs was left a clear £250,000 by this Mackinnon, and five thousand acres, and twenty thousand sheep and a heavenly house and gardens, and cars, and all there was. I have told you, above, why it was left to him. This Pamela Mackinnon is in Paris now. She saw us at the Casino de Paris; and sent a note to Bobs by an attendant. He read it and pocketed it. He doesn't say anything, but I think he's seen her; he left me to lunch by myself one day. Esta, isn't it a queer thing for a mother to hope about her son—that he's not too chivalrous? I don't want him to be chivalrous at all over her. Fortunately—I am a greedy woman to say 'fortunately'—he is a woman hater. Fancy, our dear, big Bobs a woman hater! Thank God."

Esta thought first of all, "Well, all, nearly all I've let Tudor understand about me, is true now."

MARCH and Tudor Charles were sitting close together, still sorting out correspondence. The valet, Stephens, had unpacked the typewriter, which had, with the other baggage, followed the car in a van.

March glanced at her swiftly, and Tudor looked, too, thinking to himself, "Lord, she is a splendid girl!" with anticipatory visions of moonlight bathing, beach-club parties, that he might possibly arrange for the two of them occasionally using March's prestige and March's connections for a free pass to anything. They would encounter plenty of people who would want to get on the right side of Kelly March's aristocratic secretary.

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"Good news?" said Kelly March to Esta. "A lot of news," answered she, smiling. "Mrs. Gerald well?" "Very." She kept her voice ordinary somehow. "She's in Paris at the moment; and is going on to Rome for the early autumn."

March paused a moment over his letters. "Oh . . . that's very nice, Miss Gerald." "Apparently it is," Esta laughed. "She's very bucked about having backed the winner of the Grand Prix."

March looked up again at her. "Ah, she went to Longchamps? We had to miss it, didn't we, Charles?"

"Yes, she went," said Esta carelessly, and was aware, under his attention to the letters, of the attention of Tudor Charles on herself. He was confirming, in his mind, the desirable "solidity" of this mother.

"My brother is home for a few months from Australia," said Esta, with a mildly pleased, but unsurprised, air, seating herself before the typewriter.

"Oh, yes, you had a brother in Australia," said Tudor Charles quickly.

"A disgustingly prosperous one," said Esta, enjoying herself deliriously, but choking it down. "Mother and I always call ourselves the paupers of the Gerald family, but I don't know that we ought to boast about it, owning a horrible plutocrat like Bobs."

March rose, and sauntered to the windows, and looked out, hands in pockets, faint smile touching the corners of his mouth. She peeped at him. Tiresome. He looked as unsurprised as she.

"I suppose he's a wool millionaire or something jolly," Tudor remarked, rising too, with a sheaf of notes in his hand.

"He has about twenty thousand sheep, I think," said Esta carelessly. "So I suppose he is. But then he has a pot of money too; it was left to him."

"Married?" March asked, pleasantly, returning from the window.

She laughed. "Oh, he's a woman hater. Mother and I are the only female things my brother loves."

"Bully for you," said Tudor in his charming voice, laughing too.

"Yes, bully for you," said March. "Begin now, if you please, Miss Gerald. Charles, do all that telephoning from your bedroom, will you? And tell Stephens to have cocktails at twelve-thirty."

"Righto, sir."

ESTA and March were alone. "Take all this straight on to the machine," he said. He began to dictate; she began to transcribe. She felt his eyes on her, hard and sharp. But, what matter? Her heart was like a singing bird's. Her heart was eased of a guilty load it had carried. For nearly all that she had been tempted to declare was true.

When the morning's work was finished, March asked her, "Where did you say your mother would be in September and October?"

"In Italy, probably."

"We shall be going back home in September. We will go via Rome or Venice or wherever Mrs. Gerald is. You'd like that?"

"Immensely."

She felt his eyes thoughtfully, intensely, studying her. The revolt in her, which he always quickened, lifted its head.

"I believe you think I'm telling fairytales," she said.

"Why should I think so?" he countered.

"Why should you think about it at all? Quite. Please don't."

They faced each other, a few yards apart, she sitting before the typewriter, he standing by the windows, his hands deep in his pockets, scrutinizing her.

"You're a splendid secretary," he said. "I shan't want to drop you in Rome, you know."

"I'm glad to hear it. I shall get a good testimonial from you one of these days, I hope."

"You will, if I let you go."

And suddenly, he changed his tone; laughed, and offered, "Would you like to take the car, and Charles, go to the coast, go to Santa Monica, go further, go to Santa Barbara, anywhere. Stephens will see that you have the best of picnic hampers; I can give you a card to half a dozen beach clubs. It doesn't matter when you're back. Enjoy yourselves."

"And you?"

"I've got some men to lunch on business, and I'm dining at the Biltmore; I can taxi. That's all right."

He stepped briskly to a communicating door and called into an intervening small lobby:

"Charles!"

Prompt and smooth, and smiling, Tudor Charles arrived, ready to accede to anything.

"I've been telling Miss Gerald you and she could have the car—go down to the beach, anywhere you like, get a swim, dine and dance, do yourselves proud. Show her a few movie stars. The beach club at Santa Monica should be going full blast. Take some of my cards."

"Fine, sir!" said Tudor Charles, but respectfully, solicitously, without undue enthusiasm.

His impeccable manner indicated plainly to the smiling March, "You wish me to look after her? Good. Anything you say goes. No one is more fully aware than I that there is no cutting in to be done, of course."

"Clear out, then," said March, still smiling.

IN THE car, speeding on great white wide busy roads towards the Pacific shore, she thought that the smile had been a little saturnine.

Saturnine or not, what mattered Kelly March's smile? She had clubbed his suspicions of her fairly and squarely, having lied and been caught, and now that the wonderful lies had come true, she could cry across the gulf that always seemed between them, "Well, now you know that I spoke the truth!" She carried Ma's letter in her vanity bag, and excused herself to Tudor for reading it again in the car. "I haven't really had time to read it properly. And there's so much news!"

Oh, the glorious news! She looked up from it, by and by, to meet Tudor's eyes fixed on her devotedly, with all the enthusiasm in them for which a girl could wish.

"Esta! Isn't this divine? To be out here in this sunshine with you! There's no place like California. Oh, my dear, I am happy!" So impetuously and boyishly he spoke. "I was afraid I'd show it too plainly to him."

"And why shouldn't we show it plainly?"

"Oh, because, my dear, we're supposed to be merely Robots, you and I. Secretaries don't let feelings get in their betters' way. I'm so glad you're happy with all your news from home."

"It's splendid. We're really not too well off, you know, mother and I, and my brother is almost a millionaire!"

He repeated tenderly, "I'm so glad for you that he's come home."

"I'm glad for my mother."

"Yes, you would think of that first. You're very sweet, my dear. If March really goes home via Italy, I shall meet your mother, Esta?"

"You'll fall in love with her."

"I'm not polygamous," he murmured.

She flushed, in secret congratulation to herself—but haunted all the while by Kelly March's saturnine smile. How generously he gave liberties, and then—somehow—spoiled the taking of them!

"If we do go to Rome," she thought, "and if Ma hasn't exaggerated in her young ex-

citement, Kelly March will believe me then." Not that it mattered, of course. Only, it would be one of the sweet tiny triumphs of life. "If he lets us have the car again," said Tudor, "I can show you the ruins of the last old Spanish mission. It's all very beautiful. We can lunch halfway to Santa Anna. There's the loveliest old inn there. We'll have some bully fine days here, you and I, Esta, if the old man is complaisant."

"Old man?"

"March."

"Oh, of course. Yes. Tell me about the Spanish missions."

"They're dead. There was a chain of them down the country, southwards. The priests used to foot it from mission to mission—and jolly fine places they were, all built by those priests—and collected the Indians and taught them religion, and industry, and then, real industrialism came to California, and the Indians were driven out, and the priests too. The last priest starved to death up in the hills with his Indians."

Tudor's voice, telling a story, was descriptive and eloquent; Esta could have listened forever, steeped in the sun, amazed with the blue skies, loving the richness of the country. She must send Ma many photographs and mementoes—And then they were at Santa Monica; the car on a road thick with white sandy dust, passed the beach houses of the film stars, all of which Tudor could point out as readily as he discoursed on Spanish missions. They stopped before the large beach-clubhouse.

"This is my day," said Tudor masterfully, as he held her arm after helping her out.

No "Dutch treat" then. She was faintly flushed, pleased and smiling at the masterfulness of Tudor. They went in and lunched.

"They sat in the window, overlooking the blaze of the Pacific, and the blue hump of Catalina Island, where, too, he said they must go some day. And they lazed for a long while on a porch open to the salt breeze, and swam before dinner, and after dinner they danced.

So that they did not get back to the Hotel Ambassador till close on midnight, driving under a night sky of deepest blue, seeing all the hills about them jewelled with lights; lights scintillating around every hill in rings and rings, tier on tier, like giant monarchs' crowns. And Tudor took her in his arms and kissed her as he had done in New York; it seemed so natural, so simply right, that love must rise again under such a sky.

BUT after all, it evolved that Kelly March took Esta for those long motoring days north, south, east and west of Los Angeles. It was he who showed her the old towns of the defeated Spanish missions, and, one day, a marvelous lake, deeply blue, cupped miraculously upon a mountain top. And he took her into Hollywood's Montmartre Café, and showed her the film stars twinkling in and out, and the variety of the film stars' palaces about Beverly Hills. Sceptical he might be, but he could not doubt the freshness of her ecstasies—over such simple matters, too. The sapling-slender Angels' Candlesticks with their waxlike heads like ghosts upon the hillsides in the evenings, moved her to joy. And he couldn't help enjoying her enjoyment, ready at any moment, as he was, to suspect new hypocrisies.

These days were not planned; they hap-

pened erratically, between what were veritable bouts of business with more men than she could possibly remember. Often he kept her busy from morning till night. And sometimes she thought she saw on his face the sharp, fierce, grim realization of the fighting man who suspects that life has him in a tight corner.

"Is everything going well? I mean, his business?" she asked Tudor, who would answer guardedly, "Well, he's taking a lot of risks. He likes 'em. I can't tell you any more than you can gather from the letters you type for him, my dear."

Tudor was always, in those days following their arrival, dropping remarks part reproachful, part resentful, part bitter, about March's erratic monopoly of her. "He knows I'm crazy about you, my dear; yes, crazy! It's just his delight and his cussedness to put a spoke in my wheel. That's the long and short of it."

Then Tudor would stand aside, bland, cool, with that disarming smile of his, and let March take her away in the big touring car.

MARCH decided, in August, on a San Francisco trip. Esta was packing her wilted clothes—it was dis-

concerting, how soon cheap clothes wilted in spite of all one's care—when she had a letter from her brother Robert.

While affectionate as could be expected from a brother who was a ten years' stranger, the letter was on the whole brisk and businesslike, and wildly beyond dreams, satisfactory.

"Dear Esta: We're in Venice now, Ma and I. You should see the girl on the Lido Beach! She says she's forty-three, but I can assure you that advanced age is no barrier to the admirers I have to chase away from her. We'll be in Rome in September; she or I will cable you exactly where we'll be stopping.

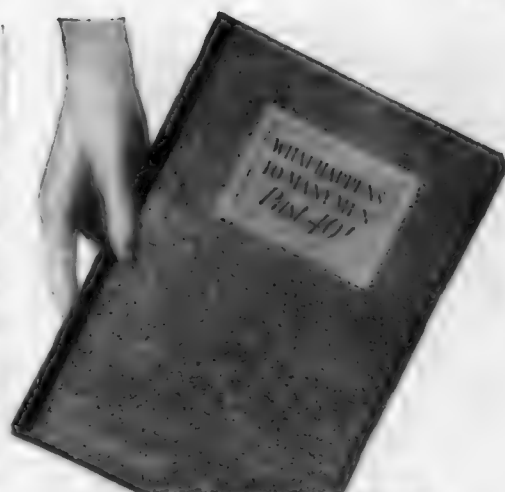
"She gives you all the news, I know. This letter is just to mention the little arrangements I'm making for you and for her. I want to make the arrangements separately, so that you and she will be entirely independent of each other, of me, or of any husband you may be fool enough to take.

"Well, I'm settling the income from £50,000 on Ma for life, tying it so that she can't touch the capital. The same arrangements will be made for you, old dear, I think. It'll be all through in a month or two. Of course there's a certain amount of selling out of stock and all that to be done; and reinvestment, and then both you giddy young females will start clear. And for heaven's sake keep clear! It's about the best motto for life I've found so far—"

And after more of this "disgruntled" "philosophy," another bit of information staring out at one brilliantly, "The interest on £50,000, as I shall invest it—in Dominion Stock mostly—will bring you each in something like three thousand pounds a year, you know."

"PACKED up? Ready?" said March casually, when he met her for lunch in the restaurant below.

"All ready. And," she said, so solemn with exultation that her voice would barely manage itself without a gulp and a break. "I've had an awfully jolly letter from my brother."



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it." There was now none of that scepticism, that quizzing in his eyes. He believed her, as to actual facts. And she said calmly, "At last, I really think you believe me, Mr. March."

"Life has fallen in wonderfully with your plans for it; isn't that so?"

"Plans?"

"Aspirations. Dreams."

"Yes."

"Shan't you desert me?"

"You wouldn't try to keep me if I did?"

"I'll answer that in deeds, Miss Gerald, not words."

"A raise in salary?" She laughed on a note almost of derisive excitement.

"Oh, salary be darned!"

"Not from the employee's point of view."

"Well, shall you desert me? Can't you answer?"

She answered very slowly, not looking at him. "It might be, mightn't it, that I shall marry? Women do."

"Women certainly do. If that's all—"

"If that's all—?"

"We'll start work, if you please."

And she thought warmly, "How little he counts Tudor! How dare he!"

AGAIN, all through the magnificent drive from Los Angeles to the north, and up the incomparable Yosemite

Valley, it was not Tudor Charles who sat beside her after all. March constituted himself once more the best of cicerones.

He sat beside her in the back of the touring car, with Tudor beside the chauffeur. Or when he took a turn at driving, he took her with him to the front seat. And as before, Tudor was acquiescent.

She knew why, and kept telling her heart that she was proud of him. He refused to tie her with promises until he had been approved by her family. A proud pauper. Her splendid pauper. They looked at each other ardently, talked eye language, whenever chance permitted.

So they came to the more mellowed charms, and sophistication, the maturer graces of San Francisco.

THERESE GERALD had written quite lightly to Esta, far away in California, of that sharply eventful evening at the Casino de Paris, and how Pamela, widow of John Mackinnon, had, from the stalls, seen Robert in a box with his mother, and had sent him a note. But she didn't feel lightly about it.

In no way feeling the faintest right to a monopoly in either son or daughter, Therese resented and feared that note. She had looked swiftly, hoping that she had made her eyes devoid of all expression but amusement in the evening's entertainment, at Bobs while he read it, but she feared. She feared because he had looked unnecessarily long at his name scribbled upon the folded slip of paper, had been very slow to unfold it, and a long while assimilating the very few lines which Therese's glance, fluttering by, showed her that it contained. And then, thrusting it into his pocket, he had said nothing whatever about it.

Then, next morning, coming into her room, where she breakfasted in bed, he had said, "Mind lunching alone, Ma? Just for today? I'll be back to take you to a *thé dansant* anywhere you say."

"Mind, my dear? Not a bit. I've my new cloak to try on at Lanvin's."

He had sat on her bed for a while, looking like a very large, little boy in perplexity,

reading her bits out of *Le Journal*, and now and again starting to tell her something, and stopping. Those tell-tale starts, hesitations, reticences!

Therese tried to comfort herself, after he had gone, while leisurely she bathed and dressed. He was already, thus early, a woman-hater; he had doubtless loved and agonized and suffered after the manner of the young, many times between the time he had left her, at fifteen, and his present age of twenty-five. He had learned some lessons, and told her so frankly.

His eyes were sceptical of woman, and his actions wary. The world had taught him, thus young, a rough worldliness. What she was afraid of was the masculine contempt he professed to feel for all women save herself; the contempt which might, believing itself self-sufficient, tempt him to careless largesse, and then, the giving of largesse would attract and hold his attention once held, who knew what a siren mightn't do with a virile young man, who, propose as he might for his own destiny, might easily find all those clear-cut propositions foiled?

"Life isn't a clear-cut proposition at all," Therese thought, "it's just a mess that one clears up as one goes on, as well as one can."

But oh! If I could keep Bobs for just a little while!

He came back, just as he had promised, but not until three-thirty, and although his brow was calm, she divined that the mind behind it was ruffled. He was so concentrated on amusing her. Usually, he found their mutual amusement such an easy task, no task at all, in fact. Today it was something for which he must rouse himself out of other abstractions. They drove to the Bois, and while she poured tea, and smoked and danced with her great young man, Therese said to herself, "I'm going to tire of Paris very very soon. I'm going to ask for Venice."

"Are you amused, Ma?"

"Always, darling. But I was thinking this morning, trying on my cloak, that I'd love to wear it first in Venice. It was such a romantic cloak, Bobs, big and black-velvety." Wistfully she laughed, "Men never get tired of Paris, do they?"

That galvanized him into life, out of his abstractions, he seemed positively eager to be gone.

"Any time you say, Ma, we're off!" The orchestra played a love song set to waltz time, and his heavy brows drew together for a moment as if that theme reminded him of something, some one, somewhere. She watched him, while seeming to watch the lazy blue spirals of her cigarette smoke.

"Only, I say, Ma—"

It was coming, and Therese was glad. "Ma, that was Pamela Mackinnon in the Casino last night. Awfully clever of you to spot her from those photographs. She photographs extraordinarily — truthfully, doesn't she?"

"Absolutely truthfully."

"I went to see her today."

She made a surprised and interested ejaculation.

"In fact I took her to lunch at Foyot's. She—er—that note last night—you saw I got one at the theater. It was from her."

Again Therese expressed interest with a flick of surprise.

"She wanted very badly to see me, and talk. I couldn't refuse. I telephoned her

A Detour in Romance

Esta was too busy with her own affairs to think much about Tiny Ma and Bobs. Little did she know of the misgivings that were disturbing Tiny Ma's taste of romance or how closely they were to be allied with her own future. "Life Isn't So Bad" continues in June SMART SET.

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this morning, early, and fixed it. She—
she's in the devil of a hole."

"I know how you feel about it," said
Therese, more truly than he guessed.

"You think I'm pretty hard boiled, don't
you, Ma?"

HER heart cried out, "Darling, you're the
softest egg! You're a spring chicken all
waiting for plucking! And your mother
knows it!" But she answered gravely, re-
specting his pride.

"A little hard, possibly, Bobs."

"Well, I am hard!" he said, reassuring
himself. "But all the same—in fact, she is
having an awful tough time. She asked
who you were."

Therese smiled.

"I said you'd ask her to tea, and a long
pow-wow, I was sure."

"Any time, darling." Her very finger
nails seemed to harden.

"Well, tomorrow?"

"Why, yes, Bobs. Tomorrow."

"Quietly, I thought, in our sitting room,
because she wants to talk to you."

"Ah, as regards money, Bobs?"

"I don't want to profit entirely at a
woman's expense."

"Was that the man she ran away with—
the Jew with her last night?"

"Oh, gosh no! He's just a fellow who ad-
mires her—is persecuting her because she's
hard up and alone—"

This story filled Therese with the feelings
with which it fills most experienced women.
But, in innocent concern, she queried:

"But where's the lover? Mackinnon
divorced her. Surely they married?"

"She left Mackinnon and went to join
this fellow—an Englishman—in Melbourne.
Meanwhile he—the fellow—had thought
better, or rather, worse, of it, and had
cleared. She followed him—as she thought—
to Los Angeles, and couldn't find him. She
came by and by to England hoping to hear
of him, and get the explanation which she
feels sure he has. Meanwhile, all her love
for him," said Bobs with a sweet and dev-
astating solemnity, "has gone."

THERESE thought to herself, "I wish I
hadn't heard so much before! How much
more I know than my great young man!
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And I wonder," she
thought, "who consoled this Pamela in Los
Angeles? The same sort of man who per-
secutes her now?"

"Of course, Mac never knew all this," said
Robert. "She was too proud to write and
tell him. She let the divorce go through.
She told me today that she had deserved it,
though actually, you understand, Ma, she
was innocent."

Therese thought to herself, "There is
nothing one can really do for men. Nothing
at all. Babies they are, and babies they re-
main."

"Who was the man?" she asked with
every appearance of indignation on behalf
of a wronged sister.

"I never knew his name. Charles some-
thing, or something Charles, I rather think;
but I was away up country on business
when Mac put the divorce through, and he
wouldn't mention it, ever. She doesn't
want to, either. 'It doesn't matter; nothing
matters,' she kept saying at lunch today.
'Perhaps I'd rather no one here knew who
he was. What does it matter?' It sounded
so sad, Ma, to hear a girl—she's only my
age or a year older—talking like that. As
if all life were done!"

"I always knew he loved her, from the
moment he first showed me those snap-
shots, and said he was a woman-hater,"
Therese thought.

"It is terribly sad," she said.

"You'll write a little note, Ma, and ask
her to tea?"

"Of course, darling."

So the next day at four-thirty, there

drifted into the sitting room of the Gerald's
suite at the Plaza-Athenée, that young
woman all gold with the Californian sun
that had ripened her, with her glowing look
of being lighted by a terrific lamp of life
within. In a pale orange frock, a big
white transparent hat through which the
feebler summer sun of Paris could pour
upon her warm face, she made an effect
almost deliriously beautiful.

Yet she was not beautiful except with
the beauty of the sun that had ripened her,
like a peach upon a south wall.

She had, too, an effect of penitence, sad,
young, appealing. Seeing her, you were
sorry that so light and radiant a girl should
be dimmed by any sorrows.

SHE said to Therese, "It's wonderful of
you to ask me, wonderful."

Therese heard, during tea, much of the
story that Bobs had told her yesterday. He
left them a good deal alone, on pretexts of
telephoning and so on. "You talk to Ma,
Pam—Mrs. Mackinnon," he adjured the
visitor, "she understands extraordinarily
well."

And Pamela Mackinnon said, softly,
earnestly to Therese, "You looked so lovely
up in the box with Bob—I mean Mr.
Gerald—"

"Surely you called him Bob—that boy,"
smiled his mother.

"I did, in Australia. Everything seems
different now. I was saying, you looked
so lovely that I said to that brute who was
with me, 'there's the most attractive woman
in the theater.' And you were his mother!"
Therese murmured sympathetically.

She heard the persecution story.

"I suppose he told you I wasn't ever
happy with my husband?"

"Bobs is so reticent."

"I think he knew I wasn't happy, all the
time. He used to do lots of charming little
things for me." A pause. "I think," she
said, "that I'm doomed to be unhappy.
Some women are."

Bobs came in again, and sat looking at
her like a dog. His mother wondered if he
didn't know that he looked at Pamela
Mackinnon like a dog, but she did not need
to wonder if Pamela knew it. One glance
was enough.

"I'm getting work here in Paris," said
Pamela. "That brute is getting it for me,
a job as mannequin, but the pay is simply
unbelievably small."

"You don't need—" Bobs began in a
husky sudden voice.

She lifted her head, gazing at him out of
eyes like purple flowers.

"I shall work."

"I am going, if you will allow me, to
arrange—"

"Mr. Gerald," said the vision quietly,
"you will arrange nothing. I don't cry off
my mistakes."

WHEN he had returned from escorting
her back to the tiny flat in Montmartre
which, it seemed, she shared with an "ap-
pallingly undesirable sort of artist woman,"
he demanded of Therese:

"Well, there's courage, isn't there? She
won't take a cent; not a cent, Ma. There's
grit for you!"

"I gave her our addresses in Venice and
in Rome, and dates, and all particulars. I
told her not to hesitate to write or wire me
any moment if she changed her mind." He
paced the sitting room. "But she said, 'I
shan't write or wire.' And darn it all, Ma,
she meant it!"

"She meant it," Therese mused, "she
won't write or wire. We shall just see her
on Lido Beach. And I—if my big baby
isn't to think me a selfish cat—shall invite
her to Rome with us. I shall say, 'Dear
Mrs. Mackinnon, the circumstances are so
extraordinary, really, I feel with Bobs, we
must make amends!'"



The Party of The Month



Getting Your Number

By **EDWARD LONGSTRETH**

Illustrations by **L. T. Holton**

IN THE gay 'Nineties, the approach of spring was the signal for an epidemic of kissing games. At least that's what I've been told, for I didn't get around much myself then.

Now, however, no hostess in her right mind would dare dash out with an old dish and suggest playing "Spin the Plate," "Post Office," or such drivel. She knows that if her guests are in the mood for kissing, they have already had their kiss long before they darkened her door.

A pleasant intermission in the season's early necking is afforded by a nerve-racking game called "Getting Your Number." It is a sit-in-a-circle type of game. It keeps the crowd together and although there may be a hysterical shriek from some excited female, the game is perfectly safe to let loose in any room loaded with bric-à-brac.

A NUMBER of chairs are placed in a large semicircle, one chair for each player. If there are ten guests, there are ten chairs.

Then each chair is given a number from one to ten, etc., in sequence from right to left. The chair always keeps the number given to it.

The players seat themselves in the chairs and each takes to himself the number of the chair he sits on. The player never has any number of his own, but only the number of the chair he occupies. They take their chairs by lot, or just haphazardly. It doesn't matter.

The player in chair Number One starts things off by calling out another number represented by the group of chairs. Suppose he calls out, "Five." The person sitting in chair Number Five immediately calls out a number within the limit of the number of chairs. He cannot, of course, call his own number, but he may, if he wants, call back the number of the person who called him. He may call, "One." Number One may call "Five"

again. Sometimes a lively duel sets in, ending suddenly when one of them calls "Seven," trying to catch Number Seven off guard.

As long as every player speaks up promptly and properly at the right time, everything goes okay. In fact, it goes very fast. This gets every one all keyed up to the point of thinking they are having a swell time, when really they are about to have a nervous breakdown.

The real point of the game comes off when something goes wrong.

THERE are three things that can go wrong: When a number is called the person in that chair may be slow to answer, or a player may shout out of turn in answer to a number not properly his own, or a player may call out his own number.

When one of these three things happens, the game halts a moment and the offending party is demoted—he must go down to the chair at the end of the line—in this case chair Number Ten. If he is already in that chair, he just stays there. If Number Seven is caught, he must go down to Number Ten and all those below Seven move up. Thus the person formerly in chair Number Eight moves up to Number Seven and so forth, the former Ten moving up to Nine and the guilty muff taking the last chair.

The game goes on again as soon as all are reseated. There is no recount of the chairs. Players must automatically remember their new numbers if they have changed seats. The game goes on as before, only more so.

The object is to work up to chair Number One and stay there. This is not easy because the rest of the crowd begins to pick on you as you advance. But try this over on your living room furniture some evening—it is good for a lively half hour at least.



"The Game Warden" (for that is what they call Edward Longstreth in our best party circles) will be glad to help you in the planning of your entertainments. If you want to make your evenings at home a success in a big way, write to him in care of **SMART SET** for suggestions and plans.



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Fashion's Summer Complex

[Continued from page 62]

inasmuch as it permits the exploitation of the straight, youthful line.

Two of the most important sectors for feminizing the mode are the neckline and the sleeves. This spring the former is elaborated by such designers as Patou, Jenny and Vionnet through the application of the girlish lingerie touch, the bertha collar and the smartly youthful scarf neckline, the latter giving the effect of a bertha.

The new sleeves are a paradox. They are either completely absent, in which event they are frequently worn underneath ensemble jackets, or else they are highly ornate, employing elbow trimming, mousquetaire effects and sharply opposed colors.

Of course, no consideration of the afternoon dress or ensemble would be complete without some reference to the skirt length. Paris offers its usual assortment of hemlines for spring, some acutely abbreviated at the knees, others going the least bit below, and a fair proportion extending to nearly three inches below. This, of course, excepts the various drooping lines which in some cases extend nearly to the ground.

The smart young women of Paris and New York are enthusiastically in favor of the longer line, while curiously enough the matrons prefer the curtailed hem. There is no question but that greater chic will be achieved through the longer line this season.

A WORD about hats and coiffures must be inserted before we can reach a conclusion concerning this season's fashion conflict. The feminine hat, despite most urgent demands to restore it to grace, is flatly out of the spring and early summer picture. Small hats, oftenest of cloche inspiration, will dominate millinery for the next few months and maybe longer.

As to the coiffure, a curious situation has arisen. Longer hair is being adopted in rapidly increasing numbers by debutantes while matrons are clinging tenaciously to the bob. Offhand it would appear that this is a reversal of the accepted order, but after a little reflection the reason is apparent. Among older women longer locks may easily be translated into a sign of approaching sedateness and among the youth of the country it quickly becomes a graceful feminine gesture.

There you have a concise picture of the present fashion situation. How shall it be resolved? Some items can be dismissed with dispatch. Thus you must wear a small and not too ornate hat this spring. The small, sleek head is the essence of the current silhouette, and it would throw the line completely out of balance if either a broad-brimmed or luxuriously trimmed hat were to appear at the top.

The coiffure question is almost as simple. Smart young women will not hesitate to wear longer hair although they will be still in the picture if they persist in retaining the bob. However, when longer locks are adopted this warning must be kept firmly in mind: The hair must be combed back sleekly and close to the head-line in order to continue the impression of the small, neat head which is so important in current styles. Any other mode is forbidden.

The big question of the season, however, is a little more difficult to decide. Will you exploit the tailored suit with its neat blouse or waistcoat, or will you wear the ornate, complexly styled feminine ensemble which represents the highest stage of the current feminine revival. It is not an easy problem to solve.

IN FAVOR of the tailored suit is the fact that it will create a different atmosphere, and that is always desirable in new fashions. There is also the occasional use of the swagger topcoat which is one of the most effective themes of the season. From the sentimental point of view it would be nice to see again even faint replicas of the demure

shirt-waisted demoiselles who were once glorified by Charles Dana Gibson and Howard Chandler Christy.

Among the arguments in favor of the formal ensemble, the one that stands out as foremost, is its femininity. After so many wearisome seasons of masculinity in dress, the present gentler style cycle, inaugurated a few seasons ago

was a relief welcome. Since then the march of fashion has been slow but inexorable in the direction of more feminine styling, and each season is witnessing more elaborate originations than the one before. Clearly this new cycle has yet to reach its culmination and it is questionable if the modern woman will ever return wholeheartedly to the garçon effects of the post-war epoch.

The arguments for both tailleur and ensemble are powerful ones, and the logical solution of the question is to include both of these types in your new wardrobe.

You will find, however, that while you may be as elaborate as you wish in your choice of an ensemble it would be wiser to avoid strictly tailored lines in your selection of a tailleur unless you propose to have more than one of these in your outfit. The tailleur will be the undoubted favorite of the young women this season.

SUMMARIZED in a few words, Dame Fashion has decided to arbitrate the tailleur-ensemble conflict for this season at least, and each of them is equally deserving of the cachet of chic. Ultimately it will be found that the ensemble is the more popular of the two, while the tailleur, because of its comparative novelty will be just the least bit smarter.

Whichever you choose as the pivotal costume of your wardrobe, remember that simplicity and the personal touch are still the great factors. Curb your wild, romantic impulses into the amusing dash of color or tiny accessory, but let it stop at that. Never combine more than three colors in one costume. Sticking to two is better and a well-planned ensemble from hat to shoes all in one color is very fine indeed.

For self-expression, then, you may choose gay chiffon handkerchiefs, unusual purses, charming boutonnieres. It is line that makes chic and details that make charm.

On these two commandments base all your purchases.



Why Men Do Not Understand Women

[Continued from page 43]

a mask that scares them off. Often you women crave one thing and pretend another. I am not advocating that you women should become less conservative, less refined, less repressed, just for the sake of letting yourselves out and giving your emotions a good time.

As a general policy that would be a most dangerous practice. It would probably tend to cheapen you.

Surely it would remove much of the mystery and consequent allurements that surrounds your sex.

But absolute freedom of emotional expression, and giving a misleading impression about your real nature are horses of a different color.

There is absolutely no reason why any one of you women, no matter what your age, bringing-up or environment, cannot let the man of your choice know exactly what you are and how you feel.

If you were to do this a lot of misunderstanding would disappear forthwith.

Men would not try to generalize about women and get all mixed up when they found their generalizations were wrong. Nor would they so frequently become discouraged and stop trying to understand.

In all the instances I can think of where men do not understand women, each and every one of them has finally given it up as a bad job.

Young men are the exceptions in this respect. They are not so likely to become discouraged. Rather amusingly, they boast that they understand women—at least each claims he understands the girl he happens to be interested in like a book.

But when they grow mature and learn more about woman's variable emotional make-up and her strong individualism, they, too, throw up their hands in despair.

SOMETIMES I wonder whether women fully understand themselves.

This was brought home to me a few years ago by a lady who came to my office for a mental analysis. She was not suffering from any symptoms. She merely wanted a "mental housecleaning," as she put it, to discover what she could about herself.

I was surprised in this case, to find that the lady did not altogether realize many of her traits and tendencies which were not at all buried or hidden in her unconscious mind.

She readily admitted, for example, that she was selfish. She also agreed that her ego and pride were ruling factors in her life. When her attention was called to it she agreed that her love of self-adornment almost amounted to an obsession. Likewise did she also recognize jealousy, uneven temper, and carelessness about money matters in her make-up.

But she said several times during the progress of the analysis, "Yes, I see," or "That's true about me, but I never realized it until you pointed it out."

You women really do not practice getting a perspective on yourselves as you should.

That explains my patient's inability to recognize traits in herself that were not repressed or unconscious, but quite apparent. And that amounts to lack of self-understanding.

You would do well to imitate men in this respect. They are more or less constantly watching themselves, their own reactions, their assets and their faults. They often compare themselves with the model they have chosen as a guide. They try to find out whether any traits they possess are going to stand in the way of the fulfillment of their ambitions.

You women, on the other hand, are not so critical of yourselves although you are of other women.

Have you ever observed how a woman will pass censure upon another for saying or doing something of which she, herself, has also been guilty?

One meets with this sort of thing among pronouncedly coquette types who get a kick out of flirtation. One such lady accused another of making eyes at her husband.

To which the other retorted, "Why, if you had not started flirting with my husband first I would not have picked on yours!"

Your feminine emotional make-up is again at the bottom of this failure on your part to get outside yourselves and see yourselves as others see you.

If you do not do that, or cannot do that, it is a cause

for astonishment that mere man gets a bit confused when trying to unravel the complexity of your nature.

I SUGGEST to every woman that she write down on paper a list of her own qualities, good, bad or indifferent, as the first step toward better self-understanding as well as toward being better understood by others.

She should question herself at least about the following:

- (a) Love of beauty, for color, form and rhythm.
- (b) Romantic or practical.
- (c) Love for home life, business, domesticity, outdoors.
- (d) What pleases and what displeases?
- (e) Ambitions.
- (f) Love of children.
- (g) Truthfulness and deception.
- (h) Selfishness and altruism.
- (i) Sense of humor.
- (j) Sociability.
- (k) Desire to have own way or to compromise and cooperate.
- (l) Money—how valued?
- (m) Passion—how strong?
- (n) Repression—how marked.
- (o) Conceit and humility.
- (p) Anger and emotional stability in general.
- (q) Hopefulness and depression.
- (r) Craving for sympathy.
- (s) Vanity.
- (t) Jealousy and hate tendencies.
- (u) Loyalty, reverence, flirtatiousness.
- (v) Forgiveness, sympathy, tenderness.
- (w) Suggestibility.

The High Cost of Marriage

Do you know what it costs to stage a big society wedding? Do you know that there is more than romance back of the music of the wedding march? Florists, caterers, trousseaus—they all have an expensive place. Read May Cerf's article, "Here Comes the Bride," in the June SMART SET.

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"I hope he does, because an I. C. S. course is the very thing he needs to get out of the rut. I wouldn't be making anywhere near \$75 a week if I hadn't started to study just when I did."

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- (x) Neatness, punctuality, sense of responsibility.
- (y) Good nature.
- (z) Independence and bashfulness.

I HAVE listed these traits as they came to mind. There are many others, to be sure. A hundred might easily be compiled.

But with the above as a starting point work out a list for yourself. You will benefit more if you do it unaided for you will be forced to concentrate on yourself, thereby gaining the detached perspective I have been talking about.

If you understand yourself better you will at one and the same time be able to let men understand you better.

You will be in a favorable position to figure out what is puzzling your husband or your fiancé or your friends because you will then see yourself in something of the same light in which they behold you.

You can also study emotions a bit more and can tone down their changeableness. You can also become—and quite easily—less individualistic.

It should be a simple matter for you to remove the mask that hides your real self. You can with a little practice readily obtain an unbiased perspective upon yourself that will help you.

You can remove, with very little trouble on your part, any suspicions which your man may ascribe to your altruism and your desire to sacrifice, traits which men often misunderstand.

In other words, you women need not be such everlasting conundrums if you do not want to.

You have the means at hand, and certainly the ability, to make men understand you as you want them to understand you.

And for this, you may be sure, men will be most thankful!

Woodward Letters

[Continued from page 67]

I WAS fifteen when I left high school and a year later I began working in a store, selling children's wear, at forty-five dollars a month. Three years later I was modeling and selling ladies' wear for the same firm. My salary had advanced, but slowly. I was then earning seventy-five dollars.

I came to Toronto last January as I had an offer here to model in a wholesale coat house, but as I was advised strongly against it, I found myself a job selling dresses again. I am very dissatisfied though. I am not one little bit further ahead than I was a year ago, except perhaps in worldly wisdom and knowledge of financial economy. Another reason is that I don't think I am doing the right sort of work. I want something that interests me so much I can put every bit of me into it.

With practice I believe I would become a very good housekeeper, and I do love to plan ways of decorating. What do you think of interior decorating? Is it a good thing to study? Would it take very long for me to prepare myself for such a position?

Clothes interest me, too, that is the making and planning of them, and I can make a dress that does not look home-made.

I believe I could find an opportunity to learn dress designing in a factory, learning the technical details, such as charting patterns, step by step. The surroundings would be most unpleasant, dirty, noisy and very long hours. Do you think I would be wise to study dress designing from some school that has this course? Will you tell me, Mrs. Woodward, just what you think of this and what opportunities I might have after learning?

I don't confide my ambitions to any of my friends; the women just laugh, and the men all ask when I am going to marry and predict that before long.

In closing I will say that I enjoy music, read a great deal and love nice things. I am twenty-one. D. K., Toronto.

D. K.: If I were you I would not have anything to do with interior decorating. Not only is it a business which is extremely limited in the number of positions it offers, but it is crowded with women who are well-to-do and who work for ten dollars a week and even nothing in order to learn the business. And when they have learned it, they use it largely as a pastime. You would have to compete with people like these.

The clothes interest sounds much more promising. Since you are experienced in the selling of clothes and enjoy making and planning them I think that you ought to try

to get a position in a high class shop in Toronto or Detroit. Especially a shop which is not large, where you would have an opportunity both to be in the work-room and to sell clothes. Another alternative would be for you to take some night course in dress designing. There are a number of these in different parts of the country and no doubt there are some in Toronto.

I think with your selling experience you would have ample opportunities to do well.

There's Money in Selling

I went to a high school when I was sixteen. Was there only six months when I decided to go to business college. Before I was half way through I took a position at \$10 a week. Got along quite well, then started to study evenings, but finally gave this up. Thought I knew enough. Worked at this place about eight months when my dad took sick and I had to come and take care of his business with my brother.

From then on, which is about six years, I've been working for the family. Never took any wages, but what I wanted I had to ask for. I had to take care of the family properties, get to work at seven every morning and work until all hours of the night.

Besides that I helped at home. Never had time to think of myself.

What shall I do, and what can I do to make a living for myself? The folks are now giving up the business and I find I must get work.

I like selling or salesmanship. But there is not much money in that.

Would you advise me to take switchboard work?

Summing it all up, it just means this. I'm scared stiff to stand on my own feet. I feel that without me no one can get along in the family. I have to patch every quarrel, soothe every one in the house. I feel honor bound to help the folks.

DISGUSTED.

DISGUSTED: What makes you think that there is no money in selling? There is really more to be made that way than in any other work I know of.

I suggest you read what I say about it in the February issue of SMART SET.

Your letter is a good one and I think that you will get over being afraid soon enough when you begin to work among strangers. It's all right to soothe the troubles of your family but try to get the point of view where you soothe them without taking them too seriously.



Paris— Where Women • Know How to Charm

By Edna Wallace Hopper

WHEN summer comes I leave the States for my vacation in Paris. This capital of gay cities is always fascinating to me. The Parisienne is smart. She knows the art of attracting. To the French woman any amount of work is worth while if it makes her beautiful.

American girls, with their many advantages, can be just as alluring. No extensive program is necessary, but in busy, hustling America you must protect your face against the wear and tear of dust and wind. Use care in the selection of your cleanser—it should soothe the skin as it gently removes the day's collection of make-up and grime.

During my annual stays abroad I have examined many creams. None has taken the place of my own on my dressing table. My Youth Cream is light . . . airy light. A cold cream should not be an added burden. The force of "rubbing in" a heavy cream causes fragile tissues to sag. My Youth Cream is so dainty and easily absorbed you do not need to rub it in. There are two types, the cold—and vanishing for oily skins.

For a finished toilette apply my face powder over the Youth Cream base. It's the French, clinging kind that adheres for a long time. It blends so subtly with your skin as to seem a part of it. Only its fragrance is apparent.

Give Your Skin New Life

Even naturally fine skin looks jaded and colorless at times, especially after a busy day. Once in a week or ten days you need a sub-surface cleansing. Give yourself a White Youth Clay at home. It cleanses deep, leaves the pores perfectly free and gives your skin a revitalized tone. The renewed circulation is as good as hours of sleep. A white clay pack is a wonderful help when you feel too tired for an evening's pleasure. It's dainty—so much nicer on the face than the old, muddy kind.

Remove the clay when dry with a dash of cold water and you'll be delighted with the warm, natural blush and satiny smoothness of your skin.

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I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all. (D-44)

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